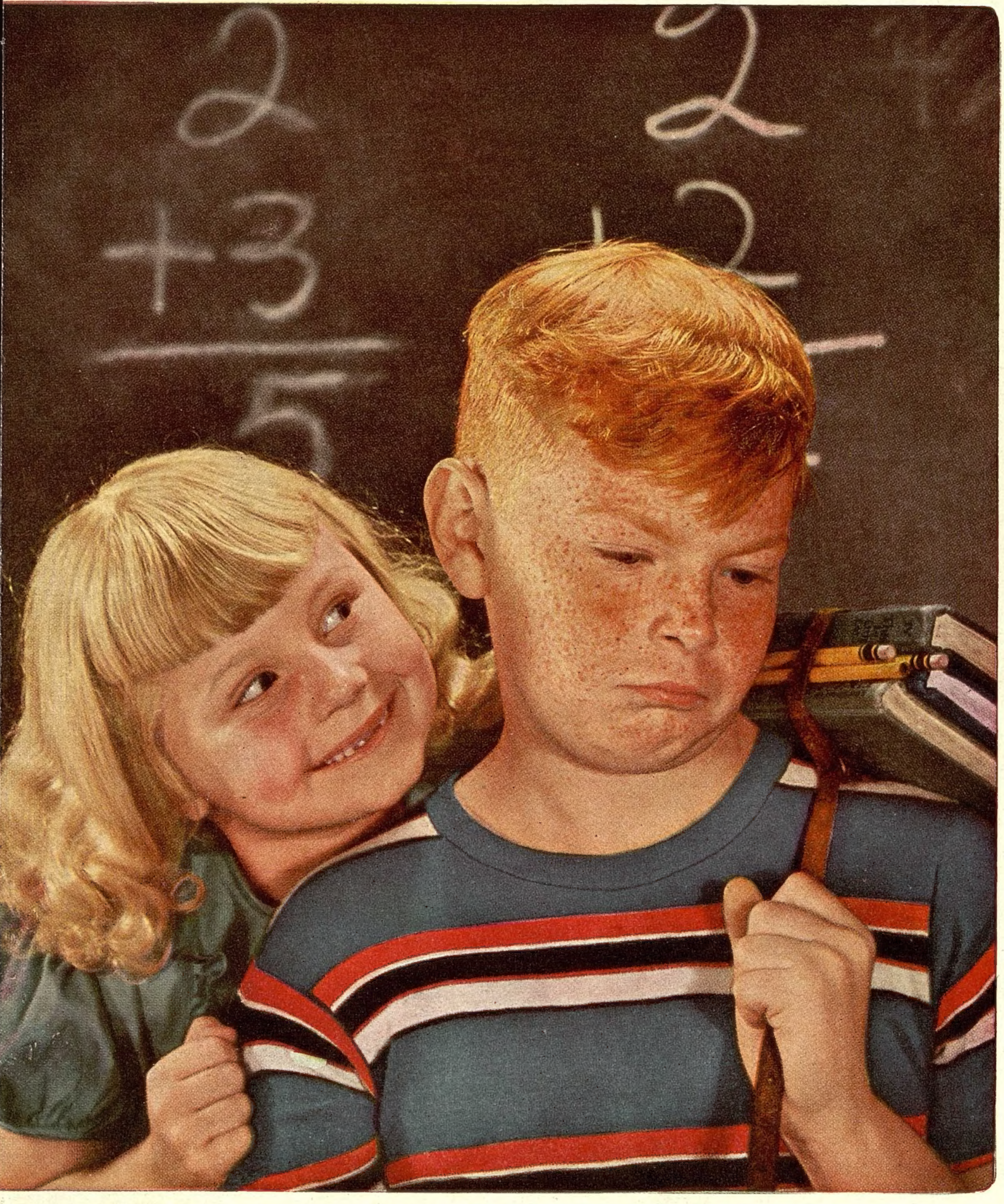
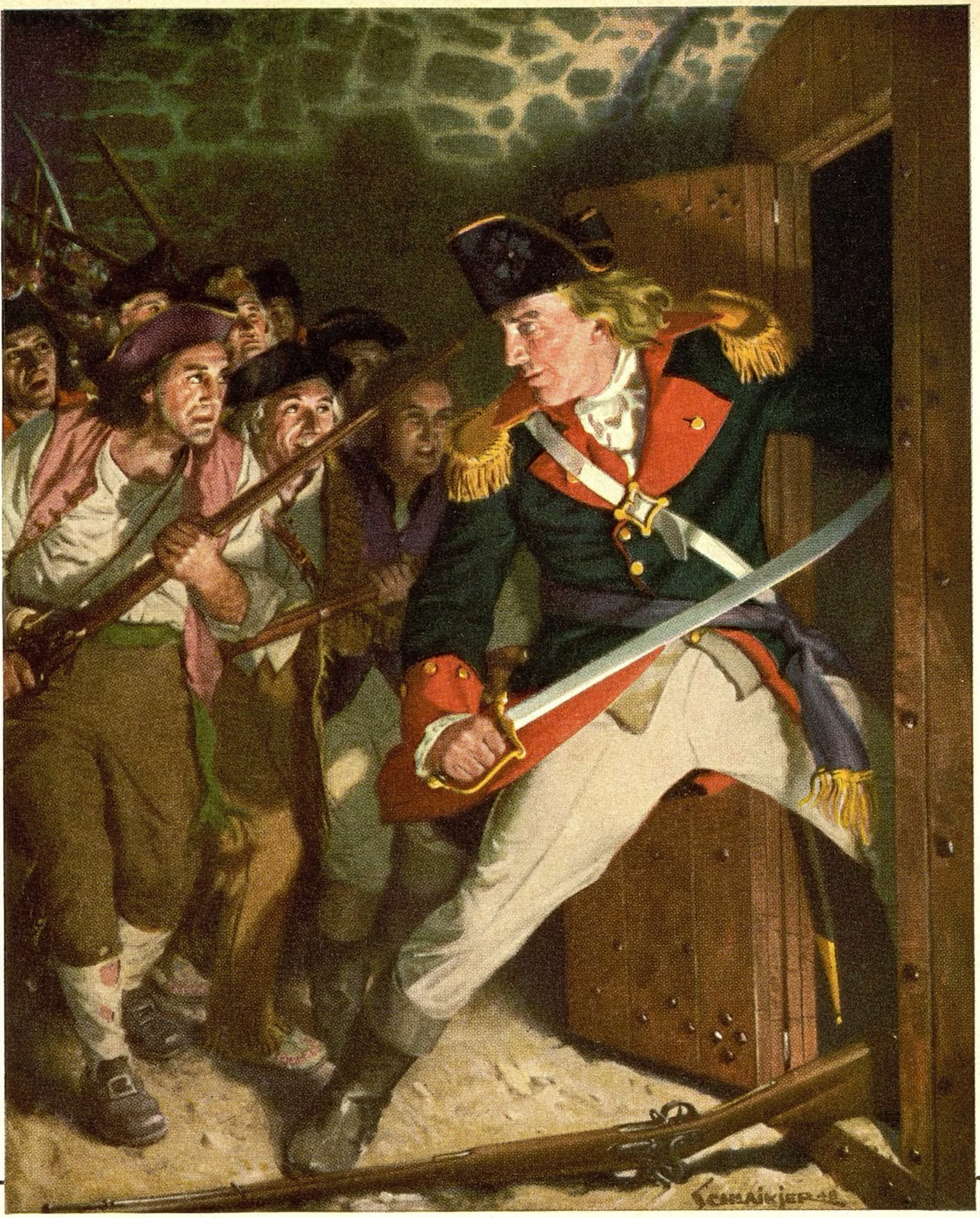
Liberty

SEPTEMBER 1948

10 cents



RAINTREE COUNTY, Best-Selling Novel

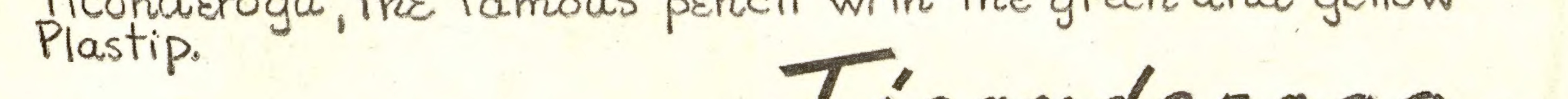

SCHAIKJER-48

"Follow me, boys..." Through the open Wicket Gate at Fort Ticonderoga, May 10, 1775, go the Green Mountain Boys, Ethan Allen commanding.

Today our America that has grown so great writes with Dixon Ticonderoga, the famous pencil with the green and yellow Plastip.

Ticonderoga

Pencil Sales Dept. 10-J9, Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City 3, N. J.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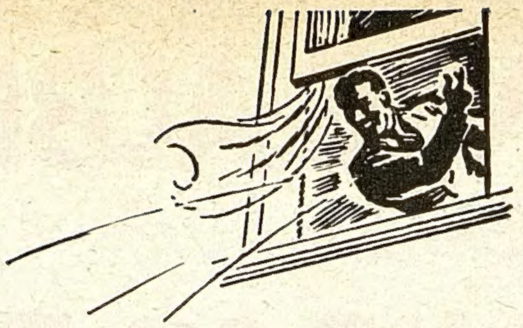
DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386 No 2



THROW AWAY YOUR whisk broom

LIKE so many so-called "over-night" remedies, your whisk broom is but a feeble makeshift when you're troubled with the infectious type of dandruff as so many people are.

If ugly flakes and scales persist, it may be infectious dandruff and you need to treat the infection as an infection should be treated--with quick germ-killing action. If you are wise you will start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage . . . the treatment that has helped so many.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

You see, Listerine Antiseptic is so effective against infectious dandruff because it gives both scalp and hair a thorough antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of germs associated with this distressing condition, including the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale). This stubborn germ is recognized by many outstanding specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

See how quickly those distressing flakes and scales begin to disappear! See how fresh, healthy and invigorated it makes your scalp feel! Note how shining and clean your hair looks.

Make It A "Must"

There is nothing to the treatment. It's simple. It's delightful. Simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous fingertip massage. Untold numbers of men and women make this a "must" whenever they wash their hair.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Incidentally, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

AS A PRECAUTION: Make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of regular hair care. Include it as a part of your usual hair-washing routine.

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and massage with finger tips.

WOMEN: Part the hair in various places and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with medicine dropper. Rinse out afterward.

AS A TREATMENT: If flakes, scales, germs and itching persist, it may mean you have infectious dandruff; if so, apply Listerine Antiseptic morning and night as long as infectious dandruff is in evidence.

The "Bottle Bacillus" Pityrosporum ovale

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

NOW PRINCE ALBERT stays FRESHER longer with NEW HUMIDOR TOP!

FITS SNUG... like weather stripping. Tobacco stays fresh and flavorful to the bottom of the tin.

LOCKS OUT THE AIR... LOCKS IN THE FRESHNESS AND FLAVOR!

● Prince Albert's new HUMIDOR TOP keeps that rich-tasting, mild, crimp cut tobacco flavor-fresh right down to the last pipeful!

Try Prince Albert in the new HUMIDOR TOP pocket tin. Whether you smoke this choice tobacco in a pipe, or roll your own cigarettes—you'll find P.A. delightfully easy on the tongue. It's specially treated to insure against tongue bite! You'll see why it's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco!

For Pipes or Papers

The National Joy Smoke...

PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Liberty VOX POP

The Voice of the People

Correction in C

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In your usually very accurate publication I was surprised to notice an error in your article entitled America's Sweetheart—Today, in the July Liberty.

Ralph Cohn is referred to as the son of Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures. However, the fact is that Ralph Cohn is the son of Jack Cohn, vice-president of Columbia Pictures. Harry Cohn does not have any children.—*Elmer G. Leterman.*

Mr. Leterman ought to know, having insured most of Broadway and Hollywood, including Jimmy Durante's nose!—VOX POP ED.

We'll Keep Dishing

SEATTLE, WASH.—I have *never* been a Liberty reader.

But the other day in a hotel lobby I was attracted by the June cover, and the price—I'm frugal. First thing I knew I was off on a reading spree.

3¢
10¢
Liberty

If you are going to keep dishing out prize packages like the June Liberty for a thin dime, you have got you a new disciple, brothers. I thank you for the pleasure derived from my initial ride on the Liberty train, and I am set to keep on riding 'er.—*M. F. Dayton.*

Completing Our Survey

PASADENA, CALIF.—This is in reference to the article in Liberty for July entitled It's Your Funeral.

Throughout the article there appears to be an attempt to bring out both sides of the question fairly. However, one statement indicates an intent to smear the funeral directors. It has to do with the "Repatriation Program." The questions are asked, "Who sold the American people on this horrible, disgraceful boondoggle? The undertakers?" It should be reported that many associations of funeral directors throughout the United States, and particularly in California, have gone on record in favor of providing funeral service in repatriation cases without charge. The answer to those questions can be found in the Graves Registration Service of the War Department.

All funeral directors operate under state laws administered by regulatory state boards.

The office of the California Funeral Directors Association is endeavoring to obtain copies of the article It's Your Funeral for every funeral director in California, most of whom are sincerely interested in constructive criticism.—*J. Wilfred Corr, Executive Secretary.*

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Yes, you may have these TWO new smash hits FREE with membership in the Literary Guild! You would have to pay SIX DOLLARS for them in the publishers' editions, but on this offer they will come to you *free.* Furthermore, as your *first Guild selection* you get your copy of "Shannon's Way" for

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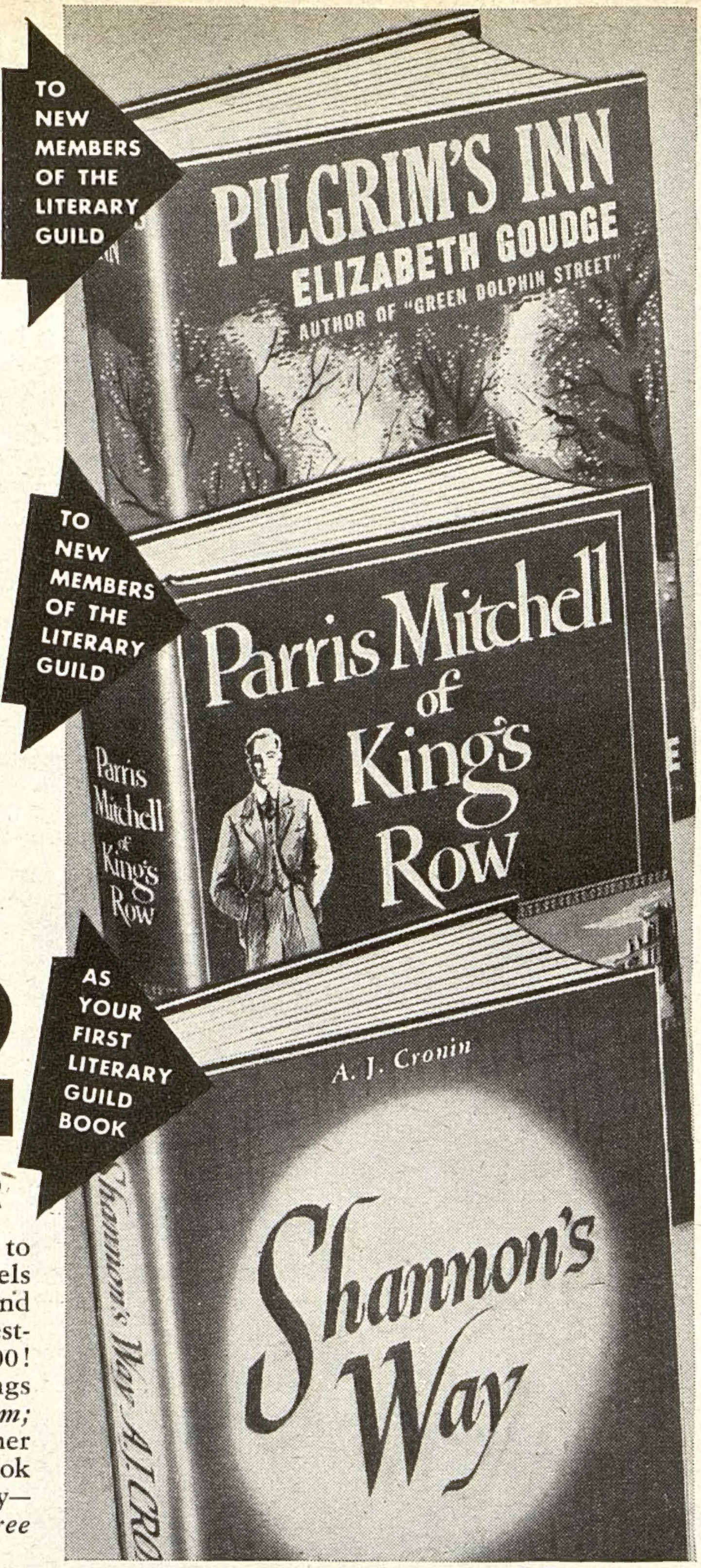
TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY GUILD
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By A. J. Cronin

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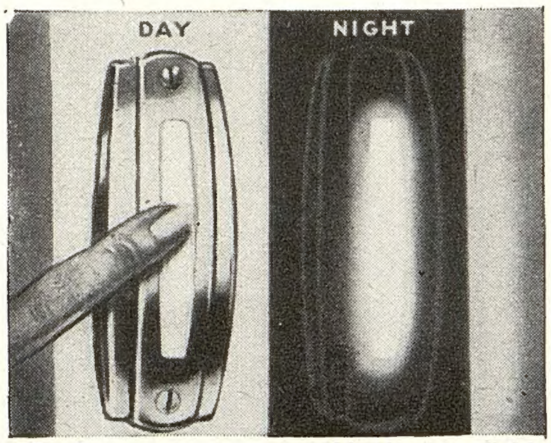
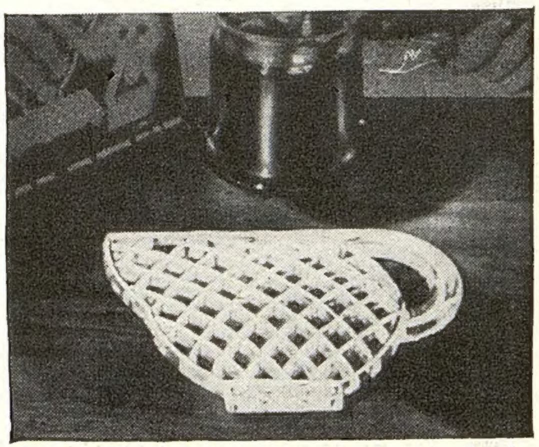
Liberty

. . . SHOPS FOR THE FAMILY

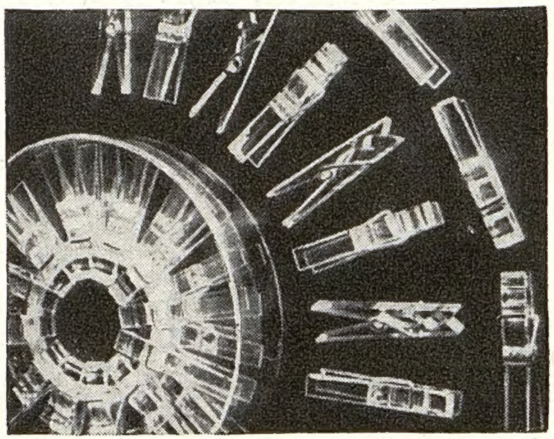
■ ***On this page Liberty's Home Editors tell readers about some of their recent finds in household aids.***



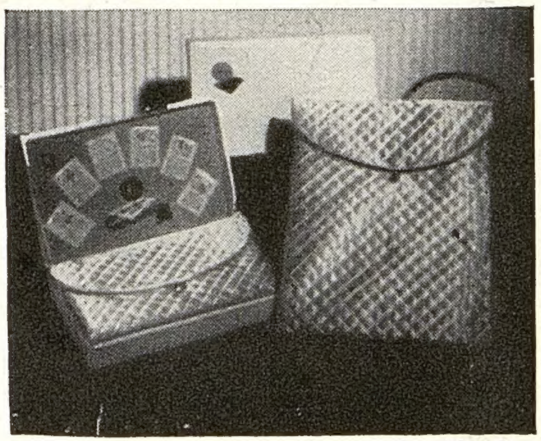
Glo-Bar, a luminous pushbutton to light your doorway after dark. Fits any doorbell or chime; quickly installed. At hardware and department stores. About $1.60.



Washable heat-resistant plastic table pads, Lustro-Mats will protect your table from hot or cold dishes and appliances. At department or houseware stores; $1.

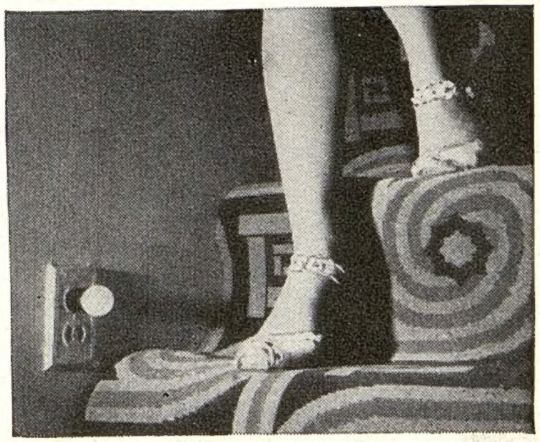


Clips of clear plastic, with rustproof spring, which won't snag your stockings or tear clothing. Hobar Co., Inc., 208 Fifth Ave., New York 10; 3 dozen for $2.95.

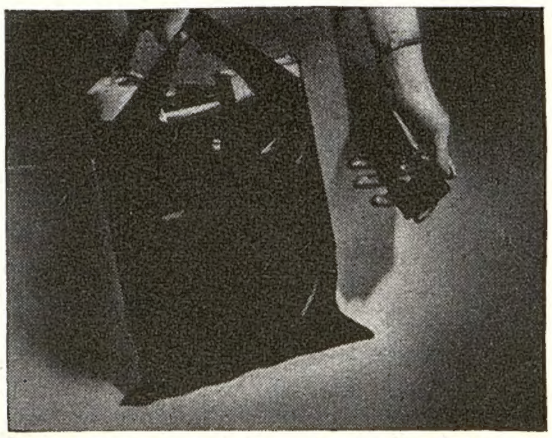


A safe, waterproof heating pad with zippered cover, adjustable to three heats. Manning, Bowman & Co., at department and appliance stores; from $6.95 to $9.95.

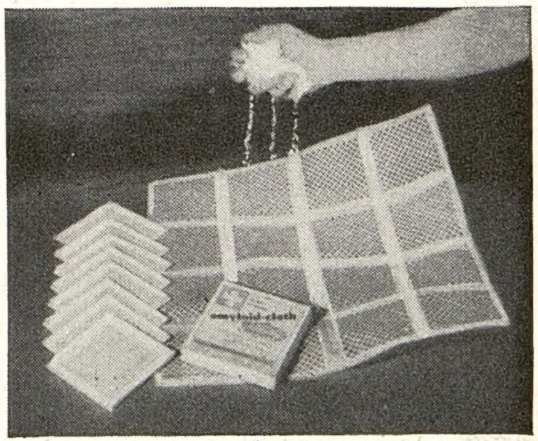
For crystal-clear coffee, try this Chemex glass coffeemaker with disposable paper filters. At specialty and department stores; $5.35 for pint size, plus filters.



A one-watt fluorescent bulb, operating on household current for 2½ cents monthly, lights up obstacles around the home. Westinghouse, hardware and variety stores; 49 cents.



Folding shopping bag of reinforced rayon, to fit neatly into your pocket. Carries a ten-pound load. At the Can-dle-luxe Shops, 542 Madison Ave., New York 22; $3.



Utility cloths of vegetable parchment, for many a job, Amyloids are quick drying, last for months; 17 by 17 inches. Home-Aid Co., 475 Fifth Ave., New York 17; 20 for $1.25.

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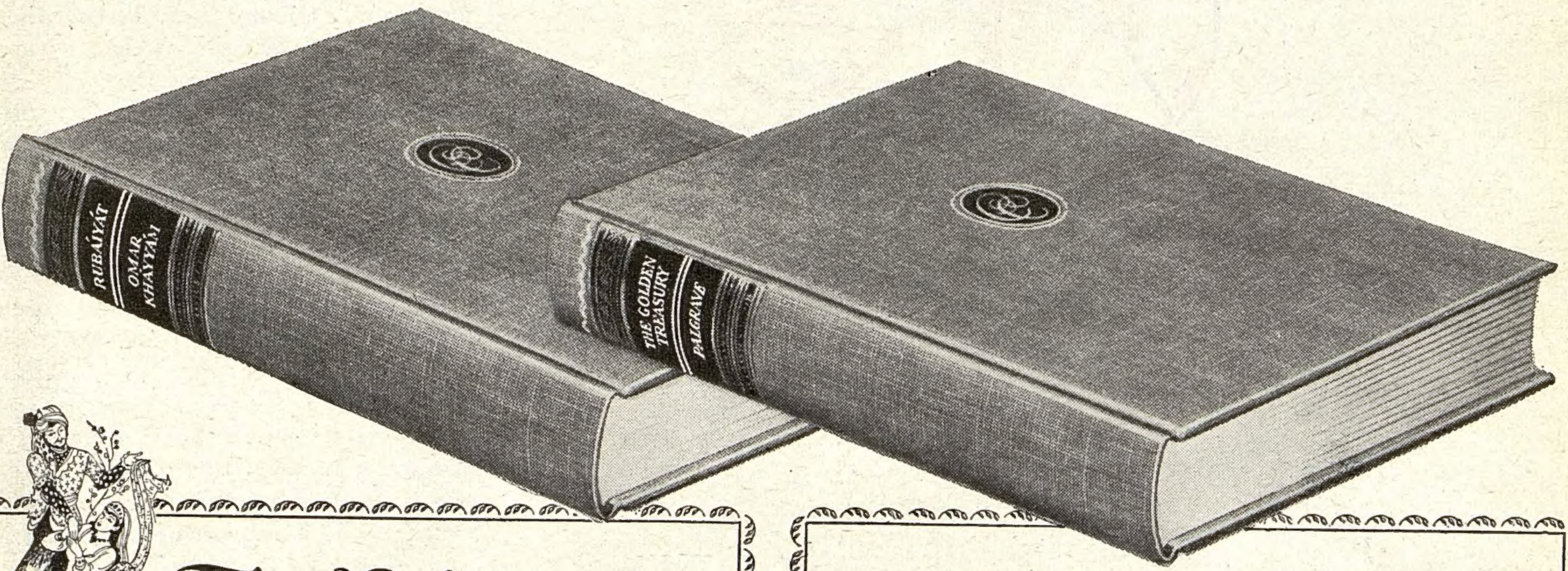

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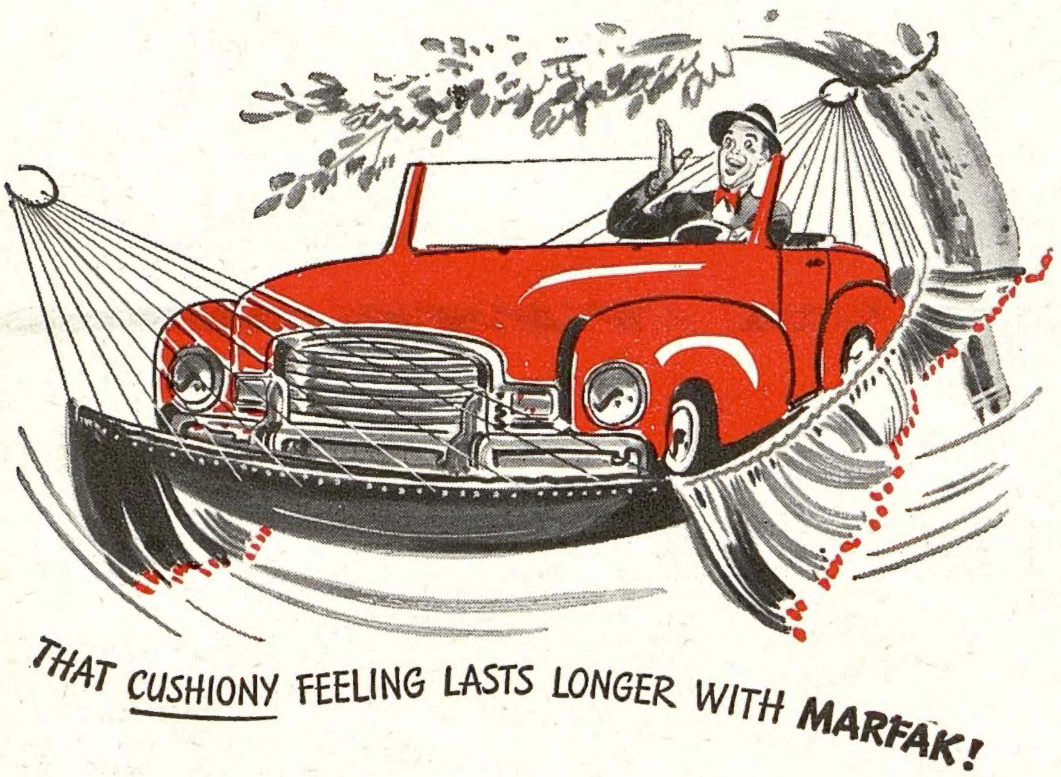

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Liberty WASHINGTON

Old Family Records • The federal government has touched more branches of your family tree than you realize. These contacts are recorded in a little-known bureau, the National Archives, which has 850,000 cubic feet of valuable federal documents, photographs, films, and sound recordings. Here, when you need to trace title to land, or prove your great-grandfather served in the Civil War, or that Uncle Jake landed in New York in 1888, the evidence usually can be found.

In the Archives are papers submitted by original buyers and homesteaders in acquiring lands from the public domain—three-fourths of the land area of the country. Millions of old pension claims, passenger lists of incoming ships, military service records, and census enumeration sheets are a source of family history. Birth and marriage certificates were few in the nineteenth century, and a number of family Bibles were submitted as evidence.

A gold mine for historians, the bureau has vast material on the settlement of the West. If a community wants to restore an old fort, Wayne C. Grover, the National Archivist, can usually uncover its plans and even the names of men who fought in a given battle.

In applying for information, be as specific as possible, and give all the data you have on the piece of land or person in question: names, dates, places, ships, regiments, and the like. Address the National Archives, Washington 25, D. C. Archives can supply certain information by mail but can't undertake exhaustive research or genealogical studies. Photostats of records are supplied at cost.

A. F. Histories • Brief mimeographed histories have been prepared for all the numbered air forces—as the Eighth, Ninth, Fifteenth, Twentieth, and so on—summarizing their roles, missions, and accomplishments in World War II. If you want one, drop a card to Director of Public Relations, U. S. Air Force, Washington 25, D. C. Specify which you want.

National Library • Without leaving home, you can get material from the largest library in the world, the Library of Congress. You can, for instance, obtain for a nominal sum a copy of one of Washington's letters, an article that appeared in 1924 in an obscure German scientific monthly, or a chapter from a book that has been out of print for a century.

The library fills thousands of orders for microfilm and photostat extracts of books, periodicals, and manuscripts, as well as for photographs and blueprints. It must observe, however, copyrights and the restrictions of a donor's deposit, such as those which kept secret until last year the collection of 23,000 Lincoln papers. A copyright's first term is 28 years, renewable for another 28. This means you are safe on anything 56 years old, but on others you'll have to ask whether the copyright owner's permission is needed.

Besides practically everything important ever printed in this country, the Congressional has enormous foreign collections. On its shelves are eight million books and pamphlets, more than that number of manuscripts, 120,000 bound newspaper files, and innumerable maps, prints, and pieces of music in virtually every language ever written or transcribed.

Write Photoduplication Service, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D. C., describing in detail what you want copied. (Your home-town librarian can probably help.) If a searcher finds it, you'll be advised of the cost and can order it. A microfilm negative of an entire 100-page book, which you could read in the reading machine of your local library, would cost $1.50. Negative photostats of the same book in actual page size would be $17.50, and positives are available at extra cost. Enlargement prints from microfilms can be obtained from the Congressional, or amateurs can make their own.

Hunting and Fishing • Sportsmen who are vague on the best deer, elk, and trout country near by have two main information sources: the fish and game commissions of their own and nearby states, which can tell about seasons and regulations, and the federal Forest Service, one of whose jobs is to maintain a good habitat for wild animals and fish.

On their 180,000,000 acres, the national forests play landlord to more than two million big-game tenants, mostly deer. This is nearly a third of the big game in the United States, and in the 11 westernmost states the figure is 70 per cent. The national forests contain 1,500,000 acres of lakes and 90,000 miles of fishing streams. Last year they were used by more than 4,500,000 hunters and fishermen.

The address of a fish and game commission is usually the state capital. For a map of the national forests and addresses of regional forest officers who can give advice on local conditions, write Forest Service, Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C.

For migratory waterfowl hunting regulations, however, address your state fish and game commission or the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior, Washington 25, D. C.

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HAM CRISPS WITH MACARONI Sauté thin slices of ham until each is curled. Place ham in shallow baking dish. Top with mounds of Heinz Cooked Macaroni and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a moderate (350° F.) oven until heated through. Garnish center of platter with asparagus, broccoli or green beans.

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Puzzle 930 9/1/48

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DELICIOUS Natural CHEESE

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

by Ted Shane

1	2	3	4	■	■	5	6	7	8		9	10	11	■
12				13	■	14				■	15			16
17					■	18				■	19			
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33			■	34				35	■	■	36	37	38	39
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54	55	56				57	■	58				■	■	
59				■	60		61	■	62			63	64	
65				■	66			67	■	68				
69				■	70				■	71				
■	72								■	■	73			

HORIZONTAL

1 They look down at the inhept
5 Party line, constructed by promising people who don't always deliver
12 Speak with the wind blowing about 50,000 words an hour
14 Bull Nooser
15 Indoor golf
17 Country known for its Indiapendence
18 Trapshoots: yatatas
19 Spanish rio
20 Old-time oily Greek
22 "Oh, see —— pat the cat," read Ned with the red sled (see First Reader)
23 Long may her work wave
24 Sticky thing in France
26 Where there's a will there's a this
28 Basketful of love
32 Bunk, slightly deteriorated
33 Kindling for the fires of wrath
34 What musician's authority exceeded Petrillo's?
36 Hack the heart from an MS.
40 Lousy egg
41 Japanese talking and eating dolls
44 Surround 500 with ease
45 To get here, keep going west
47 French noodle factory
48 Belligerent, bumptious, boneheaded, bigoted, big-hearted bipeds
49 Shananecdotage (ahem!)
52 Inhabitant of Utopian Cowpastureland
54 Brilliant little thing
58 Each one in this issue is worth many times the price of Liberty (adv.)
59 U. S. President (take a crack at it)
60 Aknuh elcric
62 Bachelor-uncle favorites
65 This king liked to fiddle around
66 Here're some stickers found on British hoxes and dilemmas
68 Where your dough gets crusty (pl.)
69 "I was wounded in the Sedan area." "Have a ——?" "No, thanks, I don't smoke!"
70 Democratic device for controlling officeholders who control you (Russ.)
71 Sensational human telegraph line
72 Female frenzy
73 Martha Bigmouth

VERTICAL

1 Loose connection (masc.)
2 Realtor's spacialty
3 They run for dear old Ale
4 United they stand; divided—poof!
5 Paul, the man with the protruding proboscis
6 Bankers find little lack of interest in this
7 What his erring dotter was of the punster's eye
8 His life is one long trial
9 Repair inner tubes
10 Mechanical Red man
11 Man with a code
13 Running away with the old man's eye-apple
16 Play the horses
21 René in skirts
25 Route of the ghost train
27 What the Irish do when they see green
29 Metropolitan screech
30 Goes to gals' heads
31 La Puccini favorite
35 Kind of man said to be standing in a hole
37 Jo, the ½-man
38 What's the big ——
39 Name of Mr. Williams, conductor of Streetcar running on Broadway
42 Highway built to the Cold War
43 Finny cat (two words)
46 They're full of the old oil
50 Worthless letters
51 Recess in the boudoir
53 Dangling Danny
54 Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Stepfathers (abbr.)
55 Part poodle, part chow
56 Balm the bruises
57 Flaw on the diamond
61 Non-pro
63 Tallowtree
64 Green stuff
67 It rolls and rolls

B	U	T	T	E	R	F	L	I	E	S	■	H	U	B
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August Answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

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Aug. Shananagram Answer

Coming in 1949

JOAN OF ARC

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BERGMAN

in COLOR by
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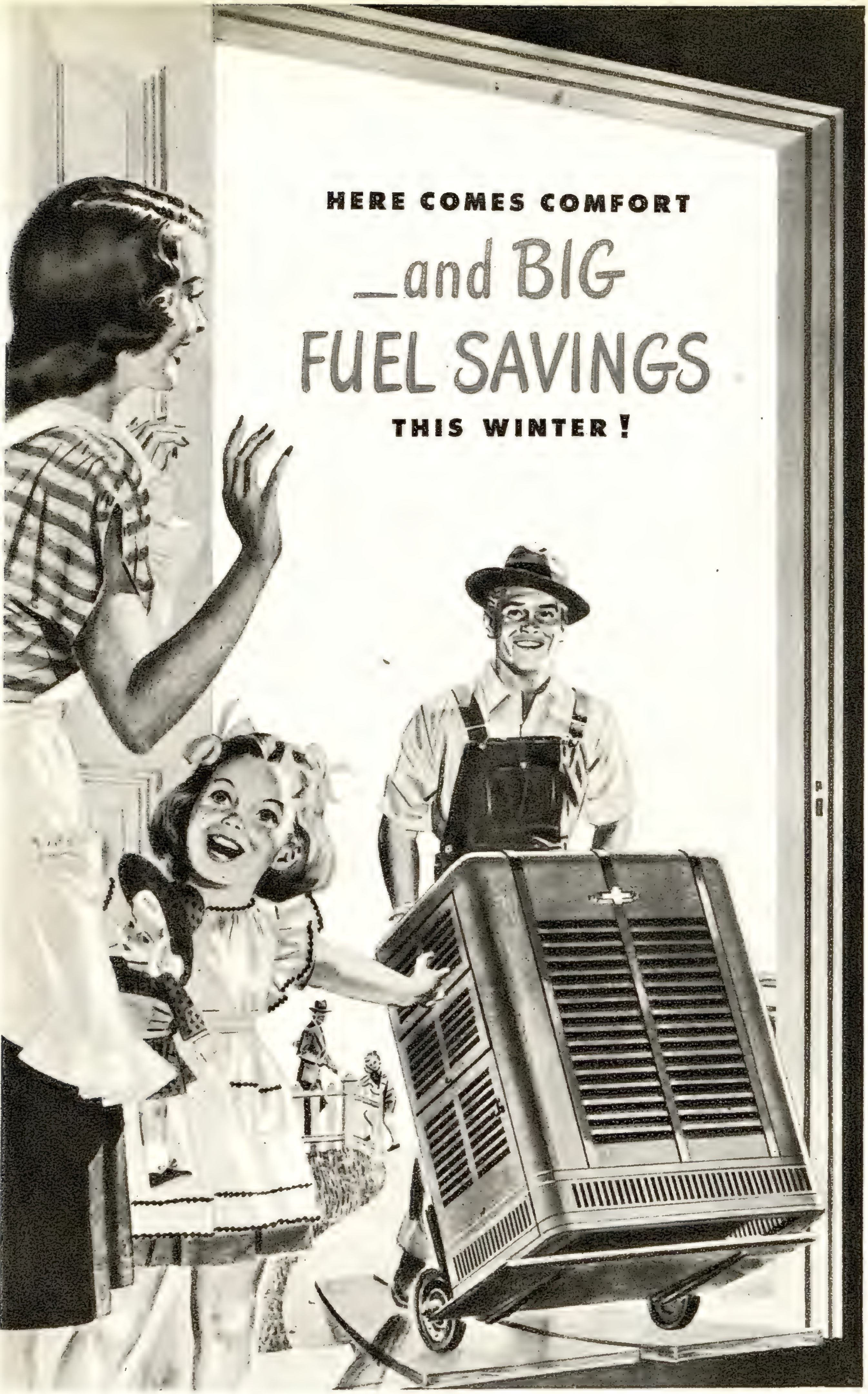

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Heat that would otherwise go up the chimney is trapped by the "Heat Extractor" and directed roomward. Adds to your comfort — saves fuel! Gets most possible heat from each gallon.

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Liberty

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

SEPTEMBER CONTENTS

Franklin S. Forsberg, *Publisher;* David Brown, *Editor;* Lee Pasquin, *Managing Editor;* Duncan B. MacIntosh, *Art Director;* Stacy V. Jones, *Washington;* Elizabeth Wilson, *Pacific Coast Editor;* John B. Danby, *Associate Editor;* Elsie Christie, *Books;* Beulah Karney, *Food;* Otto Kurth, *Art Associate;* Lawrence Lariar, *Cartoons;* Gertrude Wilkinson, *Home Editor;* Nanette Kutner, *Contributing Editor*

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Photograph by George Hurrell

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

■ The new Liberty is hitting a giant stride. We have had a great many letters commenting upon the new design. Reader reaction is, on the whole, favorable. What minor blemishes there are, are in the process of being corrected. The type used in the book condensation, for example, goes up in size next month. Readers say they are willing to sacrifice some wordage to larger, more easily read type. A more legible type face will be adopted in the rest of the magazine, too. Incidentally, we thank the many readers who have taken the trouble to write us about their magazine.

■ We never fail to be impressed by the diversification of Liberty readers. Last month, for example, a Long Island newspaper reporter spied the 18-year-old daughter of Russia's "no" man, Andrei Gromyko, reading Liberty on the grounds of their un-Communistic Long Island summer estate. Soon she will, under a new Soviet decree, be returning to her homeland where a magazine like Liberty—indeed, where liberty itself—is unknown. On the other side of the world, in southern Korea, a G.I. manages to find a recent copy of Liberty, starts a serial story, and S O S's: "Man, there isn't a chance in a thousand of my getting the next issue and continuing the story. I'm 5,000 miles from the nearest newsstand, most of it ocean." P.S.: We sent him the issues in which the story was completed.

■ We can promise you that the October issue will be a banner one. For one thing, a new Sam Taylor serial gets under way in October Liberty. For another, the book condensation in that issue is Marion Hargrove's hilarious best-selling novel, Something's Got to Give. Plenty of reader bait there. October Liberty will be on sale about September 16. Hope to have you all back with us then.—*D. B.*

Published by Liberty Magazine, Inc. President, Franklin S. Forsberg; Vice-President, Lester Tunison; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; Advertising Director, J. William Thomas; Circulation Director, A. J. Cutler.

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THE CRITICS WALKED IN AND WALTZED OUT— CHEERING!

"Thoroughly delightful."
—*Liberty*

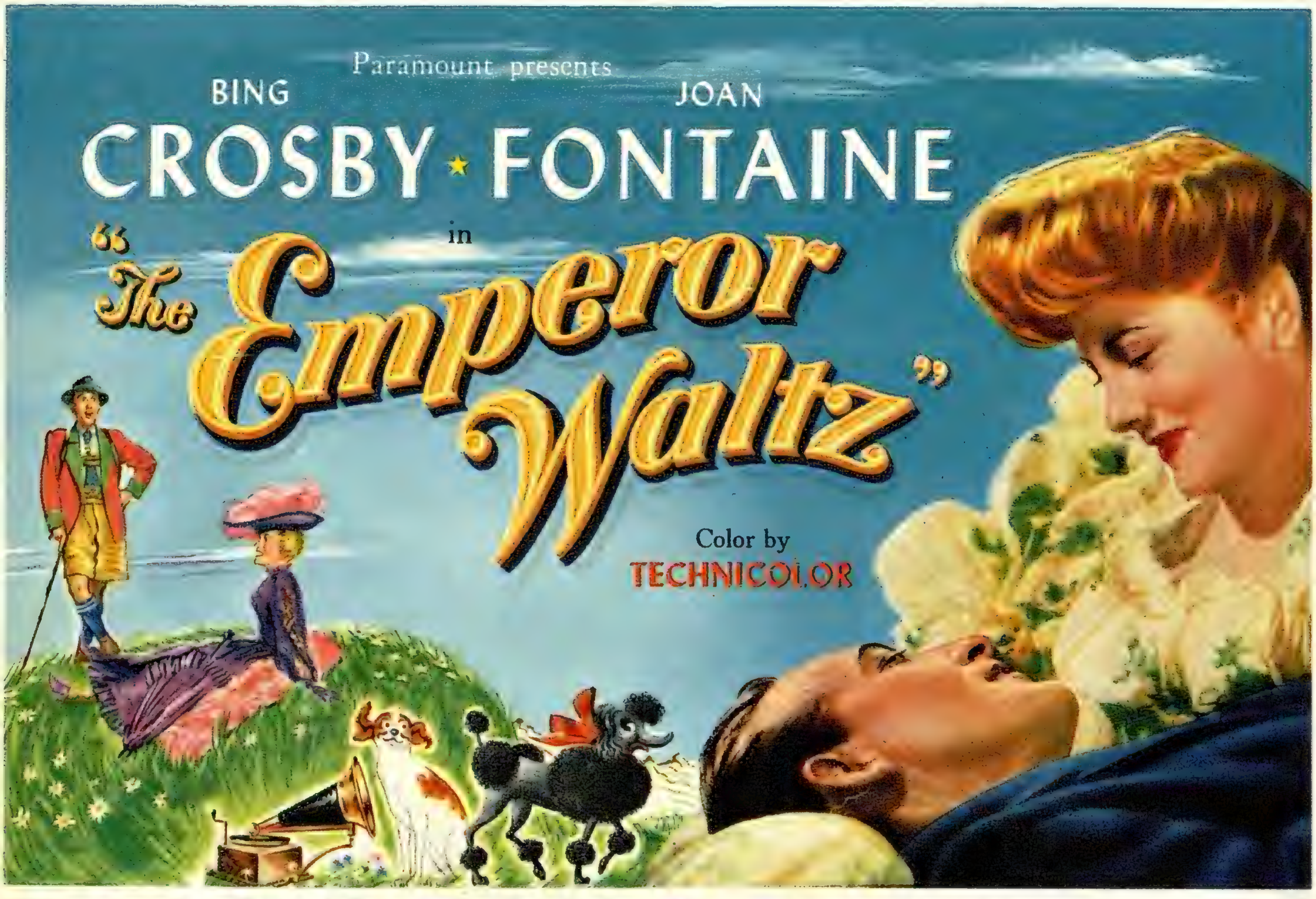
"For clean, exhilarating fun, take the whole family to see 'The Emperor Waltz'."
—*Jimmy Fidler*

"No one should, or probably will, miss this picture."
—*Redbook*

"The year's most delightful high jinks."
—*Newsweek Magazine*

"You'll love every giddy, frivolous moment of 'The Emperor Waltz'."
—*Louella Parsons*

"Picture has a free-and-easy air that should solve any ticket-buyer's entertainment problem."
—*Variety*


Paramount presents
BING
CROSBY ★ FONTAINE
JOAN
in
"The Emperor Waltz"
Color by
TECHNICOLOR

with Roland Culver · Lucile Watson · Richard Haydn · Harold Vermilyea
Produced by Charles Brackett · Directed by BILLY WILDER
Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder

The atom in your life

reading time 15 minutes

by Stacy V. Jones

The latest authoritative information on how nuclear fission will affect your home and life

■ Nuclear fission is entering the American household and, strangely enough, its first effects will be on the dinner plate. The saving to agriculture alone, brought about by splitting the atom, may some day balance the cost of our vast atomic energy projects, the current bill for which is $700 millions a year.

There will be other and profound changes in our ways of living. Dr. James H. Jensen, head of the Atomic Energy Commission's biology section, said recently that even if he could tell everything he knew – and the law prevents him from doing that – he would be unable to draw an accurate picture of the effects of atomic energy applications on the average family to be realized within ten years.

If, as scientists believe, atomic radiation properly applied will greatly speed up genetic changes in plants and animals, many new varieties of living things may be developed in the next few years. Seated at your dinner table 10 or 20 years hence, you may see upon it new foods, new flowers, and even a cloth made of a new fiber. In the bowl on the windowsill may be a fish different from the varieties you know today. In the fields beyond there may be different food and draft animals grazing on different pasturage. Even the materials of which your house is built may be changed, and the source of your heat and light may be more plentiful and cheaper.

The chances are that you will be in good health. The split atom is opening to medicine a rich new field of knowledge. There is reason to hope that it can be used to control, if not to cure, the dread disease of cancer. And you may be in a business unknown today, for new industries will be built on the techniques which atomic energy is introducing.

These speculations assume that we shall not meantime have been blown to bits by the atomic bomb. But besides a terrifying military weapon, nuclear fission has presented America with a new scientific tool as important as the microscope.

First predictions of the peacetime values of radiation were concentrated on power. We were to get unlimited power, so cheap as to be practically free, and unlimited quantities of goods produced by it. So little labor would be required that we would have trouble occupying our leisure time. Our social fabric would need to be rewoven, said the prophets, and poverty and hunger could be abolished.

This millennium may arrive, but not soon. Useful atomic power, to compete with coal and water, seems further in the future than it did just after Hiroshima. It is perhaps 15 years away, say the experts. But improvements in farming, medical practice, and industrial methods are here now.

America's annual food bill is more than $50 billions. Cut it only 2 per cent–a modest objective–and you more than wipe out AEC's $700 millions. David Lilienthal, chairman of the commission, put it another way. He told a United Nations committee that it was his hunch that the value of research in agriculture through radio-isotopes might repay the American people for their entire expenditure on atomic energy facilities, totaling about two and a half billion dollars.

■ It is three years since Hiroshima, and two years since our government began distributing in quantity, at moderate prices, the radio-isotopes that Lilienthal mentioned. To find out how they are already affecting American life and what lies in the future, this writer went to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and talked to some of the men who manufacture and distribute them. Our radio-isotope factory is the plutonium pile of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory.

To you as a consumer, radio-isotope research should mean more abundant living. Whether it will actually reduce the cost of butter and furniture is something else, because other factors affect prices.

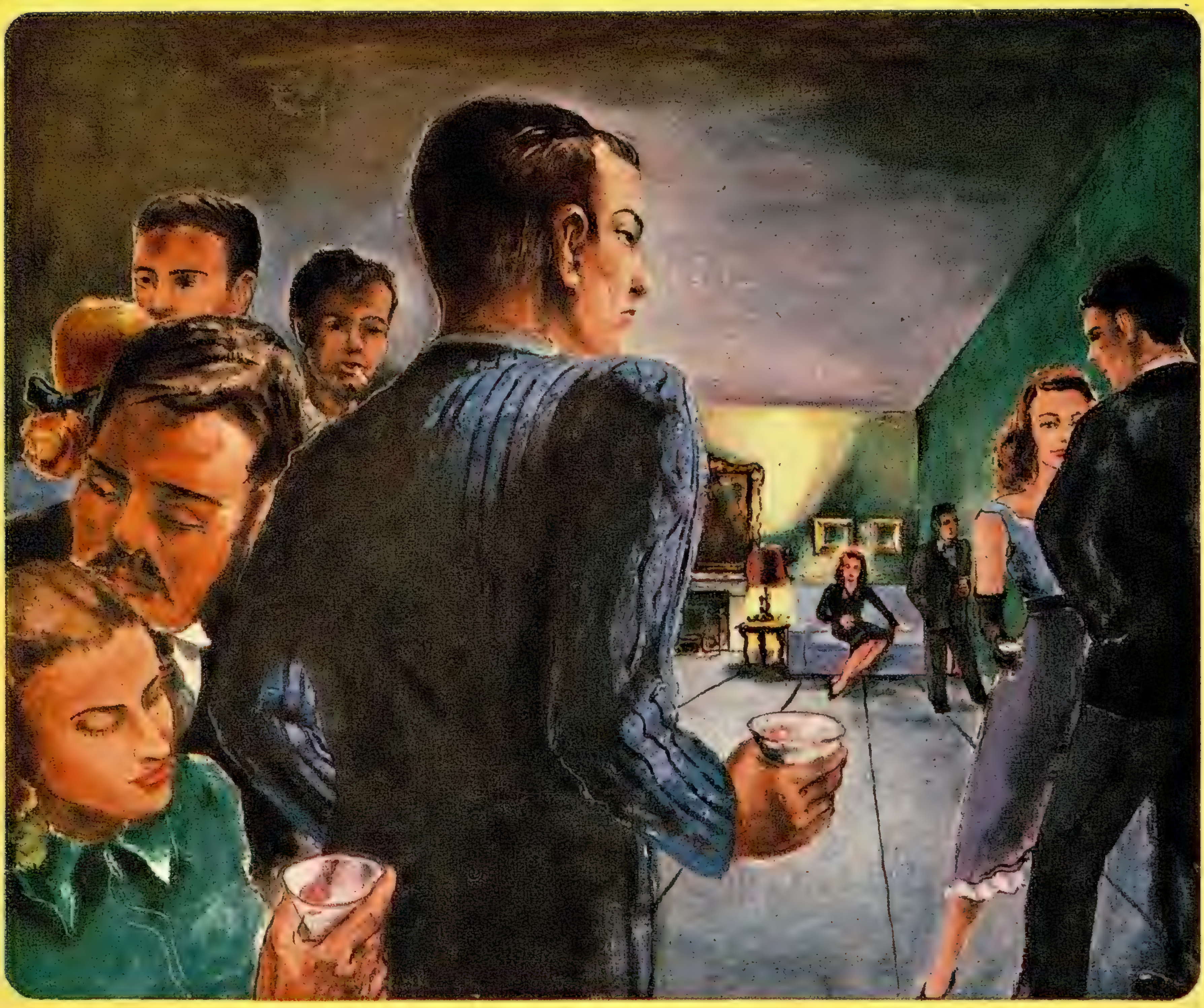
The first distinct reduction in production costs should be the farmer's. It will come through better knowledge of how to apply fertilizers. Scientists of the Department of Agriculture aren't ready yet to issue specific advice, but through radio-isotope research they are finding out where the farmer is wasting fertilizers, the most effective place to put them around a plant, and what kinds are most efficient.

Last year they began experiments by tagging regular phosphate fertilizers with radioactive phosphate atoms, and watched their absorption in various plants. Here, in general, is what they found:

In the case of corn, phosphates should be placed close to the plant, where they are used in the early stages of growth. During the later stages, natural phosphorus is taken from the soil to the virtual exclusion of the artificial. In Canada, scientists at the University of Saskatchewan made similar observations with wheat. The lesson, then, is to put phosphates near the corn or wheat plant, but not to put on more than the plant will absorb in its early life.

The American scientists have found that the potato, on the other hand, uses phosphates placed close to it throughout its growing season, and so can take up a relatively larger amount than corn. Tobacco is similar in behavior to the potato. Cotton undergoes intermediate effects. It absorbs some phosphates in its youth and some in its old age.

In the current growing season the Department is following up these studies and adding experiments with other field crops. It is *(Continued on page 62)*



ADOLF D. ALDRICH

THERE WAS THIS GIRL

There are some things a man can never really explain to his wife or to himself. This is one of them

by F. Hugh Herbert

reading time 16 minutes

■ I never intended to go to this cocktail party in the first place. I finally decided to go because I had the jumps. I'd been sitting at my desk all afternoon thinking about Janie, and wondering when the baby would come, and figuring that it must be hell for a girl to be pregnant. Poor little Janie. For the past few months she'd had a pretty bad time, but never a peep out of her. She was really happy about having a kid. Not simpering-happy, like in the layette advertisements, but quietly, shining-happy in her eyes. She's wonderful.

I was actually on my way home when I decided to stop off at this party. Janie likes me to come home early and I like to be home with her, and that's where I should have gone. So instead I called Janie up from a drugstore and asked if she'd mind if I went to this party for an hour or so, and she said of course not. She's been swell about things like that. Says that one pregnant parent in a family is plenty.

There must have been fifty or sixty people at this party and I knew hardly any of them. Someone took me over to the bar, got me a drink, and then mooched off. So then I looked around the room, and over by the fireplace there was this girl.

I'd never met her before. Never seen her. But we looked at each other across that crowded, smoky, chattering room, and right away I knew that she'd been watching me from the moment I came in. Right away I knew she wanted me to come over and talk to her.

Matter of fact that was almost the first thing she told me. Said it very simply and directly. She wasn't putting on an act or being cute.

She wasn't exceptionally pretty, but she was very young. Probably about nineteen or twenty, I figured. She was badly dressed. She was wearing a suit. It looked quite expensive and it was simple, but it was wrong for her. I couldn't say where, or why, or how, or even what would have been right for her, but this suit wasn't right and neither was her foolish hat. Janie could have told you. Janie has an instinct for the right clothes.

Anyway, there I was, stuck at this party, and there was this girl. She was pretending to sip an old-fashioned. It was obvious she didn't like it. She would raise the glass to her mouth, barely moisten her lips with the drink, and then she'd lick the taste off, the way kids do when they're being forced to drink something. She had pretty lips. They looked cool and soft, like a little girl's.

She told me her name was Lois. I didn't ask her; she just told me. She didn't give me her last name. She pretended to take another sip of her drink, and then, as she licked her lips, she smiled at me. She smiled with her eyes more than with her lips. She had lovely eyes.

There are some things you can never explain to yourself or to anyone else. This is one of them. Why I suddenly gave her a phony name I'll never know. There was no reason on earth why I should have. She hadn't even asked for my name. I said, "My name's Cary."

She said, "Are you having fun here, Cary?" You could tell right away that she wasn't having fun and that she hoped I wasn't. It was a hint, all right, but it was the sort of blunt, endearing hint you often hear in the voice of a kid trying to get a grown-up to leave a museum or some place where it's boring. I lowered my voice and said I was having a lousy time. She was glad to hear that. You could tell it from her eyes. I was just going to suggest that we blow, but again she beat me to it. She started pulling on her gloves. She said, "Please, will you take me somewhere else?" She didn't really have to ask. She knew I would. I think that childish "please" really got me, though. She was blushing. She had a lovely skin. She wasn't blushing because she was fussed or embarrassed. She was blushing because she was excited and happy. She told me that later, but I knew then.

I knew, too, that I wasn't going to tell her a thing about Janie or the baby. I think I must have known that much when I first walked across the room to talk to her. Maybe that's why I gave her that phony name. I don't know.

■ She was hungry. She hadn't eaten since breakfast. We took a taxi and I gave the driver the address of a little French café on West Fortieth Street. I hadn't been there in years. I'd never taken Janie there.

It was snowing and extremely cold. As we got into the cab she said, "This is fun." I never made a pass at her all the way downtown. I sat in one corner of the cab, with my hands in the pockets of my coat, and she sat in the other corner, and our shoulders never even touched. She put her feet up on the jump seat. She had cute ankles, and her shoes were the one thing right about her.

I don't know why I didn't make any passes in the cab. It would have been all right with her. She told me that later, but I knew it then without being told. I don't know why I held off. We both knew that sooner or later I'd be making love to her. Maybe I was figuring that the longer we waited the better it would be. Maybe I was thinking of Janie. I don't know. Some things you can never explain.

When we got to the café, the place was empty. It was only about half past five, I guess. They gave us a table in a corner by the fire. They have good food at this place, and she loved it. She really was hungry, too. She ate quite a meal, and had several glasses of that red wine they always serve in joints like that. And all through the meal she talked, happily, excitedly, charmingly, like a school kid.

I'd guessed wrong about her age. She wasn't even quite eighteen. She was a born New Yorker. She worked in the stenographic department of a big advertising agency. At night she studied music—piano. She had very pretty hands.

She was a distant relative of the people who gave the cocktail party, and that's how come she was there. It was the first real cocktail party she'd ever been to.

At first I didn't do much talking. I just let her rattle on. There was something awfully sweet about the way she was telling me everything. Once in a while I got in a few licks on my own. I gave this girl the damndest line. It wasn't enough that I'd lied about my name. I lied about everything—my profession, my birthplace, my age, marital status, income – everything. Earlier she'd said something about being fascinated by architecture, so all of a sudden I'm an architect. I'm a wealthy bachelor and I've never been married, or even engaged, and I've never yet met a girl I could really fall in love with. Except maybe tonight—with a soulful glance at her. That sort of line.

■ I sat there and I let this girl talk, and I kept on piling lie upon lie. There was this girl, obviously a sensitive, charming kid, shyly and eagerly telling me of a dream, her simple, touching romantic dream of the kind of man she'd always hoped to meet some day, and I fed the dream with my senseless lies. Whatever she admired, I was it. Whatever she'd hoped for, that was just what I happened to be.

And as we sat there by the fire, filling up with food and wine, I watched a change coming over her. There was now a tremulous, melting quality to her voice, and it was in those big eyes of hers, and on those soft, little-girl lips. She wasn't falling for me any more – she'd fallen. She'd fallen in love with me. She'd always cherished a dream in her heart, and now suddenly I was it. I was in, solid. I was the knight in shining armor.

A lie should have some point, some benefit to be gained, some disadvantage to be avoided. By now my stupid lies had lost whatever point they might have had when I left the party with this girl. Back of my mind, I suppose, when we got into the cab, I was figuring that it should be possible to seduce her. It seemed reasonable and quite feasible. I could tell she liked me. And a girl doesn't leave a party with a man she's just met, the way we did, unless she's figuring on something like that happening, and unless she's prepared to handle it.

Now, after the line I'd given her, that was clearly out. There was this girl with her soft, childish lips, looking at me with eyes of wonder as if I were the answer to all her prayers. She said, "This is so wonderful. This is the way I hoped it would be." She blinked a tear onto her long lashes and let it run down her cheek. She said, "I'm not even going to pretend to wipe it off. With you I'm not ashamed to be happy enough to cry." Then she moistened her lips and blew me a little kiss.

I suppose I should have told her then that I'd been feeding her a line. I didn't. I'd lied myself onto a dizzy, sentimental plane, and I was stuck there. I went on lying. I poured it on even thicker. I told her everything I thought she'd like to hear. I sank my voice to a whisper and I picked up her hand from the checkered tablecloth and I kissed her fingers one by one and I told her that I loved her. I gave her the damndest line. There was this girl who didn't mean a thing to me one way or the other, and I was making her tremble with a clean, shining happiness, and wherever it shone through I polished it some more with some more lies.

I looked at the clock and it was almost seven. I realized I'd have to phone Janie. I gave some excuse to this girl and went into the phone booth in the rear of the café. I told Janie I was still at this party and that some people had asked me to dinner and I was checking to find out if that was all right with her.

(Continued on page 60)

Where prohibition is all wet

■ Today, in Kansas, more than one million Americans live in an atmosphere where defiance of the law is the order of the day. The first state to institute constitutional prohibition and last to attempt its enforcement, Kansas still has a bone-dry law which makes it illegal for a doctor to administer whisky to a dying man.

To enforce the law to the letter would mean padlocking perhaps a third of the state's homes. Virtually all hotels would be closed. Thousands of cars would be seized. State agents would snoop into every building and search each plane, truck, and train entering the state. Jails would be jammed with respectable citizens. Enough fines could be collected to repeal all state taxes.

"There is no reason for any of us to attempt to be naïve—we all know that our prohibitory liquor laws cannot be successfully enforced as they are written." So says brisk Edward F. Arn, Attorney General of Kansas.

In November, Kansans will once more vote "yes" or "no" on repeal. For the first time since 1880, it looks like the verdict could go either way.

Two special agents comprise the total force patrolling 80,000 square miles against the tide of liquid sunshine which can be had for the asking by almost anyone who rings for a bellboy or mumbles the right password in front of the right door. Whisky is a daily import in Kansas. It comes in secretly by plane to the little airports dotting the flying farmer country. It is brought in on heavy trucks sandwiched between grain beds and bales of hay. It comes in suitcases of nearly every Kansan taking a trip across the 1,200 miles of wet border surrounding his state. Thus the two special agents are bucking a booming business at which, tax experts say, 3,500 Kansans make an estimated $25,000,000 a year.

Why is prohibition in Kansas a farce? The youthful Attorney General points to a truck rumbling down the avenue facing his office in the state Capitol at Topeka: "How do I know it isn't full of whisky? Officers can't stop them all. They all look alike!"

There is evidence that Kansans drink as much as anybody. In 1946 more than 500 purveyors risked publicity and bought U. S. retail liquor dealer licenses rather than run afoul of federal law. Hotels, inns, poolrooms, service stations, and country clubs held such licenses.

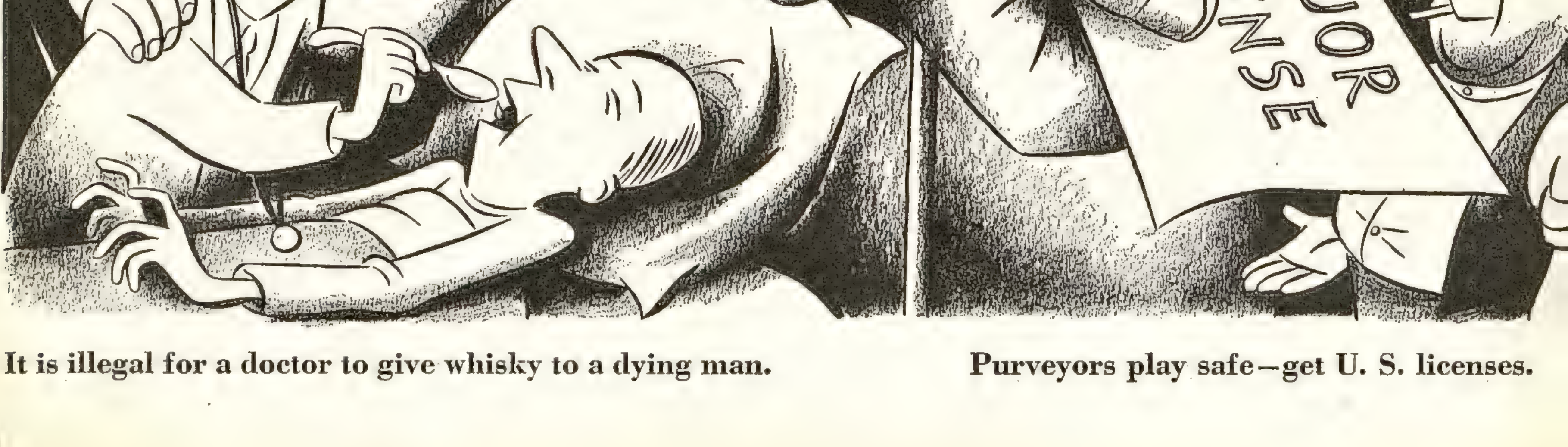
In Wichita alone there were 34 such purveyors of liquor. In Topeka there were 76, some within easy walking distance of the State House and patronized by certain legislators who vote a straight dry ticket but are known among lobbyists for their congenial, hard-drinking habits. And the rate of consumption in surrounding states is abnormally high. In Colorado it was 2.21 gallons per capita in 1946. In Nebraska, 2.18. In Missouri, 2.14. The national average was 1.97.

Kansas not only drinks the stuff, but helps to make it. A single Kansas plant last year produced enough potable alcohol to distill 75,000,000 pints of liquor. This factory in 1947 paid $53,000,000 in federal distilled spirits excise taxes. Its management admits that much of its alcohol is going to distilleries in wet states.

An outrage? Maybe. But few Kansans will openly say so. Farmers like it because it is a well-paying outlet for their grain. Industrial boosters like it because it's big and prosperous. Besides, there's a little-known law on the books legalizing manufacture of industrial alcohol. The only ones mad at the Atchison distillery operators are a few legislators who know that state and local governments last year collected $800,000,000 in liquor taxes.

No one thirsting for a drink in Kansas need go without one. Prices are steep but surprisingly uniform, ranging around $6 a fifth for blended spirits, $7.50 for straight whiskies, and $9 for bottled-in-bond brands. Supplies were good even during the liquorless war days. Many of the men behind certain well-known local phone numbers operate 24 hours a day. You can't buy any 3.2-per-cent beer after midnight, but whisky won't run out, for if you're known, delivery is made to your front door.

While bootlegging syndicates went out of business



It is illegal for a doctor to give whisky to a dying man. **Purveyors play safe—get U. S. licenses.**

Officially, liquor can't be had in Kansas, yet there's evidence that Kansans drink as much as anybody else. And right now the hottest fight since Carry Nation wielded a hatchet is raging on repeal of the state's bone-dry law

reading time 7 minutes

by Peter Wyden

nationally in 1933, they just began to hit their stride in Kansas quite recently. Some of the biggest operators have struck it rich selling liquor, slot-machine concessions, and "protection," and there have been grand-jury probes of income-tax evasions reminiscent of Al Capone's heyday. One group was indicted for complicity in a $2,000,000 liquor ring. Finally mild fines and one-year suspended jail sentences were meted out to two of the leading lights in the bootleg ring.

"Let a tiny whiff of whisky get into the trial of a criminal," U. S. District Attorney Randolph Carpenter stormed on one occasion, "and the average Kansas jury turns him loose, regardless of his crime."

State authorities agree. They remember the tough time they had putting one favorite neighborhood bootlegger out of business who was also the area's well-loved justice of the peace. Not long ago a jury even turned loose an operator, though the bottles were actually bought by a state agent on several occasions and were neatly lined up before the jury during the trial. It seems as if the average Kansan, when it comes to a showdown, refuses to send men to jail who make their living in a business that is legal almost anywhere else.

■ The vote this November will be the first show of sentiment since 1934 to determine what proportion of the electorate feels that the 1880 prohibitory amendment to the state constitution should be scrapped. In Kansas liquor has always been a top issue of politics and conversation. Every scene of social drinking in a movie evokes an appreciative giggle from a Kansas audience. Now its real feelings will be put to the acid test of the ballot box. But a vote for repeal won't mean a vote for bars on every block. It would authorize the legislature to "regulate, license and tax the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor," but insist that "the open saloon shall be and is hereby forever prohibited."

Alcohol has clouded the Kansas scene since 1855, when local options first forbade the sale of liquor to "any man against the known wishes of his wife."

The bone-dry law passed in 1917, and since then, according to a Jayhawker witticism, everyone has been happy: the drys had their law and the wets had their liquor.

For the first time in Kansas history, the wets now are organized to fight back. The stigma of "outside interference" and "whisky money" is attached to their battle. But the wets counter these charges by pointing out that the liquor interests are on both sides of the line. Their wares are sold either openly under controlled conditions or secretly by bootleggers. But sold they are.

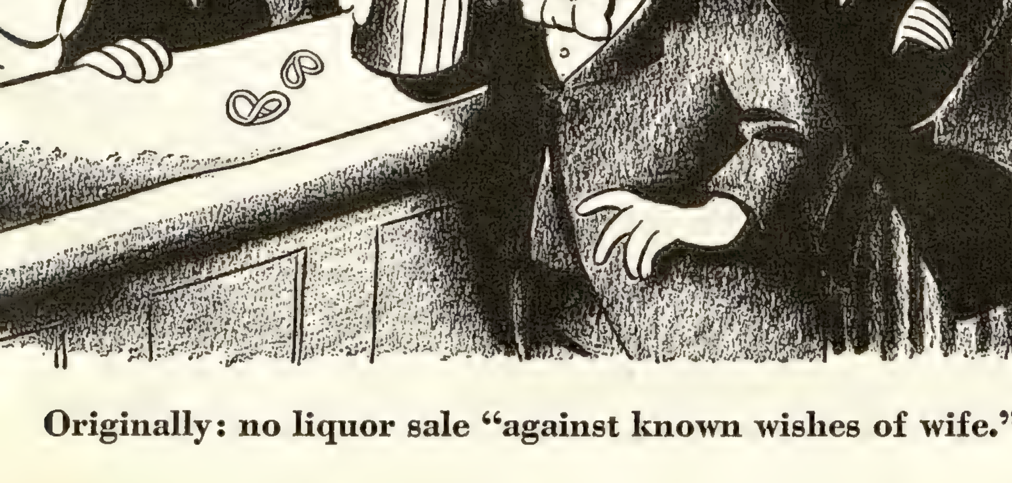
The wets are organizing "Get out the vote" commandos. In Wichita, several tavernkeepers have offered a free beer to customers holding registration tickets.

Many of the generation under 35 years old who never had a chance to vote on prohibition have "seen Paree" and will vote wet. While perhaps 60 per cent of all Kansans lived on farms in the early '30s, 53.6 per cent now live in towns of over 1,000 population. And towns tend to vote wet. Finally, there is an open challenge to common sense. As Attorney General Arn has put it: "Our people should either adjust their habits to their voting, or else vote in accordance with their habits."

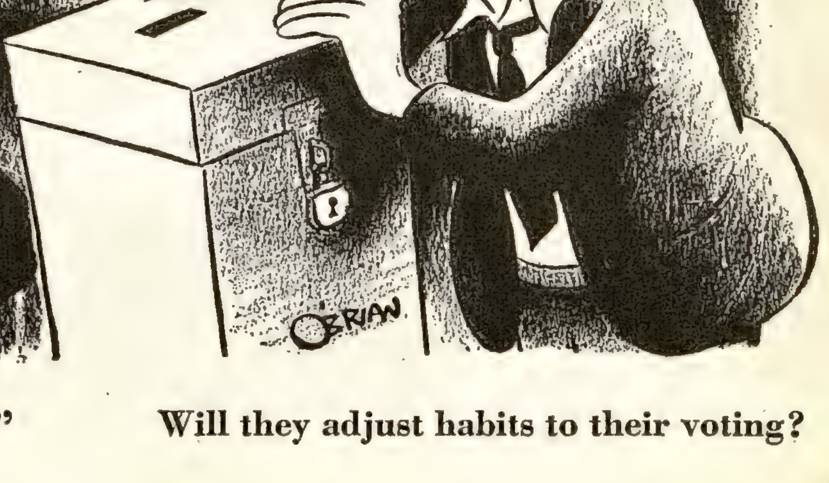
Political wiseacres of both parties predict that the state will stick to tradition. Even Harry H. Woodring, former governor and Secretary of War who lost the 1946 gubernatorial race on the wet Democratic platform, has said so. Custom will weigh heavily. Quite possibly "They'll stagger to the polls and vote dry again."

What is more, the legislature is by composition dryer than the electorate. It is conceivable that the people will vote wet but that their elected representatives will ignore the mandate. That might look odd to an outsider. But when you think of Kansas, it's well to keep in mind that strange things have been known to happen in the state that's dry like drought yet wet like water. ■■

O'BRIAN



Originally: no liquor sale "against known wishes of wife."



Will they adjust habits to their voting?

SUBLET

by Vivian Sande

This could happen only in New York, where things are seldom what they seem

reading time 7 minutes

■ If anyone had said to Jim Bacon, "The Tremaines have changed your whole life, haven't they?" he'd probably have looked a little blank. He might have answered, "Oh, if we hadn't heard of their place, we'd have found another—we never met them, you know." . . .

Jim had come to New York just a few weeks after he'd been mustered out of the army, exuberant about the job he'd landed. His luck was incredible. He even found an apartment.

"I just answered an ad," he'd written Sally, his wife, with casual disregard for the heartbreaking pavement-pounding he'd gone through. "One of the neighbors ushered me into this elaborate living room all done modern in gray and maroon—you should see the books, honey, the hand-carved figurines and the copper pictures they have over the mantelpiece—and my heart stopped when they told me how many applicants there were. It started again only when they accepted *my* hundred dollars and told me I could keep the place for a year from June. I told them you'd be coming in June." Unwritten were Jim's hopes that here, once he and Sally got together again, they would recapture the harmony which two years of war had broken and two short weeks had failed to revive.

It was six months to June, when Sally could resign her job and join her husband. And as they slowly passed, Jim, who was home a lot, slowly, inadvertently, and inevitably fell heir to a Tremaine inheritance he never dreamed existed.

It had always been an integral part of Jim's philosophy to live and let live—but he was blessed with an active curiosity. It was this characteristic that eventually got him in Dutch with Sally.

The first real teaser was a stained clipping from the New York Post pinned unobtrusively on the kitchen wall under a collection of exotic recipes. The clipping praised Harriet Tremaine's accomplishments as a palmist—an "entertaining, mysterious personality" who kept the customers coming back to a well-known night spot on Fifty-second Street. The silver-framed Harriet on the baby grand gradually became for Jim a living, breathing woman. The clipping, the picture, and the essence-of-Harriet Jim found in the meticulous kitchen with its neatly labeled assortment of condiments, the modernistic paintings, the colorful touches about the apartment added up to a woman of many talents.

What sort of husband would such a woman have? The record cabinet was the clue to Russ Tremaine, band leader. Filed among the albums of the classics were recordings of Russ's improvisations and his songs of love to Harriet. Russ was gay, sophisticated.

Jim made a game of stacking records indiscriminately on the record player and waiting for the personal tidbits to turn up to surprise him. And in the waiting he developed a new, solid appreciation of the music itself.

Carefully Jim fitted each new clue into his jig-saw puzzle of the Tremaines, and built an ever clearer picture of what they stood for. The phosphorescent stars on the bedroom ceiling, a carefully mounted valentine, and a preserved corsage convinced Jim that the former occupants were happy, in love, sentimental. Each book he found with a loving inscription added to his conviction that this was a perfect couple. He would have been astonished to trace his own progress in reading from scattered paragraphs to chapters, to entire volumes.

And so Jim unconsciously emulated the Tremaines' way of life, loved their corny sentiment, envied their erudition, admired their possessions, and continued to probe to find out as much about them as he could. His letters to Sally were full of the Tremaines.

From before she crossed their threshold, Sally hated the Tremaines, loathed their home, detested New York, and, above all, feared the changed Jim. The differences wrought by a two-year wartime separation were nothing compared with the changes six months in New York had brought about. The Tremaines were to blame: according to Sally, they had mesmerized Jim completely. Harriet's picture on the piano goaded Sally almost beyond endurance. The smile that Jim found so enchanting was a sneer directed personally at the small-town girl who could never hope to hold a candle to her absent rival. The books were dull, the music nonsense. The furnishings were uncomfortable, cold, and hostile.

As weeks grew to months, the Tremaines seemed to stand, almost physically, between them whenever Sally looked at Jim. The storm broke one day when she found Jim gazing at Harriet's photo.

"So you *are* infatuated with her," she said shrilly.

Jim's exasperated "Oh, Sally, don't be silly" sent her running from the room.

As a matter of fact, Jim hadn't been seeing the picture at all. He'd been thinking wistfully about how cute Sally was, and wishing there was some way they could get back to the old footing and just have fun together. But Sally was so darned unreasonable. This last scene was typical. Steeped in self-pity, Jim flung out for a walk in the park, alone.

At the office, things were going well for Jim. It looked as if he might get a promotion soon, and since going home wasn't too pleasant anyway, he spent more time at his work.

Sally, consequently, found herself with a large balance of free time. One day she idly picked out a few notes on the piano, and its rich tone soothed her inner dissonance. Every day she found herself spending more and more time recapturing an almost forgotten skill. Also, from boredom, she turned to the collection of foreign recipes and found them fun. Those heavy books on handwriting analysis became fascinating when a few elementary illustrations confirmed her conviction that her mother was overgenerous (her a's and o's were always widely open), and her sister's i's (dotted with circles) indicated unmistakable conceit. Without realizing it, the days began to pass quickly, and Sally found herself enjoying a host of new-found activities.

■ Gradually a new mood pervaded the Tremaine apartment. Sally served Boeuf à la Strogonoff for dinner one evening. Jim's hearty approval affected her like heady wine. She shared some of her new-learned knowledge of handwriting analysis with Jim by telling him about his friends from their letters. Jim was amused and impressed.

Their tension eased, the young Bacons had more to talk about, did more entertaining, and went out together more often.

It was after a party at which Sally dramatically held the spotlight by playing gypsy music and following through with an impromptu handwriting reading that Jim took her in his arms and told her how wonderful she was. Then she mentioned the records she'd found at the back of the cabinet—a love scene that Russ and Harriet had made of Romeo and Juliet in modern idiom, a scene that threw another light on the character of the Tremaines—they had a sense of humor.

As she told him, Sally suddenly realized that she, too, had fallen under the absent couple's spell.

"You know," she told Jim, "I can see now why Harriet and Russ loved this place."

Surprised but completely in accord, Jim breathed, "Darling, I'm so happy you like it here now. I was terribly upset when you didn't, but I didn't know what to do about it." Then he added, hesitantly, "Don't you have the feeling, too, that the Tremaines were one swell couple?"

"Ummm," said Sally, which meant I guess you're right, but it's hard for a woman to admit she's wrong.

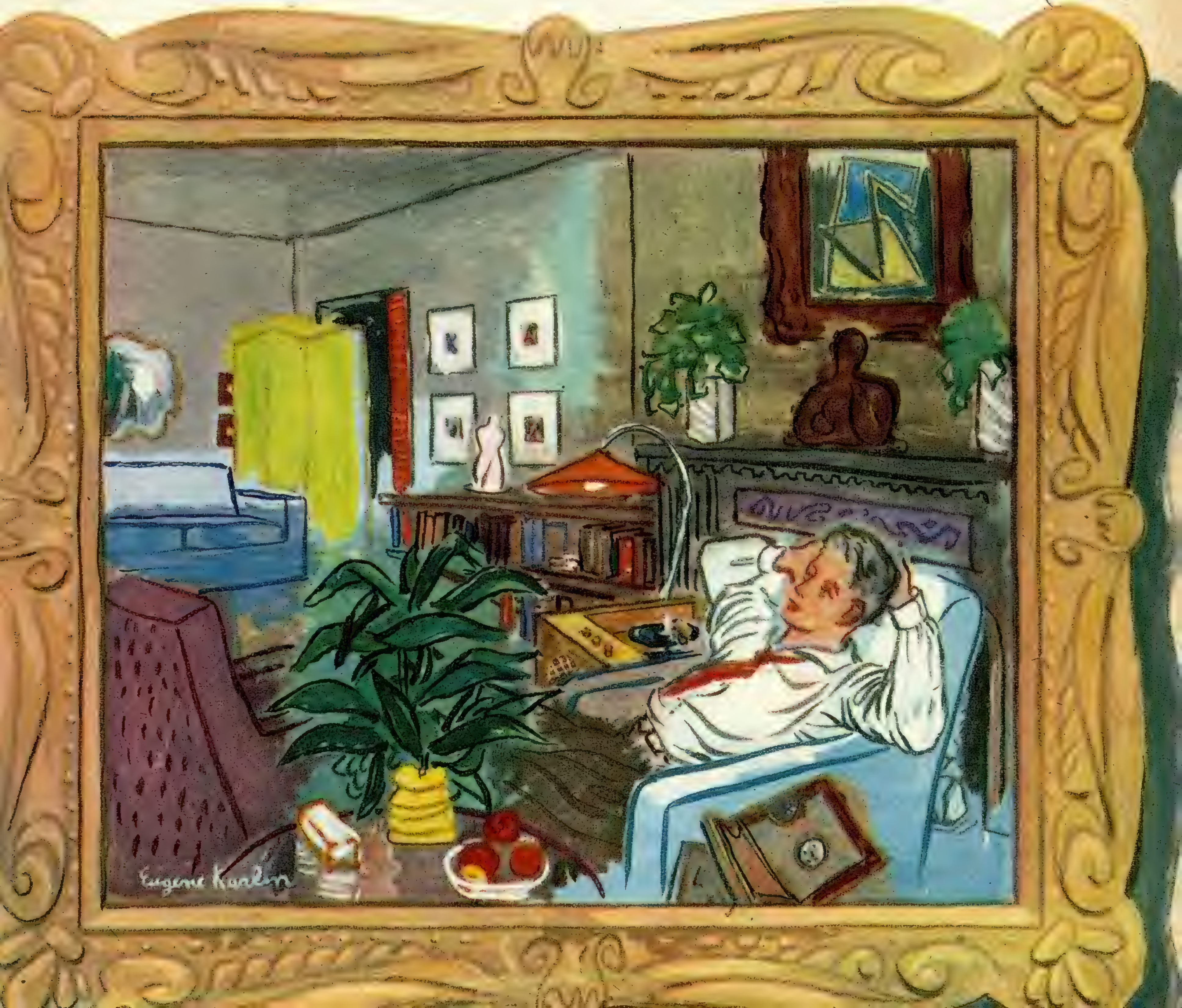
Sally no longer was jealous of Harriet.

■ A year had gone by and the Bacons were happy. They shared many interests with their invisible friends, learned many of their hobbies, absorbed many of their tastes.

"Let's write them a note," Sally said one day, "and ask them to cocktails when they come to town. It would be fun to meet them—we owe them so much."

Jim got the letter off, and a week later he and Sally eagerly tore open the answer.

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bacon," they read: "Sorry we cannot accept your kind invitation to cocktails. Mr. Tremaine and I have decided on a divorce. Yours sincerely, Harriet Tremaine." ■ ■



My husband had T.B.

by Nanette Kutner

Many tuberculosis victims put off treatment until too late because they are fearful of losing their jobs. Here a wife tells how her husband, a victim of t.b., was back at work three weeks after treatments began

reading time 9 minutes

■ Up-to-date medicine knows how to eradicate tuberculosis. Yet, because of our lack of co-operation, t.b. is killing one American every ten minutes.

In this country you can only catch the disease from a germ transmitted by another person. I qualify this country because some European countries are still suffering from bovine t.b., stemming from cattle. In the United States, by continuous testing and subsequent slaughtering of the infected animals, we have eradicated this. Evidently we are more successful with cows than with human beings, for, in spite of medical knowledge, an estimated 500,000 citizens are carrying and dispersing active tuberculosis. Of that number, half are ominously listed as "unknown," perhaps living in your home, working by your side. According to the National Tuberculosis Association, these people, dangerous to themselves and others, "must be found in the shortest possible time so that the individual affected may not only be placed under treatment, but prevented from further spreading the disease."

Unreported cases frequently have obvious symptoms—a cough that hangs on, an occasional spitting of blood, a slight daily fever, or continuous loss of weight. Many such victims, although privately worried, put off doing anything constructive about their condition not so much from the fear of sickness and its attendant suffering, but because they are far more terrified at the thought of having to give up their jobs.

Unfortunately this is the nightmare bugaboo of nearly every wage-earning adult. That is why I am writing this article. You see, my husband had t.b. Yet he spent exactly two weeks in a hospital plus one resting at home. Hardly more time taken out of his work than if he had had a bad case of grippe or the flu. He did not have to move to another climate nor forgo his job. Granted his was an exceptional case. Nevertheless it proves that *if* t.b. is sighted at an early stage, modern medicine can perform what in a previous era would have undoubtedly been termed a miracle. My husband's miracle was the pneumothorax treatment for pulmonary tuberculosis, or, using layman language, "They collapsed his lung."

When my husband discovered his t.b., he had no cough whatsoever. He felt, as he put it, "almost 100-per-cent O.K." True, the constant drag of business plus a rigid commuting schedule had made him "a little run-down." And he knew he had been continually exposed to a person with active tuberculosis. But, as most of us would, he thought he was so healthy he was immune. As for the run-down feeling, he suffered from the average man's horror of being considered a hypochondriac. So he said, "What I need is a good vacation. Some day I'll take one." Meanwhile he swallowed varicolored vitamin tablets.

In his middle thirties, over six feet tall, a one-time college athlete, what was wrong with such reasoning? Everything; primarily—ignorance. Especially when he argued, "I'm young yet. I'm not the type. Besides, nobody in *my* family ever had t.b."

He did not know that *there is no such thing as the t.b. type* or that t.b. is not hereditary. What is more, almost anybody can catch t.b., even those between the sturdy ages of 15 and 44. Actually, t.b. causes more deaths among persons of that prime-of-life age than any other disease. Fifty thousand Americans—including all ages—die of tuberculosis every year, with twice as many men dying as women!

My husband was growing ripe for the picking.

The day was a Saturday. His office was closed, but he intended going to work anyway. As usual, he rose early; as usual, after brushing his teeth, he cleared his throat. What happened next was not as usual. He spat blood. He figured the blood came from his gums and he examined them, only to note they appeared hard and sound. He went directly to his doctor, who, like most family physicians, is a general practitioner. The point is: *my husband did not wait!* If he had postponed that visit to the doctor, then the two weeks he ultimately was hospitalized could have stretched to two months—or two years—or too late.

The doctor gave him some codeine tablets and instructed him to remain in bed over the week-end, and have his lungs X-rayed on the following Monday morning. This my husband did. By Monday afternoon, two days after that initial blood symptom, his doctor had read the X-rays. They showed a lesion on one lung or—again using layman terminology—"he had a spot." A lesion is a hurt or an injury—any morbid change in the structure of organs. Catch t.b. in time and you can *halt* this change; neglect it and your lesion develops into a deep cavity, a hole signifying what was once a certain death warrant and now becomes an unnecessary and often lifelong ordeal, the advanced stage of tuberculosis.

My husband's doctor recommended a lung specialist. The latter, upon examination, gave my husband the choice of two cures. But first he said, "Complete rest is the treatment for tuberculosis." He offered "Six months flat on your back, at a Saranac sanatorium, or two weeks in one of the regular city hospitals plus another week at home, *provided* you undergo artificial pneumothorax."

■ To understand, one must first learn a few simple facts about chest anatomy. Your lungs are set in your thorax, and the thorax is half covered with a delicate membrane known as the pleura. This pleura also folds back over the surface of the lung of the same side. The purpose of pneumothorax is to introduce air between the two layers of pleura, the layer covering the lung and the layer lining the inside of the chest wall or thorax. A measured amount of air is introduced into this space, causing the lung to move away from the chest wall. This places a cushion of air around the lung, thereby forcing it to occupy a smaller space. The lung is then relaxed and does not move so much when the patient breathes. Thus the areas of tuberculosis are placed *at rest* so that healing may take place.

Refills of air may be necessary two or three times a week at first. Eventually the air is absorbed more slowly and refills are needed less frequently. After leaving the hospital, my husband had a refill every week, then every ten days, and finally, during his last year of treatment, once a month. On his way to business he would just drop into the specialist's office and have the job done. He says that these refills seemed to take no more than 15 minutes.

Pneumothorax must be continued until firm healing has occurred. The time required for this depends upon the extent and type of tuberculosis which was present before treatment was started, and upon how prompt was the initial lung response. The average time before a patient can be discharged from further treatment—if that treatment was not administered in a sanatorium—is three to five years.

My husband could have quit the fourth year, but he took an extra year as added precaution, for once the lung goes back into place, once it is allowed to become fully re-expanded—occupying the same space that it did before the pneumothorax treatments were given—these treatments can never again be administered to that particular lung. As the specialist explained: "because then the pleura sticks to the thorax like flypaper." That is why the refill is never allowed to lapse during treatment.

If the disease is attacking *both* lungs, pneumothorax will not be given. One lung must be free and available for breathing. So here is another good reason for nipping t.b. at its inception.

■ My husband, after those first three weeks, went about his normal life. The specialist gave him a letter to present to his business associates, a letter authoritatively stating that my husband could not infect anyone with t.b. The specialist explained that pneumothorax had successfully isolated the germ.

Until I fell in love with a man who had tuberculosis, I never gave the disease any thought. Now I am no longer smug about t.b. How can I be? How can *anybody* be—with life expectancy nowadays set at 67, and the average tuberculosis death at 44? The average cancer death comes only around 63.

According to statistics compiled by Godias J. Drolet of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, Inc., among the five U. S. cities of more than a million population, during the period 1941-45, the t.b. death rate was lowest in New York City and highest in Philadelphia. By states, however, the largest number of deaths was reported for New York, 6,032, and the smallest for Wyoming, 27.

One out of every two persons in this country is estimated to be infected with t.b. germs, but active disease does not occur as long as the body's resistance can successfully fight and is not continually exposed to active infection. An invaluable safeguard against t.b. is certainly an excellent physical condition. If resistance is lowered too far and a new infection comes along, the disease develops. It may be weeks or months, however, before the person begins to feel sick. *During this period the germs can be passed to family, friends, and fellow workers.* And by the time definite symptoms appear, severe damage may have been done to *both* lungs.

The first stage, the symptomless stage, certainly was brought home to all America when, during the last war, 150,000 recruits were rejected as tuberculosis suspects by the U. S. Army.

There is only one way of wiping out t.b.: yearly X-rays for *every* adult. This is the aim of the National Tuberculosis Association, plus 3,000 affiliated associations; the medical nursing profession, the U. S. Public Health Service; and state, county, and city health departments, all working in close co-operation, and now generously aided by the National Advertising Council.

In the early stages, the cure of t.b. is now certain if treated promptly. In the second stage, the deaths are greatly reduced. In the last, or advanced, stage it is most difficult to assure recovery. So, naturally, the earlier the disease is found, the quicker and more certain the cure.

It can be done, but *only* if you, no matter how healthy you feel this minute, become a willing part of the volunteer army of the X-rayed. ■ ■

THREE BUMPS TO MECCA

by Tom Powers

■ The war was over when I got my chance to visit Tunis. My father needed someone there, so he got Washington to let him send me over as a representative of his business in Indianapolis. He thought I ought to spend a week in Tunis before going to work to see if I could find out something about the Arabs. I found out plenty.

It wasn't so much that this Arab gal had beautiful eyes; it was what she could do with them. She could do bumps with them. You know how a gal in a show does with the hips. Well, that's what this Arab gal did with the eyes. Everything quiet. Lids at half-mast. Eyes to the left. Eyes to the right. And then – *bing!* – wide open and flashing right at you.

But first let me tell you how I met her. It all started with my shoes. They were white buckskin with black leather saddle strapping and thick spongy crepe-rubber soles.

Everywhere I went, people stared at them. Arabs, rich and poor, merchants and beggars, crowded around me to gaze at them. I couldn't understand a word of Arab, but the gestures, the pointings, and even the money offered for my shoes made it obvious that they were among the most sought-after objects in North Africa.

One day a man came forward, touched the edge of his fez, and bowed. "Masoo," he said in Arab French, "I like work for masoo."

"What is your name?" I asked him.

"Tou Tama," he said, "me name Tou Tama."

"Well, Two-Timer," I said, "how much will you take to be my guide?"

"What you want to pay," he said, "no more."

I wondered at this. "Let's go to the native quarter, Two-Timer," I said, and away we went. He was a good guide.

Next day, on the way back from the bazaars, Two-Timer took me out of my way around a block of the French city and lingered before the windows of a store showing perfume, women's clothes, and jewelry. Suddenly a big old-fashioned Rolls-Royce town car eased up to the curb. It was maroon, all covered with shiny brass gadgets. A small boy with an embroidered fan jumped off the trunk rack at the back. He opened the door and stood at attention.

People began to stop and watch the door of the store. I forgot Two-Timer and watched with the others.

The door of the store opened and for the first time I saw her, the gal with the eyes that did bumps. She walked out, followed by two fat old women. I guessed they were servants. Their faces weren't covered, but hers was, all but the eyes. She walked across the sidewalk until she was opposite me. There she stopped, turned slowly and looked at me. That's when I saw how beautiful her big eyes were. Then she took a good long look at my shoes, as if she had been told about them. She looked at me with lids at half-mast, and it was then she did with her eyes just like I told you she could. Eyes left, eyes right, and then – *bing!* Her wide-open eyes held me dangling for a minute and the lids fluttered and came down and the show was over.

She got into the car, followed by the two old mamas, and the crowd murmured and moved on.

That evening I was sitting in the lounge of the hotel. The old iron-grille elevator door opened and there she was again. The two old crones were still with her. She saw me right away. Then it started. Eyes left, eyes right, and – *zowie!* She was looking into my eyes and straight through me. Down went her eyes to my shoes to take a good look. Then she walked toward the door.

I started after her. One old woman opened the door and the other one lingered for a second to watch me. She crinkled up her old rotten-apple face, pointed a fat

JAMES SHORT

reading time 17 minutes

From the moment he saw this slinky Arab girl, things began to happen that could never happen in Indianapolis

finger at my shoes, and gave me the dirtiest toothless smile I've ever encountered. I watched them cross the terrace toward their old Rolls-Royce at the curb.

Then Two-Timer appeared on the terrace and, as they came near him, bowed as I had never seen him bow before. I could have sworn that the last old woman said something to him as she passed by.

As I sat at a table I heard a sly oily voice: "Masoo care sell shoes? Can get very amazing good price." It was Two-Timer.

"Come on, Two-Timer," I said, "out with it! Are you working for that lady? And what would she want with these big shoes?"

He looked hurt but went right on with his sales talk. I told him that I was going to pay him off that night and take the night train for Algiers. From there, I told him, I meant to go down to Biskra.

Well, it so happened that Two-Timer had a second cousin who was leaving Algiers very soon and it was necessary that Two-Timer go there to bid him farewell. If masoo was running short of money, he would be glad to go with me to Algiers not as a guide but as a friend.

■ I arrived in Algiers with my guide, just as he intended I should. After a couple of days in Algiers I told him that I was ready to say good-by to him and that I would take the trip to Biskra. Then he opened up about a place called Mjedel, a desert paradise.

"No," I told him. I was set on Biskra. In the first place I had learned from him that to get to this garden spot, Mjedel, one took a native bus from Algiers to Bu Saada and there transferred to a camel. I said, no thank you.

Well, just as Two-Timer and I were getting into the native bus for Bu Saada, a cloud of dust shot past us and I could have sworn that I saw the glint of African sunshine on a large heavy maroon car with gleaming brass gadgets and a very dusty little Arab boy sitting precariously on the trunk rack.

In Bu Saada Two-Timer said he was going to abandon me. He said he would engage a guide for me and a small caravan to take me to this dream place in the sand.

I was told that I would require three camels, a good honest guide, a camel boy, and food to feed us all for the three-day trek. He suggested that I carry no arms and no money, but deposit my traveler's checks in the hotel and give the guide enough to pay for shelter at the one oasis between here and there, for a house to rest in while I stayed in Mjedel, and for supplies for the return trip. One thing he had said stuck like a burr in my brain.

"You say only one oasis, and yet you say that Mjedel is three days away. Three days, that's two nights," I said.

"True," he said. "The first night you rest at the oasis, but the second night must sleep on the open desert."

At the hotel the clerk laughed. "What is today?" he said. "Today, all of a sudden, everybody want to go Mjedel. Today come big auto. Where from? Don't know. Put blocks on tires so can go *whsht!* through sand. Who rides in it? Nobody. Where do it go? Mjedel."

We arrived at the camel yard just after dawn. An old man put his hand on his breast and bowed. "Mohammed," he said. Then he pointed to a boy, "Achmed," he said.

"You see," Two-Timer said, "I choose guide for you. Everything work out fine. Mohammed, he is my cousin."

They led me to a corner of the yard near the outer wall and introduced me to three of the mangiest misanthropes that ever carried a hump.

"Masoo," said Mohammed, leading me to the ugliest of the three camels. I crawled up and sat precariously on top. Mohammed and Achmed mounted. Somebody screamed "Hup!" and I rose

(Continued on page 64)

Gene Kelly's current role calls for loving Lana Turner without going into a dance.

Meet the feet

by Elizabeth Wilson

reading time 5 minutes

When Bob Hope calls Gene Kelly the Gregory Peck of the dancing shoes, he isn't kidding

■ The prettiest pair of actor's legs in Hollywood belong to Gene Kelly, says director George Sidney. "Spindleshanks," Sidney adds authoritatively, "are what most other actors use for circumambulation." When he was looking over talent for Metro's Technicolor version of Dumas' The Three Musketeers, Sidney became an authority on legs—male limbs only. (The ladies of that era went in for long sweeping brocades.) Sidney thinks that after Kelly, Frank Morgan has the most shapely legs.

People started calling Gene The Feet after he appeared on a Bob Hope broadcast. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," announced Hope, "you have heard of The Voice, The Body, and The Nose. Tonight we have as our guest The Feet—the Gregory Peck of the dancing shoes."

Gene is generally considered by millions of moviegoers as one of Hollywood's best dancers. Whether he rates number one or number two spot depends upon whether or not you are an Astaire fan. In fact, Hollywood columnists, who thrive on feuds, have been kicking this one around ever since Gene's brilliant dancing in Cover Girl and Anchors Aweigh. "When Gene Kelly dances," one of them wrote, "Astaire counts his bonds." But the two men with the most talented feet in show business won't needle. Each says the other is "tops."

The bobby-soxers discovered Gene when they went to see Frankie-boy in Anchors Aweigh. They found themselves swooning instead over smooth, agile Mr. Kelly.

A versatile young man is Kelly. Not only does he sing, dance, and play either romantic young heroes (The Pirate) or James Mason heels (Christmas Holiday), but between pictures he writes, records children's stories and songs for Columbia, and takes an active part in politics, West Coast little theater, and veterans' housing.

While he was waiting for an injured ankle to heal Gene wrote a story about baseball, a sport dear to his heart, and sold it to M-G-M. It's now in production, under the title of Take Me Out to the Ball Game, and in it Gene dances with Esther Williams and Sinatra.

When Gene Kelly says, "The thing I like to do most is work," he's not kidding. For six weeks before he began work on The Three Musketeers he went into training with the zeal of a prizefighter. The day began with an hour on the bridle path. Gene has known how to ride for years, but as D'Artagnan he has to take difficult jumps. Next came a daily two-hour session with Jean Heremans, five times national fencing champion of Belgium. Then came hours of acrobatic work in the studio gym so that he'd be in trim to scale walls, climb revolving mill wheels, and leap from trees and balconies. He refuses to use a double. "I think up a lot of those stunts," he says, "and I feel responsible."

After the war—Gene enlisted in the navy as a gob and worked his way up to lieutenant (j.g.)—the Kellys bought a house in Beverly Hills. Gene, in a T shirt and slacks, his favorite apparel, did all the repair work.

The thing that Gene most hates to do is shave. He shaves in the late afternoon so it will last well into the next day. In The Pirate he wore a mustache, and old-timers on the lot received quite a jolt—he looked like the late John Gilbert.

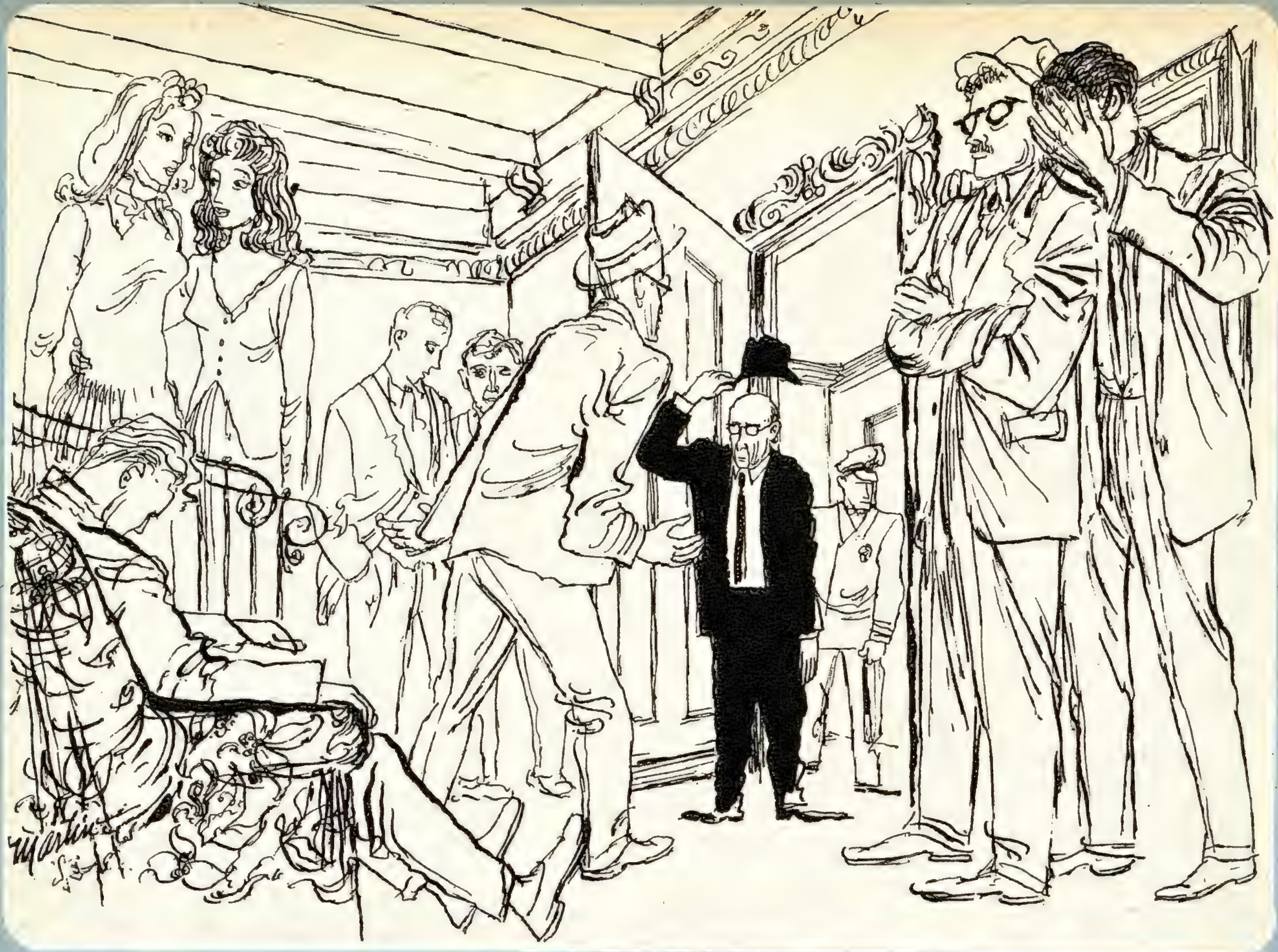
■ Gene was born in Pittsburgh thirty-seven years ago. There were five kids in the Kelly family. Gene's ambition was to be another Ty Cobb, until he saw Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in The Black Pirate. "When I saw Doug leaping from balcony to balcony with such ease, I wanted more than anything else to be like him." He confided in his mother, and she promptly sent him to dancing school. "There isn't a better way," she told him, "to develop gracefulness and ability."

After he graduated from the University of Pittsburgh he worked out a dance act with his brother Fred. They played in night clubs all over western Pennsylvania. One day a couple of friends asked Gene if he would teach them to dance. This started Kelly dance schools.

In 1937 Gene moved to New York. He got a job as dance director for William Saroyan's Time of Your Life. This led to Billy Rose offering him a job as dance director for his second Diamond Horseshoe Revue. His work at the Rose night club brought him to the attention of producer George Abbott who was seeking a dancer to play the title role, that of an attractive heel, in his forthcoming Pal Joey. As Joey, Gene scored one of the biggest personal hits of the year on Broadway. After that Hollywood was inevitable.

It was while he was working at Billy Rose's that he met Betsy Blair, the cute little redhead who later became his wife. She came in to ask for a job. "She thought I was a busboy," says Gene. "I was young in those days, had my sleeves rolled up, and was as badly dressed as I am now. It was just like the script of a B picture. She asked to see the dance director, and I asked her what she wanted. She told me all about herself. I loved every word of it, and I told her that if she'd come in the next day I'd fix it so that the dance director, a hard man, would see her. Next day, when she saw me sitting behind the big desk, she could have murdered me.

"Our life," says Gene, "isn't like a movie script any more. We're just a completely normal, happy couple. Dull, isn't it?" ■ ■



DAVID STONE MARTIN

THE WAY I KILLED HIM

by Oscar Schisgall

Concluding the story of a murder hundreds saw committed but which none could solve

reading time 25 minutes

■ On Monday, Mark Seller brought down his lawyer, a clever little fellow named Spiro, to plead for me. Spiro called everybody except the judge by his first name. He argued, "George Wyatt is no more guilty than the gun which fired the bullet—both were used by somebody else. After legally shooting at a man eight times a week for five months with blank cartridges, he had no reason to suspect anything would be different at this performance."

Since no one from the district attorney's office opposed him, he had no particular trouble getting me released on bail.

By two o'clock Monday afternoon Mark Seller was driving me home in his car.

"Georgie," he said, "it's a terrible mess. I can't figure what to do."

"Nothing," I said. "From this point on you leave it to the police."

"There are some things the police don't bother about." He frowned. "It turns out, for instance, that Charlie Dixon was supporting a mother and a young sister. He didn't carry much insurance, either. I'll send 'em a check, of course. But I was thinking maybe we could run a benefit performance."

I gave him a sideward glance. "Does that mean you're going on with the show?"

"Certainly I'm going on with the show. Why shouldn't I go on? We're sold out for almost eight weeks." Then he turned to me in alarm, wide-eyed. "Georgie, you're not thinking of walking out on us?"

"It's going to be pretty tough when I shoot at Howard every day. I think the audience, too, will do a bit of squirming. There'll be a ghost hanging over the play."

"That's nonsense. Here we got a smash hit— No, Georgie, we can't close. We're shut down today, yes, in deference to Charlie Dixon; and we'll keep the curtain down tomorrow, too—the funeral's tomorrow. But I can't see any reason why we shouldn't reopen Wednesday. As a matter of fact, the police *want* me to reopen."

I stared. "Why? What's it matter to the police?"

"It'll hold the group together," Mark Seller said. "Makes the investigation easier. Once we shut down and let people drift off to other jobs, they'll be scattered all over the place.

"So you've got to come along with us, Georgie," Mark said, his tone persuasive. "I talked to Lynn and to Howie yesterday, and it's all right with them; they'll play out the run."

"In that case," I said, "count on me."

For a while, after we turned into Fifth Avenue, Mark said nothing. Then his voice became gentle, almost fatherly.

"One thing more, Georgie. You won't feel hurt if I give you some advice? About—Lynn."

I stiffened.

"Mind I'm not blaming you. She's a beautiful woman. If I were thirty years younger and single, I'd get excited about her myself. But, just for the sake of peace now, I think you two should get some sense. Behave like grown-ups."

"Where did you get all this inside information about us, Mark?"

"From Howie."

"Oh?"

"The police know it too, Georgie. They're not saying anything to the newspapers, because what's the sense of making a smell? But they know. This Lieutenant McComb—he's stubborn. He sticks like a leech. Yesterday he spent practically all day with Howie and Lynn. Howie got tired and angry and impatient, and then he started taking a few drinks. And by five o'clock he couldn't hold his tongue any more."

"So my big romantic secret," I said bitterly, "is on the police blotter."

Mark Seller sighed. "You got nobody to blame, Georgie."

I turned to him in anger. "Look, Mark. Let's get this straight. I let myself go with Lynn because she's washed up with Howard. She'd made up her mind to divorce Howard long before anything happened between her and me."

"Sure," Mark said with a wise nod. "I know. That's what she told Larry Vaughn almost seven months ago. You don't think you're the only one who ever fell for her, do you, Georgie? Larry had the same trouble once."

I stared.

"Only Larry had sense," Mark said. "A playwright is *supposed* to have brains. Or maybe he was afraid of Howard—I wouldn't know. Anyhow, he quit playing around with Lynn, and then everything was all right. But a lot of men have had the same trouble about Lynn Reed, Georgie. Sometimes, judging by the signs, I thought even Charlie Dixon—"

"Mark," I said in a tight whisper, "if anybody else talked to me like this about Lynn, I'd paste him in the nose!"

Mark Seller smiled. "That's one of the compensations for getting old, Georgie—people don't hurry to paste you in the nose when you tell them a few plain truths."

■ When Mark dropped me at my door, I went up to my apartment in a sullen mood. As I entered, the telephone rang.

Lynn said in a strained voice, "George—"

"Oh," I said. "Hello."

"I just called Spiro's office. They told me you'd been released."

"On bail," I said. "Mark's money."

"George—" she paused. "I'm at the Pierre. I left Howard last night."

I knew I should have been excited, enthusiastic, and I waited for the sensation to start. Instead, a queer numbness crept over me.

"Can you come over, George?"

"I guess so. Give me time to shower and shave."

"I simply had to do it, George. Howard told the police how things were between us, and after that—well, in all *decency* I had to leave him."

"Sure," I said. "I understand. Matter of pride. Well, see you in an hour."

Somehow I wasn't in any mood to hurry about anything, not even for Lynn. Instead I settled in my deepest chair. I hadn't realized how tired I was.

I said to myself, *You killed a man. You shot a bullet right into the heart of a nice, unoffending kid. It's going to take quite a bit of forgetting.* And then I thought, *Maybe it's crazy to keep reminding myself of it eight times a week, even to please Mark Seller and the police.*

How strong, I wondered, would the trouper instinct be in Howard and Lynn now, in their new situation? Would they still want to continue playing opposite each other in Witchcraft—especially after the Broadway columns told of their separation, and audiences began to titter at their love scenes? . . .

The telephone rang again.

"Hello, George," a voice said. "Mark just told me you're home. I called to say I'm glad. Hope it wasn't too rough an ordeal."

"Virginia?" My mind sprang, as it had a hundred times, to a .22 blank cartridge in the bottom of a purse. "Ginny," I said, "it's good to hear you. Can you come over here right away?"

She hesitated. "Couldn't you come to the office, George? My desk is piled high with—"

"This isn't office talk."

She said "Oh?" And then, "All right."

■ When Virginia came, she didn't look like someone who'd been close to murder. In fact, she looked very well. She carried a red-leather bag, flat and oblong—not the purse she'd had at the theater the night of Charlie Dixon's death.

"Ginny," I said, when she'd sat down and taken the cigarette I offered, "there's one thing about you—you make the world seem normal."

"How nice." She smiled. "And here, all these days, I thought I irritated you."

"That was last week."

"When I wanted you to work at the Naval Hospital."

I'd forgotten about that. It came as a jolt. "Say! Are those boys expecting me?"

"No. I got Willard Gorbey to go. Didn't think you'd be in the mood. How about telling me why you asked me to dash over?"

I watched her obliquely.

"Ginny," I said, "maybe the direct way is best. I wanted to know what a blank cartridge was doing in your purse Saturday night."

I could feel the tension.

"How do you know about that, George?"

"I saw it."

"And—you didn't tell? Why not?"

"Probably because I didn't want to implicate you in this mess."

Virginia slowly rose. She looked at me, deep into me, in a strange and searching way.

"You didn't want to implicate me," she repeated. "And yet, for all you knew, that blank was the one for which a real bullet had been substituted in the gun, and maybe I was the one who did it. . . . George, do you know what silence deserves?"

"Sure. A squawk from the police."

"No. This." Virginia put both hands on my cheeks and kissed me. When she sat down again, I needed a moment to steady myself.

"Now I feel better," she said.

"You're a very upsetting person," I answered. "Now, how about telling me how that blank got into the purse?"

"You'll think I'm a fool."

"Try me."

"A little while before we all went into Howard's dressing room," she said, "I asked Lieutenant McComb if it wouldn't be easy to find out whether anybody connected with the show had bought .22-caliber bullets. Couldn't he check stores, dealers?"

"You can get them in any sporting-goods shop."

"That's what McComb told me. In fact, he laughed at me. He said the police would investigate it, of course, as a matter of routine, but there wasn't a chance in a million of getting anywhere that way. Well, I'm a skeptic, George. So I decided to test it for myself. I took one of the blanks from Pete Snyder's box—he knew about

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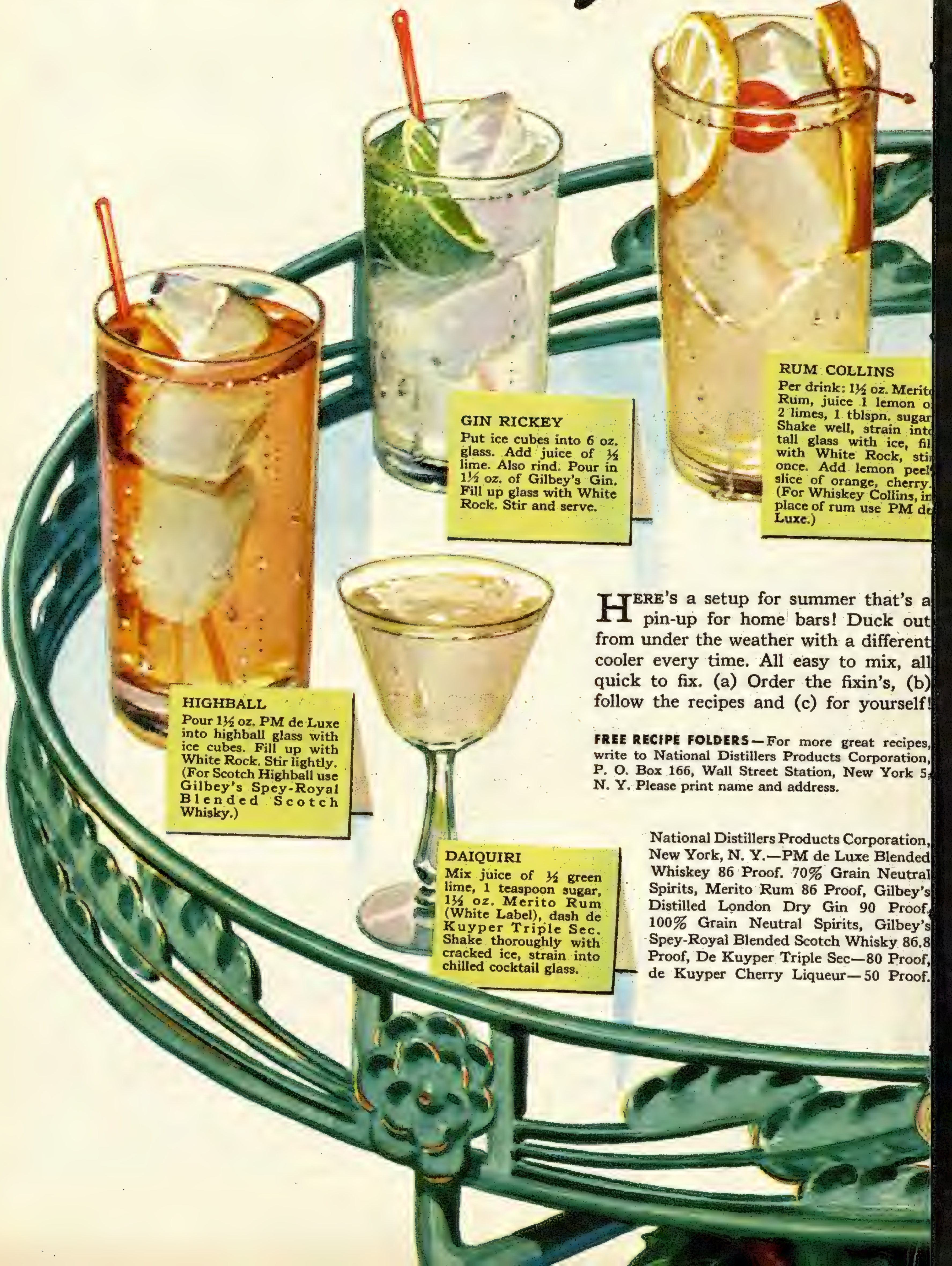
How to keep cool



RUM COLLINS
Per drink: 1½ oz. Merit Rum, juice 1 lemon o 2 limes, 1 tblspn. sugar Shake well, strain int tall glass with ice, fil with White Rock, sti once. Add lemon peel slice of orange, cherry. (For Whiskey Collins, in place of rum use PM de Luxe.)

GIN RICKEY
Put ice cubes into 6 oz. glass. Add juice of ½ lime. Also rind. Pour in 1½ oz. of Gilbey's Gin. Fill up glass with White Rock. Stir and serve.

HIGHBALL
Pour 1½ oz. PM de Luxe into highball glass with ice cubes. Fill up with White Rock. Stir lightly. (For Scotch Highball use Gilbey's Spey-Royal Blended Scotch Whisky.)

DAIQUIRI
Mix juice of ½ green lime, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ oz. Merito Rum (White Label), dash de Kuyper Triple Sec. Shake thoroughly with cracked ice, strain into chilled cocktail glass.

HERE's a setup for summer that's a pin-up for home bars! Duck out from under the weather with a different cooler every time. All easy to mix, all quick to fix. (a) Order the fixin's, (b) follow the recipes and (c) for yourself!

FREE RECIPE FOLDERS—For more great recipes, write to National Distillers Products Corporation, P. O. Box 166, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Please print name and address.

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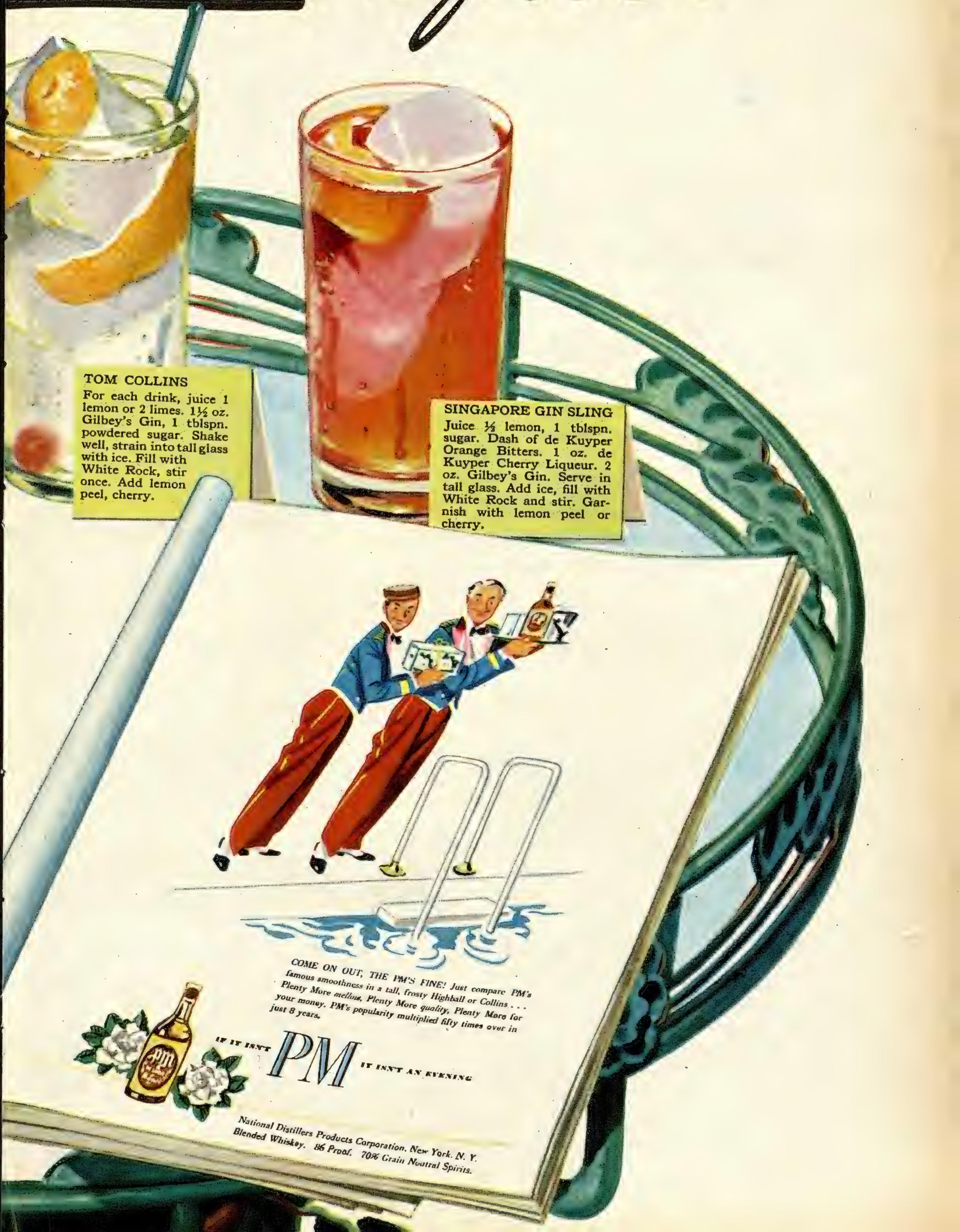
without a pool!



TOM COLLINS
For each drink, juice 1 lemon or 2 limes. 1½ oz. Gilbey's Gin, 1 tblspn. powdered sugar. Shake well, strain into tall glass with ice. Fill with White Rock, stir once. Add lemon peel, cherry.

SINGAPORE GIN SLING
Juice ½ lemon, 1 tblspn. sugar. Dash of de Kuyper Orange Bitters. 1 oz. de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur. 2 oz. Gilbey's Gin. Serve in tall glass. Add ice, fill with White Rock and stir. Garnish with lemon peel or cherry.

COME ON OUT, THE PM'S FINE! Just compare PM's famous smoothness in a tall, frosty Highball or Collins . . . Plenty More *mellow*, Plenty More *quality*, Plenty More for your money. PM's popularity multiplied fifty times over in just 8 years.

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Minding the world's business

by Ralph Wallace

International House, a nonprofit organization, is doing amazing things to make friends and customers for Uncle Sam

reading time 10 minutes

■ Last Christmas the city fathers and benevolent agencies of San Salvador, capital of El Salvador, faced a crisis. They had collected funds for the annual distribution of toys to poor children and, three weeks before Christmas, found there were not enough toys in the country. How to get Santa Claus' bag filled was a major headache.

With the whole city on edge, someone remembered an agency in New Orleans which might be able to help. A tense overseas call followed. Any toys there? Could the agents come up at once? "Yes, sir. Send them along. We'll find all the toys they need." Shortly afterward, cranes swung box after box aboard a Salvador-bound plane.

With nearly a week to spare, the toys arrived. Santa's reputation had been saved—thanks to the quick work of a new American nonprofit organization dedicated to furthering world amity through trade.

The name of this versatile outfit is International House of New Orleans. Founded only three years ago by local business men, but now supported by dues from 1,900 members throughout the world, it combines the functions of a private club, a trade group, and an international chamber of commerce. On any day in its ten-story building near Canal Street, a visiting South American business man can be found dictating to a bilingual secretary, while in another office I. H. officials will be locating a buyer for Lebanese wool, or a U. S. manufacturer who can export cotton cloth to Iraq. More amazing, every International House transaction is performed without charge.

The primary function of International House is to stimulate exports and imports in the 26-state Mississippi River basin—with special emphasis on luring shipments through the port of New Orleans. Not long ago, for example, Greece desperately needed 100,000 pairs of shoes, while the famous English firm of Brockhouse, Ltd., wanted to sell 2,500 small gasoline engines in the United States. International House quickly found a Chicago firm to supply the shoes, a New Orleans firm to take the motors. Both deals were simple, but the good will built on both sides of the Atlantic was incalculable.

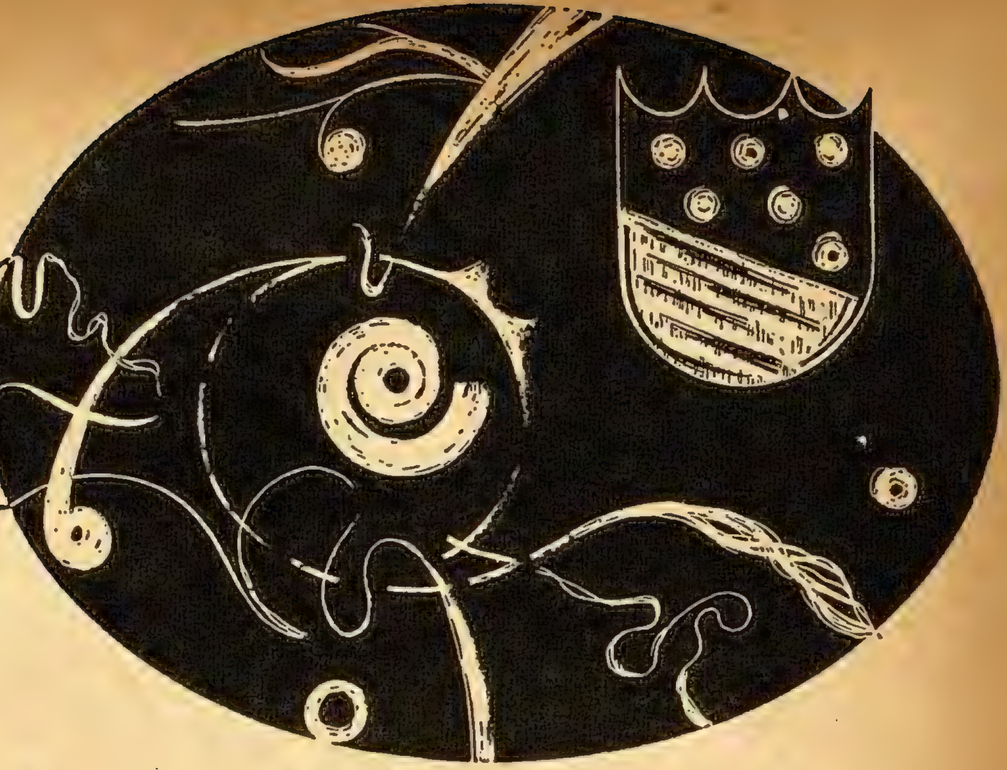
International House has adopted the theory that no matter what the government does, little can be accomplished toward world recovery unless private industry helps make international trade a two-way street. Accordingly International House members have helped finance New Orleans' $1,400,000 International Trade Mart, a huge new building for the exhibition of export-import products from all over the world. In three years New Orleans has jumped from America's fifth largest port to second place, with more than $1,250,000,000 in export-import trade last year. It set up a free-trade zone, where imported goods may be stored duty free until sold here or shipped out of this country, a great convenience for foreign business men.

■ With a staff of 35 and a budget of only $225,000 annually —less than the U. S. Department of Commerce spends in a few hours – International House has already brought buyers and sellers together in 15,000 separate transactions, involving about $100,000,000. The smallest deal its world-trade-development department arranged was the export of four dollars' worth of toy balloons to France; the largest, the purchase by Argentina of U. S. ships worth $3,000,000. Transactions are not limited to the United States. In one deal, for example, through I. H., Portugal found a market in South America for Portuguese wine and canned fish.

Besides free offices for foreign business men, the I. H. building contains an impressively stocked international library and one of the finest restaurants in New Orleans. Recently a nonmember Kansas City business man met a nonmember Mexican importer over a casual drink at the bar—and sold 3,000 portable radios as a result.

The history of this remarkable organization goes back to 1943, when E. O. Jewell, newly appointed general manager of the Port of New Orleans, ran into a Peoria manufacturer while on a speaking trip in Illinois. The Peoria man told Jewell that several months before, he had by chance met a Costa Rica

(Continued on page 71)



Raintree County

by Ross Lockridge, Jr.

a Liberty book condensation . . . reading time — one evening

■ The whistle of a train at the crossing had at last pressed its way into his sleep. It was early dawn. He lay in bed, among the glowing fragments of a dream. The dream had been vivid with the promise of adventure. He rewove its tantalizing web, contrasting it with the simple reality into which he had awakened.

His wife, Esther, eighteen years younger than he, lay beside him, her Indianblack hair screwed into curlpapers, her regular features composed by sleep into a look of stony, almost mournful serenity. In the next room slept the three children, Wesley, Eva, and Will, thirteen, twelve, and seven years old. The family slept in the two upstairs rooms of the plain white wooden house, set well forward in a trimly kept yard fenced in with white pickets in front and on the two sides. A narrow field planted in corn extended a hundred yards back to the railroad.

The town of Waycross, where Mr. John Shawnessy had lived for two years, had an equally austere pattern. The business buildings were at the intersection of the roads—general store, barbershop, bank, feedstore, blacksmith shop. Half a hundred houses were scattered along the four arms of the cross formed by the County and National Roads. On the south arm were a church, the Post Office, and the Railroad Station. The Schoolhouse, where Mr. Shawnessy and his wife were the only teachers, was on the west arm. Among the dwellings on the east arm was the Shawnessy house, lying on the south side of the National Road.

The way in which the County got its name was a subject involved in mystery. According to a popular legend, the earliest settlers found a ragged preacher wandering in the neighborhood of a lake in the middle of the County. He told them that in his youth he had had a vision of Heaven in which he beheld a green land full of fruitbearing trees and pleasant waters and had gone seeking for its earthly counterpart through the wilderness of America, carrying with him the seed of an oriental tree never before planted in America. Now he had found, as he believed, the land of his vision.

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Illustrations by Sutnar and Hall

—Lo! I have sowed the seed, he cried. The Raintree will blossom in the western earth. The tree of life will drop its golden fruit in the new earthly Paradise.

The mad preacher had worked so strongly on the imagination of the first settlers around Freehaven that they began to refer to the neighborhood, a little facetiously, as the Land of the Raintree. From this source came at length the names Paradise Lake and Raintree County.

It was dawn on Raintree County, and in a little while Mr. Shawnessy would have to yield himself to the ritual day. Past midnight, he had lain awake thinking about the big Fourth of July Program, in which, as principal of the local school and an old friend of Senator Garwood B. Jones, he had a leading responsibility. First he would drive to Freehaven, where he had some matters to see to before the Senator arrived. Despite the necessarily early hour of the trip, the whole family planned to go along as usual.

On the way back, he would stop at the Danwebster Graveyard for his annual visit to the family lot. At nine-thirty the Senator's special train was due in Waycross. He would entertain the Senator until the G.A.R. parade and banquet at twelve-thirty. The main program was planned for two-thirty, and after that he would see the Senator off at the station. In the evening there was to be a lawn party sponsored by the Literary Society. It promised to be the most exciting day since his second marriage fourteen years ago.

He could still hear the thunder of the train on distant rails receding. The lone shriek of it at the crossing had been like a calling of his name. The sound of it ebbing down gray lanes of dawn into the west was the lonely music of a century, awakening memories of a forgotten child named Johnny, the father of a man. . . .

■ On July 4, 1854, a big crowd of people had poured into the Court House Square of Freehaven for the Celebration. Among them was Johnny Shawnessy, fifteen years old, bony and angular and beginning to bust out of his kneepants. His head looked too big for his body, his hair was a tangled mat of brightness, his cheeks and chin showed the beginnings of a beard and were sprinkled with little pimples.

—Hello, Johnny.

He turned around. A strange girl, half a head taller than he, was standing on the sidewalk with a boy he had never seen before.

—Nell!

Johnny hadn't seen Nell Gaither for years. When he was much smaller, he had gone to school with her and had seen her often at the Danwebster Church with her father and mother. Mrs. Gaither had been a fragile, lovely woman from a Connecticut family of means and culture. She had come with her husband in the great migration West, and they had settled in Raintree County in the late thirties to the hard existence of making a living from the earth. When Nell was seven, Mrs. Gaither had died, and Mr. Gaither had sent the girl back to her mother's family in the East.

—I'm back with Daddy, Nell said. He's married again, you know, and I'm going to live here for a while. O, by the way, Johnny, I want you to meet a friend of mine, Garwood Jones.

Garwood Jones was a large, sleek, florid boy, perhaps a year older than Johnny. He had a broad, smooth face, dark, wavy hair fragrant with oil, and blue eyes filled with faint amusement.

He thrust out his hand and said in an incredibly big voice, —Happy to make your acquaintance, John.

The greeting was both personal and patronizing.

—Pleased to meet you, Johnny said.

Garwood said that he used to live at Waycross in the southeast corner of the County but that his family had long ago moved to Freehaven.

—Garwood is speaking on the program today, Johnny, Nell said.

—Just a few patriotic recitations, the boy said with arrogant humility.

Johnny didn't dislike Garwood Jones, but he envied the smooth, newly razored face, the deep voice, the long trousers, and the place on the Program of the Day.

—How did you and Nell get to know each other? Johnny said.

—O, I get to know all the pretty girls, John, Garwood said. He laughed a throaty laugh. The flat of his hand fell affectionately between Johnny's shoulderblades.

In the old days, Johnny had never thought of Nell as especially pretty. Now the thin, serious child was gone. Nell had her hair bound up like a woman's, showing her long white neck. A sort of small crazy hat teetered on her sun-colored curls. Her face, which was rather small, was studiedly serene, the chin held high, the unusual, fleshy mouth primly closed. The very wide-apart green eyes, her most attractive feature, looked calmly down at him a little sideways past her nose, which was pert and covered with freckles. She had on a white short-sleeved dress. She had the steep breasts of a budding girl and was getting somewhat wide in the hips, although her waist was very slender and her arms were long, angular, and childlike. When she spoke, her voice was very husky, grave, and sweet. He noticed especially the soft, personal way in which she said his name, as if she had practiced it.

—I'll see you at church, Sunday, Johnny, she said.

—Well, John, Garwood Jones said, I trust I will have the pleasure of seeing you again.

He removed his straw hat and made a stately bow, and he and Nell walked away toward a lemonade stand. Johnny stood watching Nell walk, her hips softly moving as if revolving around a center, while her long, slender back and primly held shoulders were motionless.

—Hey, Johnny!

His brother Zeke was waving from in front of the Saloon. In the middle of a crowd there, a young man stood, white teeth flashing from a brown bearded face. In one hand he held a beermug, and with the other he kept pushing back the brown shag of his hair. His skintight pants showed off the hard length of his legs and the great breadth of his whiteshirted chest and shoulders. The young man laughed and said in a harsh, high voice, as Johnny approached,

—I can beat any man or boy in the County, and here's five dollars says I can.

He buried his white teeth in the mug and came up, mouth and beard shining. A gold coin glinted in his free hand. Johnny joined Zeke on the edges of the crowd.

—And he can do it too, a solemn, sharpfaced man confided to Johnny. Flash Perkins kin outrun 'em all.

From this remark, Johnny gathered that the talk was about the annual Fourth of July Footrace by which the fastest runner in Raintree County was determined.

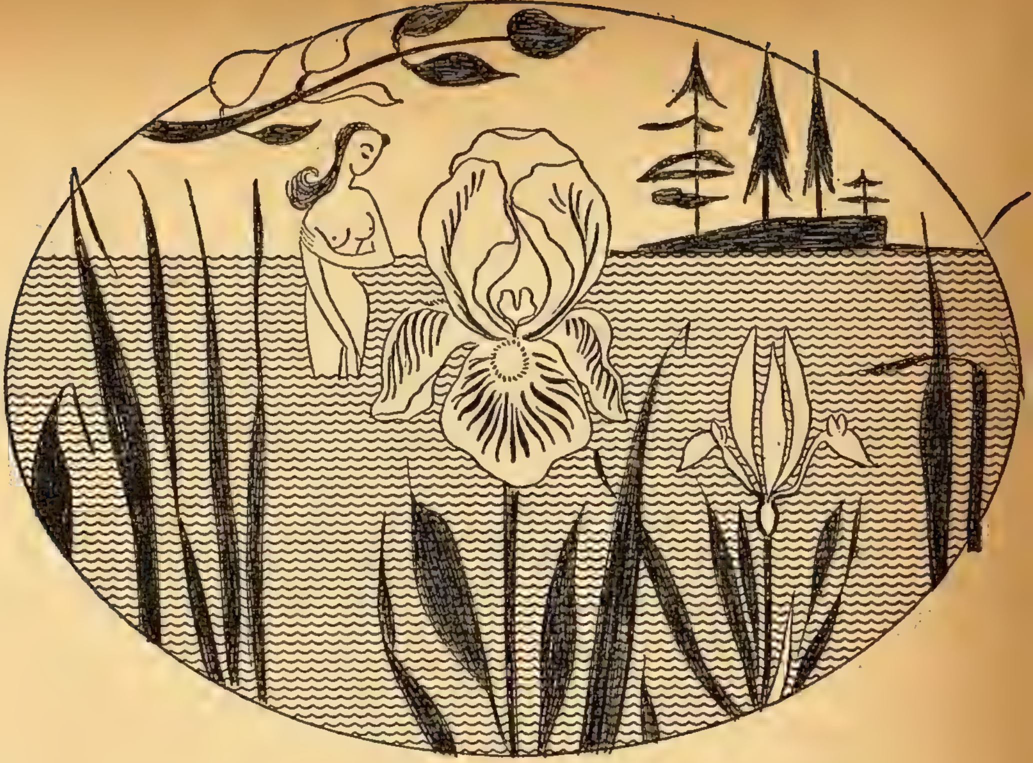
—I hope he loses that race, Zeke said.

■ He and Johnny went over and found seats in a big space in the assembly ground south of the Court House, and listened to a man read the Declaration of Independence. Then the chairman of the program introduced the outstanding boy orator Garwood Jones. Talking in a thundering, artificial way and waving his arms, Garwood brought the crowd down with gems of American oratory, including the peroration of Webster's Reply to Hayne. The Honorable Somebody or Other was introduced for the Address of the Day. He spoke for two hours, getting louder, hoarser, and more eloquent as he talked about slavery and the South.

The afternoon waned. A man walked into the street with a pistol in his hand.

—Ladies and Gentlemen, he yelled, the Annual Fourth of July Footrace is ready to start. The contestants are . . .

The runners lined up, the starter's pistol went off, and everyone yelled and pushed and shoved down toward the



Square, where the race was to end. Johnny got a passing glimpse of Flash Perkins, white teeth bared, fists churning, far ahead of his competitors as he ran toward a distant string.

There was a vast yelling in the Court House Square, and several cannon crackers blew up simultaneously. The band played 'Hail to the Chief.'

When Johnny and Zeke got to the Square, they saw Flash Perkins on the shoulders of a throng. He was borne toward a platform where a girl sat holding a ring of oakleaves. Bare to the waist, sweating, magnificent, he accepted the circlet of victory and fitted it down over his tangled hair. His teeth were clenched on an unlit cigar.

—Speech! yelled the crowd.

—It was easy, folks, Flash said. They give me a good race, but like I said, I can beat any man in Raintree County.

Everyone was crazy with excitement. Johnny and several other halfgrown boys organized races on the Court House lawn. Johnny ran wildly through the crowd, hoping someone would notice how fast he was for his size.

As the Shawnessy family drove home, Johnny looked up at the purple night thicksown with stars that brooded warm and yellow over Raintree County. One day he would be the fastest runner in Raintree County, because he willed it to be so. One day he would stand with breast expanded, bright with medals, and the crowds would cheer the savior of the Nation. One day he would have the lucid self-understanding that would enable him to say and do everything that he desired, and he would become greater than Charles Dickens or Thomas Carlyle or even William Shakespeare, and he would speak and write words that would resound along the corridors of time forever. And somewhere too in that golden day a vaguely beautiful girl was waiting, and on her lips was the highly personal and softly uttered word 'Johnny.'

■ The summer that Johnny Shawnessy was seventeen years old his body shot up like a stalk of July corn, he got his man's height of six feet, his shoulders widened, his arms and legs lengthened, and his beard had to be shaved. He worked on his father's land and helped with his brothers on neighboring farms. Harvest, of wheat or corn, was a prodigious festival of hard work, huge dinners, rude fun. He came home from it drunk with the good fatigue of a strong young man, his mind full of the tranquil images of harvest—the great mounds of shucked ears, the fodderstacks, the creaking wagons, the loaded harvest tables.

He would always remember homecoming at evening with his brothers, Zeke, Rob, and Bill. Ellen Shawnessy would have a big hot supper waiting, and while the boys ate, telling the feats and pranks of the day, she hovered over them, the maternal spirit of the feast, loading the table with pork, roasting ears, butter, mashed potatoes, apple pie, milk.

Such was the harvest in Raintree County, that ancient valley threaded by an ancient water.

When he came to the river in summer afternoons from working on the farm, Johnny would strip off his clothes and plunge matted with seed and caked with dust into the water. After a swim, he would lie naked in soft grass reading or writing.

At this time he began to write a column for the *Free Enquirer*, one of Raintree County's two weekly newspapers. He called his articles *Meditations from the Upper Shawmucky*, and in the pen name Will Westward managed to conceal his identity from everyone, including his own family and the editor of the paper, Niles Foster.

■ One day in late August during a sweltering heatwave, Johnny had gone to his favorite place on the river. As usual he plunged in for a swim. Then he stretched on grass at the water's edge, listening to the spiral music of cicadas. The river burned green in sunlight. He let notebook and pencil lie untouched beside him. He shut his eyes and slept.

Awakening, he turned over and looked through the reeds that screened his hiding-place. Not twenty yards from where he lay was a skein of gold hair floating backward on the current. Then a fabulous creature rose slowly from the Shawmucky, walking from midriver to the far shore. Glistening whitely from the green water, the neck emerged, the long back, the smooth-fleshed thighs, the tapering calves, and at last the long slender feet. The wideapart eyes looked warily up and down the banks. The creature ran quickfooted behind some bushes and a few moments later came out barefoot, wearing a loose summer dress, and disappeared in the shadow southward down the river.

That vision was Johnny Shawnessy's first overwhelming awareness of Woman. In the days that followed, he wandered around the County in long walks that had no plan and came out nowhere. He lay sometimes all night till dawn without sleeping a wink. Sometimes he could eat nothing at all. Sometimes he stuffed ravenously. But his craziest impulse caused him to write for the *Free Enquirer* the queerest meditation that had yet come from the Upper Shawmucky. It was headed: NEW SPECIES FOUND IN THE SHAWMUCKY.

Johnny also told a friend what he had seen and where he had seen it. He concealed the identity of the girl, saying that the distance was too great for recognition, and he exacted an oath of absolute secrecy.

A few days later when he repaired to his favorite nook on the river, he was surprised to find five young men sitting under his oak in such a way as to be able to look up and down the river from ambuscade.

■ In September of 1857 the following article appeared in the *Free Enquirer:*

> Raintree County is to have an institution of higher learning. This will bear the dignified and not unsonorous appellation of Pedee Academy. The new college is to be conducted upon the most progressive modern principles. Female as well as male students are desiderated. The principal, Professor Jerusalem Webster Stiles, has studied in the best schools of the East, including Harvard, and has spent some years abroad. A native of the County, he was born on the very day, January 28, 1830, on which Webster delivered the classic reply to Hayne. Hence the name bestowed upon him by his pious and patriotic parents.
>
> Let all the intellect and enterprise in Raintree County flock to the new Academy and demonstrate to the world that we have as much gray matter under our hats as the next fellow.

Johnny Shawnessy was among the dozen Raintree County citizens who answered this challenge. For a year he had been teaching at a school—his first—in the north-central part of the County. He had lost sight of Nell Gaither, but heard that she had returned to live in the East. He had gone on writing for the *Enquirer,* reading all the books he could get his hands on, versifying, and in general preparing to be a Great Man. As winter passed and spring and summer came again, he was annoyed at times by an inability to call up a precise image of Nell's face.

For diversion he attended the usual taffy pulls, square dances, husking bees, barbecues, and ice-cream socials. Johnny was popular on these occasions and began to lose a little of his shyness. In fact, he kissed and was kissed by several Raintree County girls.

On the day of his enrollment in the new college, Johnny walked to the Academy building, through the front door into a hall where several prospective students were waiting to see the new professor. Among the young men, he recognized Garwood Jones and Cassius Carney. Cash, who was then something over twenty, was already known in the County as a comer.

—Well, look who's here, boys! Garwood said. High time someone connected with the *Enquirer* learned to read and write.

Just then a door opened, and from a side room where Professor Stiles was interviewing candidates a young woman appeared.

—Hello, Johnny.

The word was softly uttered and highly personal.

—Hello, Nell, he said. It's awfully nice seeing you again.

—It's nice seeing you again too, Johnny.

They were shaking hands and smiling in the best Raintree County tradition.

—Next! Come in, my boy! said a pleasant voice.

Johnny Shawnessy walked through the door to his first meeting with Professor Jerusalem Webster Stiles. He made Johnny think of a huge, vivid insect that had flown from unknown parts and lit walking in Raintree County. He was tall and thin. Black hair, split exactly in the middle, was slicked flat to a long, narrow head. The nose suggested a cutting instrument. Small piercing black eyes, not quite in focus, peered through pince-nez glasses.

From the beginning Raintree County called him 'the Perfessor.' Johnny Shawnessy, some cuts above the other hicks, as Cassius Carney said, was careful always to preserve the first syllable pure, but the rest of the County said it perversely wrong.

It soon became not unusual for Johnny to come over in the evening and find the library open and only one other person in it—Nell. The Perfessor abetted Johnny's hopeless passion by assigning to his two prize pupils extra readings in the Greek and Latin texts. Garwood Jones was, as everyone knew, too smart for his own good, but he never aspired to be, as the Perfessor once remarked, either a scholar or a gentleman, so that Nell was, next to Johnny, the best student in the Academy. They shared each other's passions in literature, and would sometimes read aloud.

For Johnny Shawnessy, the issues of that day—slavery and emancipation, free lands in the West, senatorial and presidential candidates, new states, supreme court decisions—were shadows and echoes compared to the image of a girl with enigmatic green eyes in a small piquant face, sitting at a table in the Pedee Academy.

■ The plateglass window of the Saloon held the Square in a golden prism, including the form of Cash Carney, who leaned against the window reading a copy of the *Clarion,* and the form of Johnny Shawnessy, who had just stopped to say hello.

He looked at his reflection in the plateglass window. He was twenty years old and had gained a good deal of weight in the last year. He was six feet tall. His hair was dark and wavy and shot with red. His face had lost its pimply, boyish look. He had on a new suit bought especially for the Graduation Exercises at the Academy. His legs in the tight pants were lithe and long. The knobs of his new shoes shone. A bowtie was poised on his throat. It had been two years since anyone had beat Johnny Shawnessy in a race, and his friends had been encouraging him to try his speed against Flash Perkins, Raintree County's most famous athlete, in the annual Fourth of July Footrace.

This day, a Saturday in May, he had come into town to get his picture taken. The Graduation Exercises were only two weeks away, and the graduates had all agreed to exchange images of each other.

Garwood Jones, who also had an appointment at the Photographer's, joined the two in front of the Saloon. He had just come from the Barber's and stood a moment glancing at himself in the plateglass. Pleased, he opened his coat, extracted a cigar, and put a foot up on the low windowsill.

—Well, boys, he said, did you see it go by?

Professor Jerusalem Webster Stiles crossed the street and joined the group.

—The Perfessor knows her too, Garwood said. She just went by the barbershop while I was in the chair. Boy, what a dream!

—Do you think your tone is strictly avuncular? the Perfessor said.

—What's it all about? Johnny said. Let us country boys in on it too.

—We have a new girl in town, the Perfessor said, affecting a stagey Southern accent, from the great and gran' old state of Lou'siana—Noo Orleans, Lou'siana, that is.

—I'm not her uncle, Garwood said. Just a relative of a relative of hers. When I made that trip to New Orleans recently, I met Susanna, and since some of her relatives call me Uncle, damned if she didn't start calling me Uncle too just for a joke.

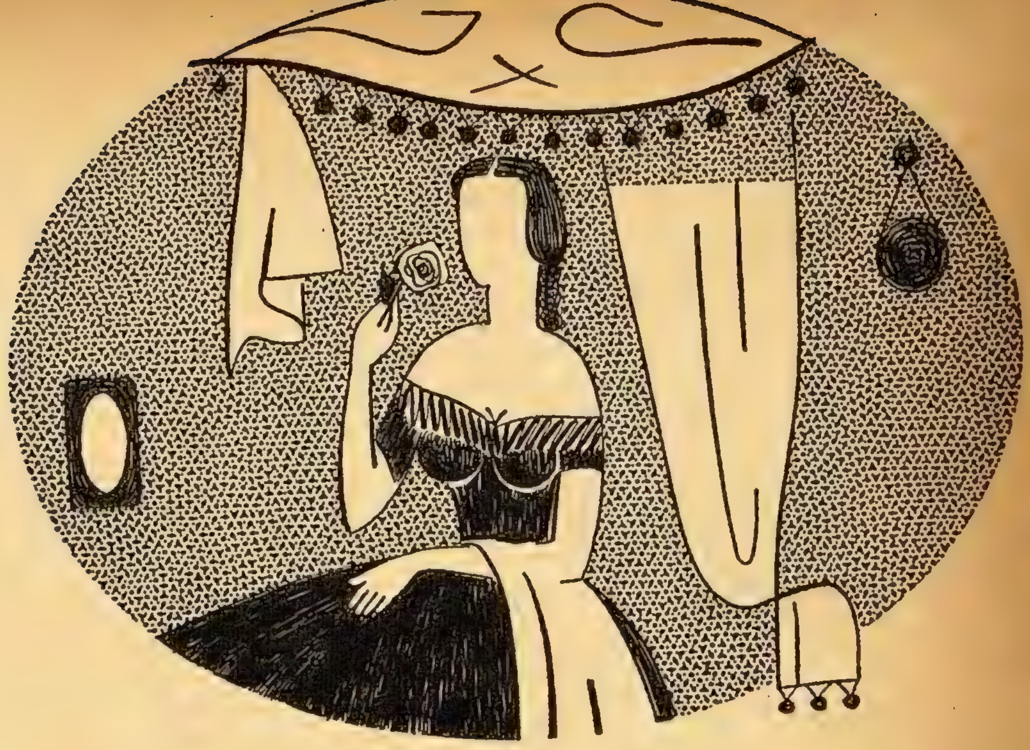
—Susanna who?

—Susanna Drake, Garwood said.

—Where'd she get all the money? Cash asked.

Apparently Cash knew about her too. Only Johnny Shawnessy was unaware of this exciting new arrival in Raintree County.

—The money, as I understand it, Garwood said, is an independent income which she has received ever since she was a kid and orphaned. Her folks had a big plantation near New Orleans, owned a lot of land and niggers. She was an only child and inherited a pile when they died. Her father's sister



came here to Freehaven and built. She brought Susanna with her. Then Susanna grew up a little and went back South and stayed there. But when Auntie died last year, the house became Susanna's. It stayed empty for a while, but now Susanna turns up—just why I don't know. It might interest you guys to know, Garwood continued, that it's Uncle Garwood who's taking her to the Decoration Day Program next week.

Garwood paid a sly glance to himself in the plateglass mirror and caressed his backward-flowing mane. —Boys, he said, that little lady is a fast filly, a high-steppin' little thoroughbred. I heard some stories about her down in New Orleans that'd make this County stand up and take note.

■ It was three o'clock as Johnny walked down a dimly lighted gallery to a door that had a sign over it reading

PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERREOTYPES, and AMBROTYPES

He was half expecting to meet Nell Gaither, as she too had an appointment. He laid his hand on the knob and opened the door. A young woman stood posed for a picture. Her jetblack hair was shaken out over her shoulders and down her cloudy white gown. She relaxed from her pose and turning looked right at Johnny. Instantly she gave a little shriek and clutched her throat with her left hand.

—O, it's you! she said. Her olivecolored skin blushed scarlet and she began to laugh.

—O, hello, Johnny said, and backed out and closed the door.

The girl had spoken as if she had recognized him or had even been waiting for him, but he knew that he had never seen a face like hers before. The patrician brow, the delicately limned eyebrows and the great blue eyes, childlike and almost unnaturally vivid, suggested purity and romantic sadness. But these qualities were lost in the barbarously lovely lower face. The cheekbones were wide. The nose flared from a fine bridge to wide nostrils. The mouth though not big was deep-lipped and protrudent. It was in a perpetual pout, as if about to offer itself for a kiss.

Later, the door opened, and the girl came out. She was dressed in a white satin gown, chastely high at the neck and completed by a scarlet neckband, matching her parasol.

—I didn't mean to scream, she said. I saw you all down in the street and I didn't expect to see you in the studio.

Her slight drawl was pleasantly Southern and vaguely querulous.

The voice of the photographer broke in. —Come in, young man.

Johnny went in and had his picture taken. When he came out ten minutes later, the girl was still in the gallery.

—You're John Shawnessy, she said.

—Thanks for letting me know, Johnny said, grinning. You're Susanna Drake.

—How'd you know?

—From Uncle Garwood.

Her laughter was like that of an excited child. She put her left hand on her throat. They walked down the stair and it was natural for Johnny to ask her if he might take her home.

—I'd be hurt if you didn't, she said.

Outside in the Square she took his arm, and they walked past the Saloon. She had a cute, bouncy way of walking, moving her shoulders with little thrusts and swaying her hips.

Garwood pursed his lips and nodded his head approvingly. Cash Carney unlipped his cigar and delicately tipped the ash.

—I think I'll go in and get *my* picture took, Garwood said. They give away such nice prizes.

—This is where I live, Susanna said, when they had walked a block south of the Square.

They were standing at the bottom of a steep flight of stone steps that led up a high lawn to a house three stories high.

—Do you live here all by yourself?

—I have two Nigro girls to do the work, she said. I'll say good-by now.

She held out her small hand, and he took it. She allowed her hand to stay in his and remained standing on the first step, so that her head was on a level with his own.

—You must come and visit me sometime.

He watched her go in and saw her face a moment looking out at him through the glass doorpane, the pouting mouth touched with an expression of tenderness.

But as he walked back toward the Square, his yearning wasn't directed toward the girl he had just seen. Those days, all beauty reminded him of Nell.

■ It had been Johnny Shawnessy's idea that the Academy picnic include a boating excursion down the Shawmucky. A half dozen rowboats had been procured. On the walk over to the river, the girls collected around Professor Stiles, who led the way, while the young men brought up the rear, falling farther and farther back. Near the river Garwood Jones pulled out a bottle of corn whiskey and passed it around. Everyone took a drink but Johnny.

Garwood stopped, passed out cigars, and told a hearty joke, while Johnny watched the Perfessor and the girls climbing into boats. Nell Gaither stood as if waiting for someone. She shaded her eyes and, as it seemed to Johnny, looked directly at him. She slowly raised her hand and gently beckoned.

Johnny began to run. When he reached Nell, he took her hand, which he hadn't held since they were children, and together they stepped into a boat.

—Hey! Garwood yelled. What's the big idea? He had brought Nell to the picnic in his buggy.

He was standing on the bank now, feet wide apart, hands on hips. Johnny stood up, planted the oarblade in the bank squarely between Garwood's legs and with one shove sent the boat skimming to the middle of the river.

Garwood and Cash Carney, forced by the shortage of women to row down the river together, hung around Johnny's boat. Just opposite the place where Johnny had seen Nell in the river, was a mudbar. Everyone else had missed it by yards, but Johnny, who knew that part of the river by heart, drove straight onto it. Garwood, slightly ahead, laughed grimly and stood up in his boat.

—You'll have to push off, John. Need any help?

—I can manage, Garwood. Thanks.

Johnny, looking over his shoulder, watched the last boat coasting toward the bend.

—This boat is here to stay, he said, until we push it off. He raised the oars and laid them up along the sides of the boat. We might go ashore.

—We'll have to wade, Nell said. But I don't mind. I feel so strange, Johnny. Did you ever see the river so beautiful? A curious light hid in her narrowed eyes.

They took off their shoes and stockings and left them, along with Nell's bonnet, in the boat. They stepped out into shallow water and made for shore, where they sat for a while on the bank, their feet trailing in the water. They talked in half sentences about the picnic and graduation. The afternoon ebbed and flooded around them.

They walked out upon the bulge of a neighboring clover field. When they reached the haypile in the middle of the field, they stopped. Johnny was panting as if he had been climbing a steep hill. Nell scrambled halfway up the new soft stack of hay.

—Come on up, Johnny, she said.

He sprang up and caught her and put his arms around her. Her hair was all shaken down, it touched his cheeks and shook around his face. He was amazed by the passion of her kisses.

—O, Johnny, she said. This was a long time happening. I thought you didn't care for me.

—I thought you didn't care for me.

—Who wouldn't care for you, Johnny?

She put her warm, bare arms around his neck and drew his face down to hers. She knew ways of kissing that had never occurred to him. He didn't know how long they lay in the warm sunshine.

Much later, Nell said, —I feel so funny, Johnny. I don't know what gets into me sometimes. I want to do crazy things.

—Like swimming in the river with nothing on? Johnny said.

—Yes, Nell said. I've done that a lot. I always liked to swim that way.

—Were you mad when I wrote that thing in the *Enquirer*?

—I should've been. But I wasn't. I wondered if you liked me.

—You were beautiful, Johnny said. You don't need to feel embarrassed.

—It's all right, Nell said, blushing. Besides I saw you too.

—You mean—uh—before I saw you?

—O, don't ask so many questions, Johnny.

Later when they walked back to the river, the sun was far down over the western bank, but the air seemed moister and warmer than before.

—If we could only have a swim now, he said.

—It would be sinful, Nell said. What if someone saw?

The way she said it, he knew that she had said yes.

—Everyone else is way down the river by now. We could just go in for a little while and get cool.

—I wouldn't with anyone but you, Johnny, Nell said. . . .

■ The Fourth of July Footrace awakened more excitement than any athletic event for years because it appeared that at last Orville (better known as Flash) Perkins had met a challenger worthy of his mettle. Susanna Drake had been selected to make the award of oakleaves to the winner. And Johnny had heard from a roundabout source that she had secretly expressed a preference between the Champion and the Challenger, Johnny Shawnessy.

A few days before the Fourth, Cash Carney came around and told Johnny that Miss Drake had expressed a desire to include Johnny Shawnessy in an excursion of young people to Paradise Lake in the afternoon of the Fourth, following the Footrace. Johnny accepted this invitation.

And on the morning after the Fourth, Johnny Shawnessy woke up slowly and reluctantly. He had a memory of swimming on still waters toward a wooded shore in the region where lake and river met. Of mouths meeting in more and more perilous kisses. Of a young woman, garmentless, seen running toward an unguessed place. Of a pursuit and of an overtaking.

When the naked ones of that memory had put on their clothes, they had put their names back on too. They were called Johnny Shawnessy and Susanna Drake. They had ridden back from Paradise Lake into Freehaven and had begun to look at each other with thoughtful looks.

■ A few weeks before, Johnny Shawnessy had been the most innocent young man in Raintree County. Now he had told a girl that he loved her and had promptly gone swimming with her naked in the river. Two weeks later he had gone with another girl, an almost total stranger, to a place where he had never been before, and he and she had performed the act of love. It was useless to point out he had been drunk the second time. That was merely another crime.

— You like tea, don't you, Johnny?

— I hardly ever have it, Johnny said.

— You'll *love* it, she said.

She had said the same thing on the shores of Lake Paradise, and he had wondered about it ever since, though at the time he hadn't stopped to consider what it implied. The phrase was clearly habitual with her; and indeed it did disclose a vivid, lush, romantic world to Johnny, a world he had always wanted to explore.

In an album of pictures that she brought out there was a daguerreotype of a Southern mansion pillared and stately. Standing on the porch were three people, a bearded man, a woman, and a little girl clutching a doll. Behind them, half in shadow, was a tall, imperially lovely woman.

— That's my mother and father, Susanna said, and there's me. And there's Henrietta. She was a mulatto, but you couldn't tell it to look at her, could you? We lived right by the Mississippi River. That house burned.

She made her habitual gesture, touching her throat with her left hand.

— That's how I got my scar, she said.

Her voice was low and thrilling and her childlike eyes looked down wistfully at Johnny as she bent over his shoulder.

On the shore of Lake Paradise he had seen the scar, beginning at the base of her neck and making a curious, curving pattern through her olive flesh to the roots of her left breast.

She had spoken of it then, too, saying simply, —I hope you don't mind my scar, Johnny.

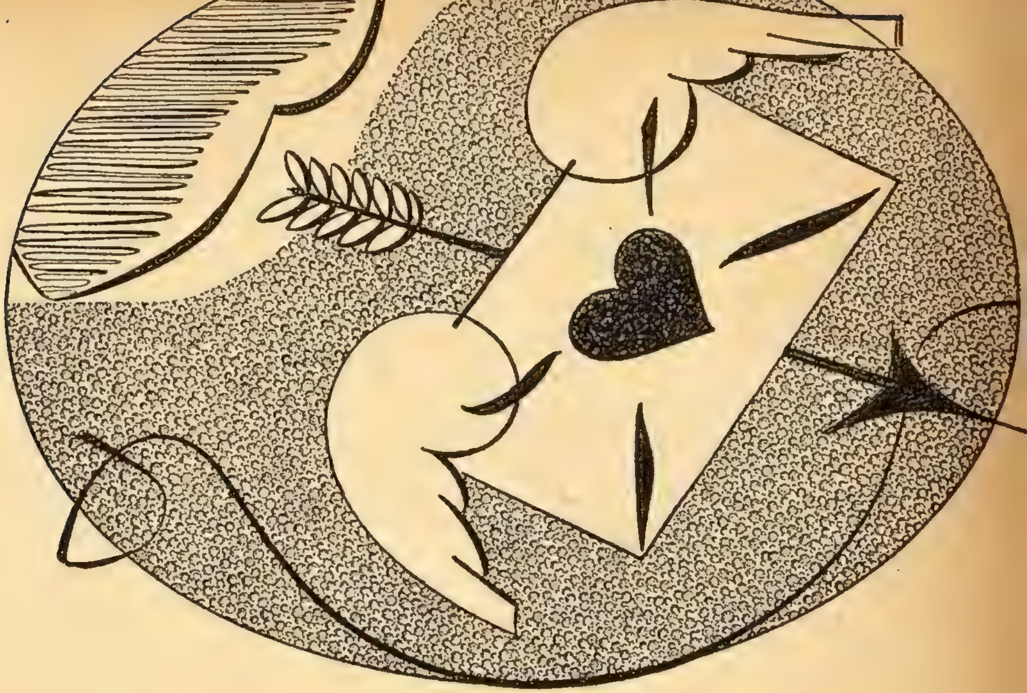
When he left the tall house, no other reference had been made to the wanton encounter on the shores of Lake Paradise. Nor had any word been said either to release him or to bind him more closely to this mysterious girl.

When he made another visit to the tall house south of the Square, a plain, workworn woman with a cleaning rag in her hand opened the door.

— Hello, Johnny said. Is Miss Drake in?

— She's gone back South, the woman said.

— Did she say when she'd be back?



— She said it might be a year or two. I'm to come in every month and dust the place and check up on it.

Johnny walked back to the Square, where he hadn't been since the Fourth of July. He found Garwood Jones in front of the Saloon. He went up and violently shook Garwood's hand.

— What the hell's the matter? Garwood said.

— Nothing, Johnny said. I'm just glad to see you, that's all.

— I don't know why, Garwood said. What *in* the hell's come over you?

Johnny stood pumping Garwood's hand and hitting him on the back.

■ In late October the postmaster handed Johnny a letter with a New Orleans postmark. He read it over once quickly. He felt as though he could have written the words himself, so often had he dreamed them. The words said what he had always feared, what he had known would come to pass.

Then, in early November, he got another that read:

Dearest Johnny,
I'm back.
Your own
SUSANNA

Grass was withering in the fields, and the rock at the limit of the Shawnessy land was a dull dome of color in the gray afternoon when he walked into Freehaven to see her. As he approached the house, standing white and mournful on its high lawn, his imagination involuntarily wished fire upon it, fire that would burn a vacant place against the sky and purge this shape and the memory of it from his life forever.

The Negro girl ushered him into the parlor. While he was waiting, he picked up the album and gloomily conned its pages. There were two or three new pictures of Susanna in various romantic attitudes. Susanna with Child, he mused, mournfully.

He sprang up just in time to catch Susanna's half-naked body as she fled across the room to him in a white nightdress.

— O, Johnny! she said, don't leave me. I've been sick.

She clung to his neck, and when he sat down, she sat on his lap and wept on his coat and face. Johnny was terrified to think that he had caused a woman to weep in this way.

— But why didn't you let me know sooner, Susanna? Now it's —

The sobbing broke out afresh and with it an incoherent tide of explanation. She hadn't wanted to hurt him, she had tried to forget him, she had been very sick and unhappy. In New Orleans there had been shameful plots to get her property and her good name away from her, he had no idea what she had been through.

— I want a little time, he said, to think things out. I'll come back and see you again, Susanna.

He stood up and lifted her to her feet. He moved indecisively toward the door as she stood where he had set her, a picture of forlorn resignation. He felt ashamed of himself.

A few days later, he was driving his mother home from Freehaven. He noticed that her eyes were hurt, puzzled.

At last she said, —Johnny I want to talk to you about something.

In that one moment, he knew that he would marry Susanna Drake. Thus only could he still the great voice of conscience, which was the voice of Raintree County.

She handed him a short note written in an unfamiliar scrawl, huge, childish letters that looked forged. 'Dear Mrs. Shawnessy,' it began, 'I think you should know that your son John . . .' It was signed, 'From a Well-meaning Friend.' It was explicit, accurate.

On a clear, cold day in mid-November, Johnny went back to the tall house in Freehaven to ask Susanna's hand in marriage. Ushered in by a Negro girl, he waited on the divan in the parlor. After a very long time, the maid returned.

— Miss Susanna will receive in her room upstairs.

He followed the maid up to a huge bedroom occupying most of the second floor front.

— Just pull that cord there, a voice in the bed said. I haven't been well, Johnny.

— I'm sorry, Johnny said.

■ He jerked the cord, and the curtains parted and shot back on his side. In the huge bed he could see Susanna's face looking at him from under a sheet. But what startled him was that a hundred other faces were peering at him — tiny, motionless faces, grotesquely fixed at a hundred different angles. The bed was aswarm with dolls.

— My word! Johnny gasped. Are they all friendly?

Only Susanna's face showed above the sheet, peculiarly broad and lush in the reclining position. She looked savagely healthy. A shy smile curved her lips.

— Sort of a hobby, she said.

— How — how many are there?

— One hundred and sixteen now, counting Jeemie, she said. This is Mr. John Wickliff Shawnessy, children.

— Pleased to meet you, fellows, Johnny said, bowing formally. Nice day, isn't it?

He sat down on the edge of the bed and took one of her hands.

— Susanna, I have come to ask your hand in marriage.

– You don't have to marry me, Johnny. I release you. As for the child –

– I don't care about the child, Johnny said fiercely. I have asked your hand in marriage, and I expect a reply.

Susanna turned and looked a long time into his eyes with her violet eyes. Then with her free hand she pulled the sheet down a little from the pillow revealing a doll Johnny hadn't yet seen. It had evidently been through a fire. Its clothes were charred and browned, and its head was blistered and blackened.

– What about it, Jeemie? Susanna said to the doll. Shall we marry this gentleman? He's a very lovely young man, and I love him very much, Jeemie. I love him much, much, much more than any of the rest.

– What does he say? Johnny said, grinning in spite of himself.

– We accept, Susanna said.

Her large lovely eyes were suddenly filled with tears. She squeezed Johnny's hand, pulling his head down toward hers.

■ The most embarrassing moment in all the hectic days before the marriage came when Johnny presented Susanna to his parents. At the appointed time, he brought her from town and ushered her into the front parlor of the Home Place, which was always kept cool and closed, with the shades drawn except for special visits. Ellen Shawnessy had on a new dress, and T. D. – his father – was togged out in his one good suit. Susanna had been very nervous on the way over, but when she came in she was all grace and loveliness.

After it was over and Johnny was taking her home, she said, – I just *love* your folks, Johnny. They're awfully sweet. I see now why you're the way you are. Johnny –

– Yes.

– I'm not going to have a child after all. I lied about it, Susanna said, dropping her eyes.

– What for?

But he was so immensely relieved that he couldn't feel angry at the imposture.

– Because I wanted you more than anything I can remember since I was a little girl.

So on December 2, 1859, Johnny Shawnessy left Raintree County for the first time in his life, and came to his marriage bed. And that was how he discovered a dark land and a dark sweet love and, in the days that followed, great rivers going to the gulf, majestic steamboats stacking to the piers, rank odors rising from off swamps, and a city at the river's mouth, the Mistress of the Delta, languorous and enchanting.

■ It was almost at the end of their honeymoon in the South that Susanna made a special trip with Johnny. They drove for miles north of the city and at last turned into a narrow lane overgrown with grass. Close to the river, they passed through an ornamental gate into the remains of a once classic garden. They reached stone steps going up to a charred verandah. They stood on the roofless, uncolumned porch and looked down into a rectangular pit like a huge sunken grave, boiling with weeds.

– Here's where I lived when I was a little girl, Johnny, Susanna said.

– How did it burn, Susanna?

– No one knows, she said. She stared fixedly into the grave.

– How – how many died?

– Three, she said. Mamma and Daddy and Henrietta. I was lucky to get out alive. I slept next to Henrietta's room, and she was burnt.

– How old were you then?

– Just seven, she said.

They drove away and stopped at a small but wellkept cemetery. Susanna led the way to two stones enclosed in a rusty iron fence.

– Here's where my daddy and mamma are buried, she said.

Then she led him to an exceptionally fine stone inscribed: Here Lies HENRIETTA COURTNEY. Died August 16, 1844.

– She took care of me, Susanna said. You can't imagine how lovely she was, Johnny. She was like a great lady. In fact, she *was* a great lady. Of course, she *was* a Nigro.

– Was – was she a slave?

– O, no! Susanna said. She came from Cuba – Havana, that is. That's where I was born. Daddy was there several years, and Henrietta came back with us from there.

■ The house, Susanna's tall house in Freehaven, became the home of the young married couple after their return from the South. These were troublous times for Raintree County and the Republic, and troublous too for Johnny Shawnessy. He became a full-time assistant to Niles Foster on the *Free Enquirer*, which was now a Republican daily paper, engaged in a desperate fight with the Democratic elements of the County as the election of 1860 approached. On the side, Johnny tried to work at an epic poem on the history and meaning of America, but for some reason it didn't go very well.

His life was dismally complicated by the fact that he was living in his wife's house and that she was a Southerner – a domestic paradox not overlooked by the rival newspaper.

One night, he awoke vaguely alarmed. He sat up suddenly. A woman was standing before the single great window of the bedroom. Dressed in a long white robe, she turned her head from side to side, eyes shut, as if rejecting something. She was breathing hoarsely. Johnny got out of bed and started toward her.

– Susanna!

Instantly she put her hands clawlike to the sides of her face and screamed. He caught her wrists, intending to awaken her and lead her back to bed. She fought frantically. He shook her violently, and at last she went limp. He carried her to the bed where she lay silent, turning her head away as if ashamed.

– Tell me what's the matter, Susanna. Please.

– O, she said, it's – it's that I've been having such awful dreams. I think – I think maybe it's because I'm going to have a child, Johnny.

As autumn advanced, she would talk solemnly for hours in the night.

– Mamma was very queer, she told him. When I was little, everyone said that Mamma wasn't well. I know now that she was crazy. I hated her.

– Was she that way when your father married her?

– Soon after, I guess. I think her madness must have had something to do with his leaving Louisiana and taking her to Havana. I was only four when we came back to the plantation. But I have some memories of when we lived in Havana. That was a happy time. Henrietta had more of the care of me then.

■ On Election Day, 1860, the Republic made the fateful decision that it had been evading for fifty years. In Raintree County, the people went down to the polls all day long in a tide unprecedented, overwhelming, irresistible, and voted for Abraham Lincoln.

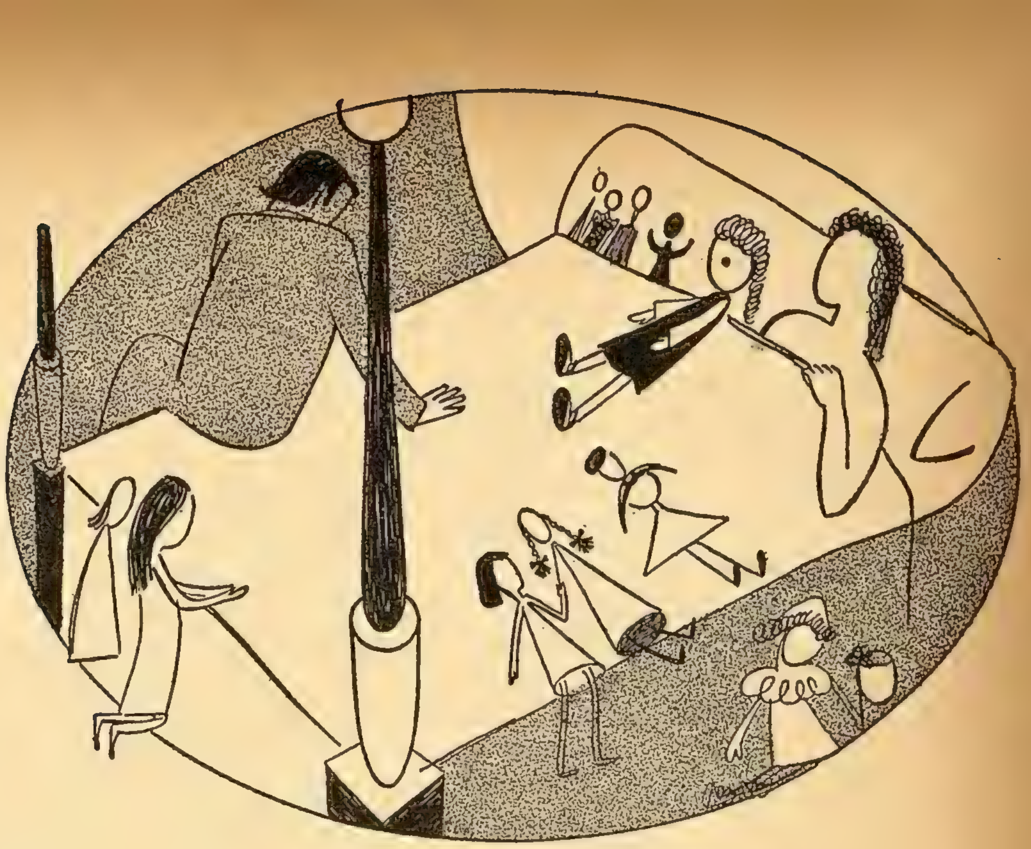
Johnny Shawnessy, twenty-one years old, cast his first vote that day. And in the evening, when Lincoln's victory was assured and had been posted in the windows of the *Free Enquirer* office, he mingled with the crowd in the Square and came face to face with Nell Gaither. Her cheeks were streaked as though she had been crying. Her eyes were full of green excitement.

– Hello, Johnny, she said. Isn't it wonderful!

– Sure is, Nell.

They stood in the crowd unconsciously gripping each other's hands and arms, both trembling with excitement. They hadn't seen each other since Johnny's marriage.

– How is – how is everything with you, Nell?



– Just fine, she replied. Johnny, you have grown a beard.

– I know it, Johnny said. We – we change.

– How is everything with you, Johnny?

– Just fine.

– I'm so glad, Nell said. Well, I guess this is a good time to say good-by, Johnny.

– Good-by?

– Yes, I'm going back East, Nell said. To stay with Mamma's people.

– O, I'm sorry, he said. He smiled his wistful, affectionate smile.

Her hands tightened on his arms, and his on hers. They let go of each other, and smiling, both were lost in the vast, victorious crowd that wound endlessly around the Court House Square.

One day late in March, Johnny met his father and mother on the Square. He hadn't seen them for several weeks. When they asked him how Susanna was, he said, – All right, I guess.

He didn't tell them how she had been pleading with him to let her have the baby without medical assistance. He didn't tell them how he had awakened a few nights before to find her gone from the bed and had discovered her on the top floor leaning from an open window, looking down fixedly at stone steps dropping steeply to the street two floors below.

He didn't tell them how he had hardly slept at all of late, for fear of some violence she might do herself. He didn't tell them how she lay in her bed restlessly stroking her throat and watching him with scared eyes.

In April, on the day the news from Sumter filled the important space in the *Enquirer*, there was an item under Personal News:

> The union of Mr. and Mrs. John Wickliff Shawnessy has been happily blessed with a male heir, who was ushered into this valley of tears, turmoil, and trouble at 4:00 this morning. The new cherub will carry the cognomen of James Drake Shawnessy.

■ Soon it was the third summer of the War, June of 1863. Often in the evenings and mornings of those years, Johnny would go to Jim's crib and look down on the little boy lying in partial darkness. No caution was too great, no tenderness too deep, no loyalty too lasting, no patience too enduring, for the saving and education of this little being. For him, the good life of Raintree County, even as Johnny Shawnessy had often dreamed it for himself. For him, great days on the breast of the land. And one day, the War must end, the Republic would be one nation again. In that time perhaps Susanna would recover from her fears and walkings in the night, and Johnny would all at once complete the Great American Epic, and Little Jim Shawnessy would be the most splendid affirmation of all his father's dreams.

In Raintree County, Indiana, far from battles, these days were blue and lovely, and Johnny Shawnessy had the civilian's feeling of paralysis. He continued the old routine of his life, while his future and the Republic's were being shaped for better or for worse in a distant valley of rivers, roads, and sleepy towns.

He had been away for four days; and returning to Freehaven on the morning of Thursday, July 2, he had an uneasy feeling. He decided to stop at the office on the way and pick up his mail.

– Have you heard the latest news? Niles Foster said. There's a battle in Pennsylvania. I have a feeling this may be the showdown battle of the War. Hope you can give me a lot of help the next few days, John.

Johnny found some letters on his desk, among them one from his old friend Professor Stiles. The Perfessor, now a war correspondent attached to the Army of the Potomac, gave a discouraging picture of the War in the East.

The handwriting on another envelope was a large, almost childish scrawl. His name was misspelled. He tore the letter open and read it.

> Dear Frend,
>
> Peraps its none of my bizness, but I think somebody shold tell you your wife is in Indianapolis with another man, they are staying in the Maddon Hotel and frend I am not lying to you when I tell you she is having herself one hell of a time. A well-wisher

He left the office and ran down the alley to the house. It was empty. He ran upstairs to the bedroom. On the dresser Susanna's photograph album was open, and several pages of letter paper had been wrapped carefully around the daguerreotype of her and her parents and tied with a ribbon.

The letter was hastily scrawled, full of repetitions and becoming more crowded and incoherent at the bottom of each page as if the writer had felt a barrier approaching at that point and had attempted to say everything before reaching it, and then had decided to go on, bursting over onto the next page with a huge, wild scrawl. It was like a series of convulsions.

■ At the Maddon Hotel in Indianapolis 'Susanna Shawnessy and child' were registered.

– Your wife? the clerk echoed. You better look after her, friend.

– Did she leave here?

– O, yes, the clerk said.

– Did she have the child with her?

– Yes, come to think about it, she did. That wasn't all she had either.

Johnny controlled himself. – I'll pay the charge already on the room and whatever else it comes to.

– That'll be four dollars so far, the clerk said. Here's the key.

The little bare room had a stale smell of perfume and breathed air. The bed had been slept in and left unmade. Susanna's suitcase was gone. Johnny went downstairs and left a note at the desk telling her if she returned to the hotel, to wait for him there.

He found the hall where a Copperhead Rally was being held, and scanned the crowd for Susanna's face but without success. On the platform among the notables was Garwood Jones, looking fatly pontifical. When the Convention broke up Johnny got to talk with him. As he told about Susanna's disappearance with the boy and her overwrought condition, he watched Garwood narrowly. Garwood occupied himself with lighting a cigar.

– Why, yes, John, he said, puffing deliberately, why, yes, I saw her yesterday, I think it was, for a little while.

– Did she have the boy with her?

– No, I didn't see the boy. I got a note saying she was in town, and I dropped over to her lodging to pay a courtesy call and invite her to the Rally today, but I haven't seen anything of her here. I think you're unnecessarily alarmed.

Garwood attempted a jovial laugh and put one arm affectionately around Johnny's shoulder. There was a look of real anxiety in the usually cynical eyes.

■ Before it was dark, Johnny had reported his case to the police station. He kept up the hunt all the next day and into the night. Like a somber background for his search was the growing news of battle. The fighting was now located beyond a doubt in the little town of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania.

On the third afternoon he came back to the hotel to find Nell Gaither standing just at the door. She was coolly lovely in a green summer dress. An anxious, tender smile curved her mouth and made her green eyes peculiarly moist and bright.

– Nell! he croaked. Where did you come from?

– I've been waiting here for you, she said. Garwood told me about your trouble. I've been back in the State for about two months, living here in Indianapolis with relatives and doing war work. I thought I'd come over here and see if I could help in any way.

As they talked on the crowded sidewalk, he felt how far he had come from the older Raintree County of before the summer of 1859. Probably it had gone just as far from him. This poised young woman was after all not the one whom once he had seen like Venus in the river.

Ashamed of his dirty, unkempt look, Johnny kept his face averted. He said that if she didn't mind, she could watch the train station for Susanna.

– I'd love to, Nell said.

– I'll come and see you there after a while, Johnny said.

He began to feel like someone running down hill on a path that got steeper all the time.

Late in the afternoon he went to the station and found Nell in the waiting room.

– Johnny, she said, one of the ticket agents remembers selling a ticket this morning around ten o'clock to a woman like Susanna who had a little boy with her. A ticket to Freehaven.

– Thank God! I can't ever thank you enough, Nell.

– I'll go back with you if I can help any, she said.

– No, you've already been an angel.

They talked a little and after a while had a bite to eat. It was eight o'clock before a train east was ready to leave.

– Good-by, Johnny, Nell said, standing on the platform as the train began to move. And the best of luck.

He waved from the window, watching her lovely face and form recede. His head ached and buzzed. But he kept automatically reviewing memories, which he tried to put together like the fragments of a puzzle. He pulled out the two notes he had received starting him on his quest. Now that the bad light dimmed the individual letters, he could see the same pattern in the large, childish scrawl of both notes.

There was no doubt about it: the note apprising him of Susanna's infidelity had been written by herself in a badly forged scrawl and mailed to him from Indianapolis.

■ When the tracks veered northeast to the Freehaven station, Johnny saw a column of flame and smoke roaring straight up.

– Jerusalem! a man said. Must be the Court House.

Before the train stopped, Johnny jumped down and crossed the tracks. Running, he reached the Square, to find it full of people. He ran on and saw plainly the last fragment of the puzzle. Fire shot from the windows of his house.

After that, it made no difference that Johnny Shawnessy tried to throw himself into the fire to find the child that no one had been able to rescue. It made no difference that strong hands had to hold him back. In a way he had foreseen this thing, but all that he had done to circumvent it had been part of the great circle of time and fate that brought it about.

Or so it seemed to him as he walked back and forth before the burning house all night. He heard people tell how the fire had gained headway before it was discovered, how a brave man had managed to get into the downstairs part of the house and had found Susanna lying unconscious in smoke near one of the windows, a broken lamp in her hand, her hair and face burned. He received condolences about the lost child.

And as he waited into the dawn, Johnny Shawnessy decided that he would now become a soldier of the Republic. He was sick at heart, and he had to leave Raintree County, perhaps in order to rediscover it and rebuild it again. He had to leave it and his memories of its alien visitor, a dark love, a tragic begetting.

On the day he enlisted in Indianapolis he went, in the afternoon, to an address on Pennsylvania Avenue and knocked on the door of a plain white house, set back a little from the street. The door opened, and Nell Gaither appeared.

– Hello, Johnny.

She stepped out and put her hand in his. Her mouth curved into a smile of tenderness and pleasure, showing her fine white teeth; and her eyes, suddenly green as she stepped from the dusk of the house into the warm light, glowed with veiled excitement. A feeling of warmth and sweetness coursed through him as he touched and held the small passive hand.

– Hello, Nell. Did you get my letter?

– Yes, just this morning, Johnny. I'm glad you wanted to see me before you left for the War. By the way, Garwood's here, dropped in unexpectedly. We've – we've been practically engaged, you know, have been for over a month, and I–

Johnny was still holding her hand and looking at her. He felt a little dizzy.

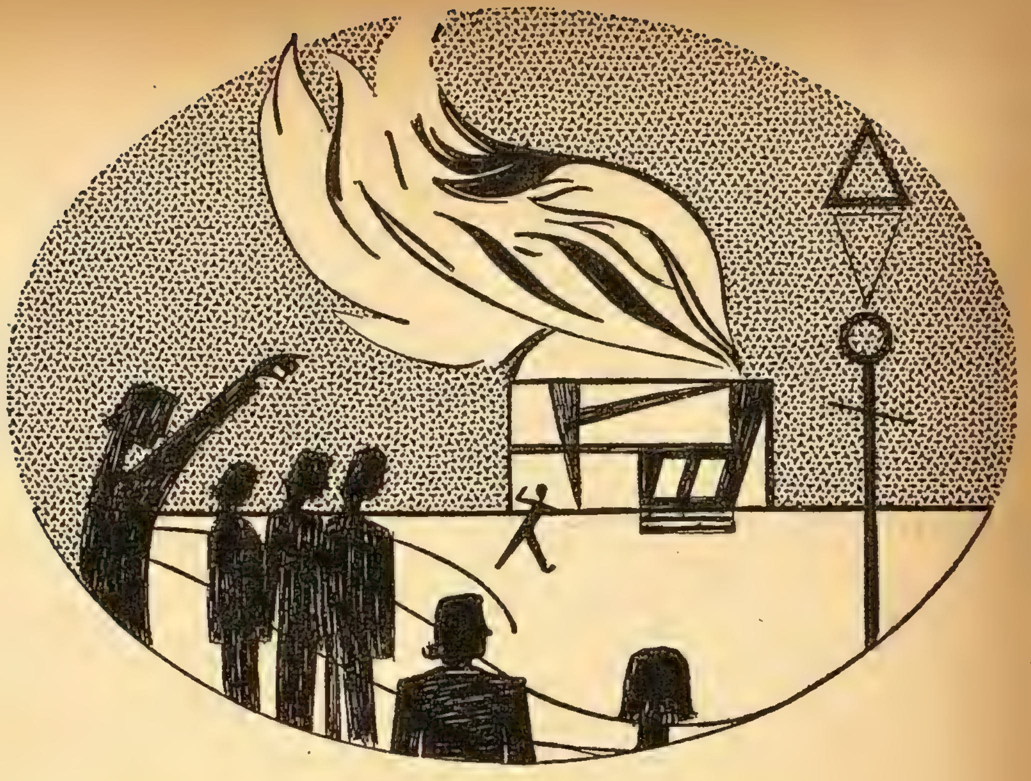
– It's all right, Nell, he said. I just wanted to see you before I went.

– Johnny, I'm terribly sorry about what happened.

– It's all right, Johnny said. It's all over now.

There were footsteps in the hall, and Garwood Jones came to the door. Garwood was sleekly splendid. Apparently, being a young Copperhead congressman was a lucrative calling.

– Well, I hate to see you get into this mess, sprout, he said affectionately. You're just throwing your life away, but I suppose you know what you're doing. Nell, suppose we take this boy out and show him a good time before the Army gets him. Send him off with a beautiful memory. Suppose we get



another woman — one of the girls who works with you at the Christian Commission, Nell, and —

— No, Johnny said. I don't want that. Just the three of us.

It started with a few drinks at a place Garwood knew, and it was around twelve o'clock that Nell and Johnny helped Garwood out into the street where they hailed a carriage. Garwood peeled a greenback from his roll and told the driver he was hired for the night. Five minutes later, Garwood was out cold. Johnny and the carriage driver deposited him at his bachelor's quarters.

Johnny and Nell were alone in the carriage.

— I guess you — you intend to marry Garwood, Johnny said after a while.

— He keeps asking me, Nell said. But I don't know — I *wish* you weren't going off to the War, Johnny. Maybe they'll put you in camp around here.

— Would you like that?

— Yes, I would, Johnny, Nell said gravely.

He put his arms around her little waist and felt how gently her face swayed toward him. Her bare arms circled his neck and pulled his face down to hers.

■ The first eleven years following the Great War were sad and lonely years for the tired hero who came back to Raintree County one day in the spring of 1865.

Time hadn't stopped in Raintree County merely because Johnny Shawnessy had gone to the War. Birth, marriage, death, the cutting of the clover, the harvest of the corn — all these things went on. In the Danwebster graveyard was a new stone with a simple legend:

NELL
Wife of Garwood Jones
Died in Childbirth, May 24, 1865,
and
Lies in this Earth with her Infant Child.

Now John Shawnessy, that sober young man of twenty-six whose hair had begun to fade a little at the temples and whose forehead now never quite lost its faint lines, would lie in his lonely bed and wish that he had someone to love and to love him, a woman whose voice, touching his ear in the lone spaces of the night, would lull him from the bad dreams.

He was still bound to Susanna by ancient ties. Now and then he would receive and answer one of her poor mad letters, sent to him from the private home in Louisiana where she was being kept. He knew now that he would probably never see her again. She herself didn't wish it, though she still clung pitifully to the memory of their love, a last anchor in the swirling torrent of her madness. Even if he could have obtained a divorce, he wasn't sure that his conscience would let him.

For seven years he taught school children and worked at the monumental edifice of his poem, slowly erecting it through endless visions and revision. And in the year 1876, the Centennial Year in which the Fledgling of the Nations would complete the first one hundred years of its existence, he hearkened to the urgings of Professor Stiles, who had become a famous topical poet, newspaper columnist, and special reporter in New York City. In July he took a few personal belongings, the manuscript of his unfinished poem, and some money that he had painfully saved, and entraining at Beardstown on the Pennsylvania line, bade farewell to his mother and father and a small gathering of friends.

He lived in the City of New York from a summer to a summer. It was as if a voice had spoken from the sky above his home in Raintree County, saying:

My child, you shall go to the City, because without the City you are incomplete. You shall go to the City and be sad, because you haven't yet been sad enough. And the City will drench you in its liquorcolored lights, ravish you with its enormous beauty, wound you with its hard surfaces and pointed towers, and reject you from its million doors. Then perhaps some day if you are lucky, you will come back to your home again.

A telegram recalled him to Raintree County.

■ In the days following his mother's death, Carl Foster, a good friend and fellow teacher, told him of a teaching position vacant. He suggested that John Shawnessy apply for the place and also attend the County Teachers' Institute, which was being held at Paradise Lake in the latter part of August. With almost cynical resignation (as cynically resigned as he was ever likely to be), John Shawnessy accepted the suggestion.

And a contest for the soul of Esther Root was waged in the year that followed.

Not long after Esther attended the Teachers' Institute, Ivy Foster, Carl's wife, called on her and left a letter from Mr. Shawnessy, the first of many she was to receive and answer. His letters told her that he loved her and wanted to make her his wife. They were full of images and recollections of the two weeks at Paradise Lake. Her letters said that she loved him, but that she didn't know whether she could ever come to him.

In the earlier letters, he addressed her as 'Dear Esther,' and she addressed him as 'Dear Mr. Shawnessy.' In the later letters, he addressed her as 'Darling,' 'My Darling Esther,' 'Dearest,' and 'Dearest Pet.' She addressed him as 'Dearest

One' and 'My Darling.' She never called him John and knew that she never could.

After she began teaching the school on Stony Creek, she and Mr. Shawnessy managed to see each other secretly. He had the school at Moreland that year, and after school in the afternoons, the lovers would meet as often as possible at a deserted mill on the Shawmucky about midway between the two schools. They also left notes at the stone.

Esther never did discover who it was that found out about the secret letters and meetings and told Pa, but for weeks she was a voluntary prisoner at the farm. Pa openly declared his intention to horsewhip John Shawnessy to death if he ever caught him around his daughter again. Mr. Shawnessy, who had always been regarded as an easy-going person in the County, showed unexpected fight. And his position in the affair was improved by a strange development.

In late April a letter came from Louisiana, saying that his wife had disappeared several months before and that although a diligent search had been conducted for her, she had not reappeared. There was some evidence that in her demented state, she had committed suicide, and cannons were fired over the Mississippi River in an effort to raise the body. News of this development had been unpardonably delayed in reaching Mr. Shawnessy, as his wife's family had kept expecting her to be found alive or dead. Mr. Shawnessy then boldly claimed the legal death of his wife on the basis of her disappearance.

He managed to get these facts to Esther by way of Ivy Foster. He said that he was ready to stand up before the world and claim Esther for his wife.

■ In early June there appeared in the *Free Enquirer* an open letter to Mr. Gideon Root, under which appeared in bold capitals the name JOHN WICKLIFF SHAWNESSY. The letter made a clear, honest, and dispassionate statement of the legal facts of the case, and it concluded with a courteous demand that the writer be permitted to visit the Root home and ask the hand of Esther Root in marriage, as the young lady was now twenty-one years old and the suitor was a man not without friends and prestige in Raintree County – and, to the best of his knowledge, legally single and eligible. A note of passion crept into the letter in the last sentence, in which the writer did not hesitate to appeal to justice and the power of immortal love.

On receipt of his personal copy of this letter, Mr. Root went out and got into his buggy, selecting his longest and heaviest leather whip as a suitable accessory. He drove over to the Shawnessy Home and walked into the yard. Mr. Shawnessy, upon answering the door and seeing Mr. Root standing there fingering a big black whip, carefully kept the door between himself and his visitor.

– What may I do for you, sir? he said.

– I want a word with you in private, Mr. Root said.

– Just a second, sir, Mr. Shawnessy had said.

He reappeared in a moment with an immense rawhide horsewhip, newly purchased, which he kept twisting between his strong, nervous hands.

He and Mr. Root then walked out into the yard.

– Shawnessy, Mr. Root said, I have come over here to tell you to leave my daughter Esther alone. We want no part of you, and we don't aim to have you botherin' around her any more.

– Are these her words or your words, Mr. Root?

– They're my words and her sentiments.

– What guarantee have I got of that? You've had her jailed up for weeks. I haven't even been able to talk with her.

– Older and wiser people have talked with her and brought her to her senses, Mr. Root said. If you try any more tricks to git her, I'm warnin' you, by God Almighty, that you will have more than a poor, defenseless, and foolish girl to reckon with.

Mr. Root's broad hand bulged on the handle of his whip.

– Mr. Root, Mr. Shawnessy said, I've lived too long and seen too much to be afraid of a man with a whip. I've been cheated out of a lot of things in my time, but I don't intend to be cheated out of your daughter, if she'll have me. I might as well make perfectly clear to you that I intend to take her away from you and marry her. That's all I have to say to you, sir. Good day.

Mr. Shawnessy turned his back on Mr. Root and walked into the house.

And then one evening, Esther's sister Fernie slipped out of the house with a note which said:

> Esther is leaving the County tomorrow with Pa. They are going West, and I don't think he aims to ever bring her back.
>
> FERNIE

The next afternoon, when everyone was at the front of the house with Pa, Esther ran out of the back door and down the walk. She ran through the orchard and into the woods. Though the stream was high from recent rains she plunged in and across, soaking herself to the thighs. Looking up, now, she saw a tall man in a black suit striding along the path alone.

She heard then a distinct sound of voices and footsteps far behind her in the afternoon. She didn't look back, but ran forward crying out, – Mr. Shawnessy! Mr. Shawnessy! Mr. Shawnessy!

And above the terrible elation of her heart, she heard very clearly the sound of his voice calling her name. . . .

■ The land surrounding Waycross was lit by the flare of the last rocket, a big one painted red, white, and blue. The spray bloomed white, faded into scarlet, lazily fell. Mr. Shawnessy stood, the burnt match in his hand, color of the rocket changing and fading on his face.

– Behold! John Wickliff Shawnessy is himself the Hero of Raintree County!

It was the hoarse voice of Professor Jerusalem Webster Stiles, heard among the exclamations of the children. The explosion of the great rocket was the climax of the Glorious Fourth of 1892 in Waycross. The planned program was over.

– I'll see Professor Stiles to the Station, Mr. Shawnessy said to his wife. You'd best go to bed, Pet.

The Professor said a gracious farewell to Esther, patted Will's shoulder, winked at Wesley, and paid a pretty compliment to Eva.

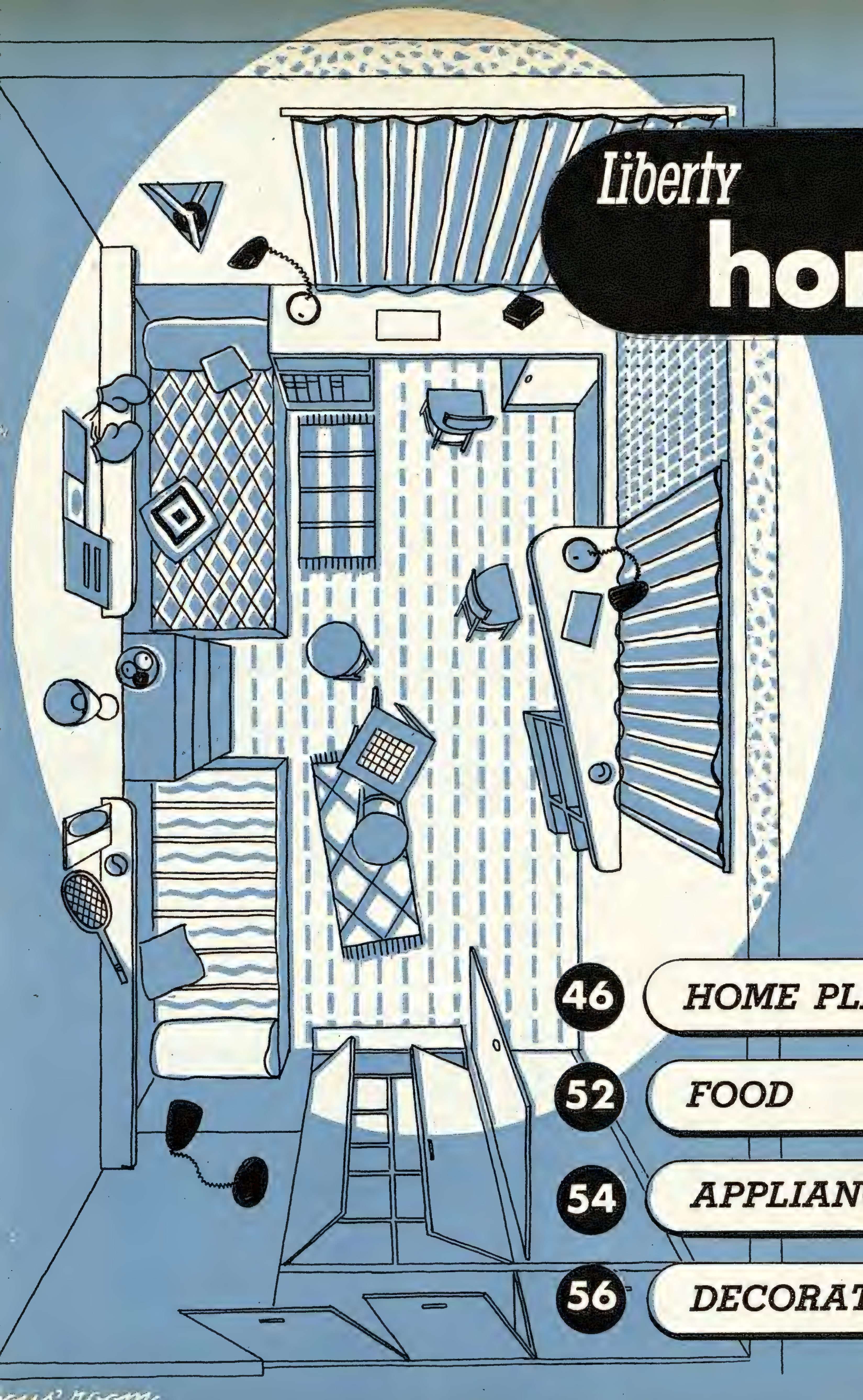
– I must have talked a hundred thousand words today, the Perfessor croaked on the way to the Station. Remind me never to visit you again in Waycross, John. Heaven defend me from the quietude of country towns!

When the Professor's train was lost in the night except for the smokestack flare, Mr. Shawnessy started back up the street. There was no light burning now in Waycross. He felt a wonderful and soft serenity. The long day and its images shook in his mind like a chain of luminous and tinkling fragments. He mused upon the strange dream called Raintree County. In some oriental garden, the seed of it was sown, but it had had its nurture in a womb of fair and fecund ideas on the rim of an inland ocean, and it had ridden west in wingèd vessels, and it had rebuilt itself from its earliest antiquities. Now, impending in the still night was the world of mystery, the world that hovered forever beyond the borders of the County.

Strong yearning possessed him to build again – and better than before – the valorous dream. If it should all expire, he would be able to rebuild it. He would walk on in his old black schoolmaster's suit, shaking from Family Bibles, McGuffey Readers, Histories of America, Latin and Greek Texts, Free Enquirers, Declarations of Independence and Constitutions, the seeds of words, planting the virgin earth of America with springing forms.

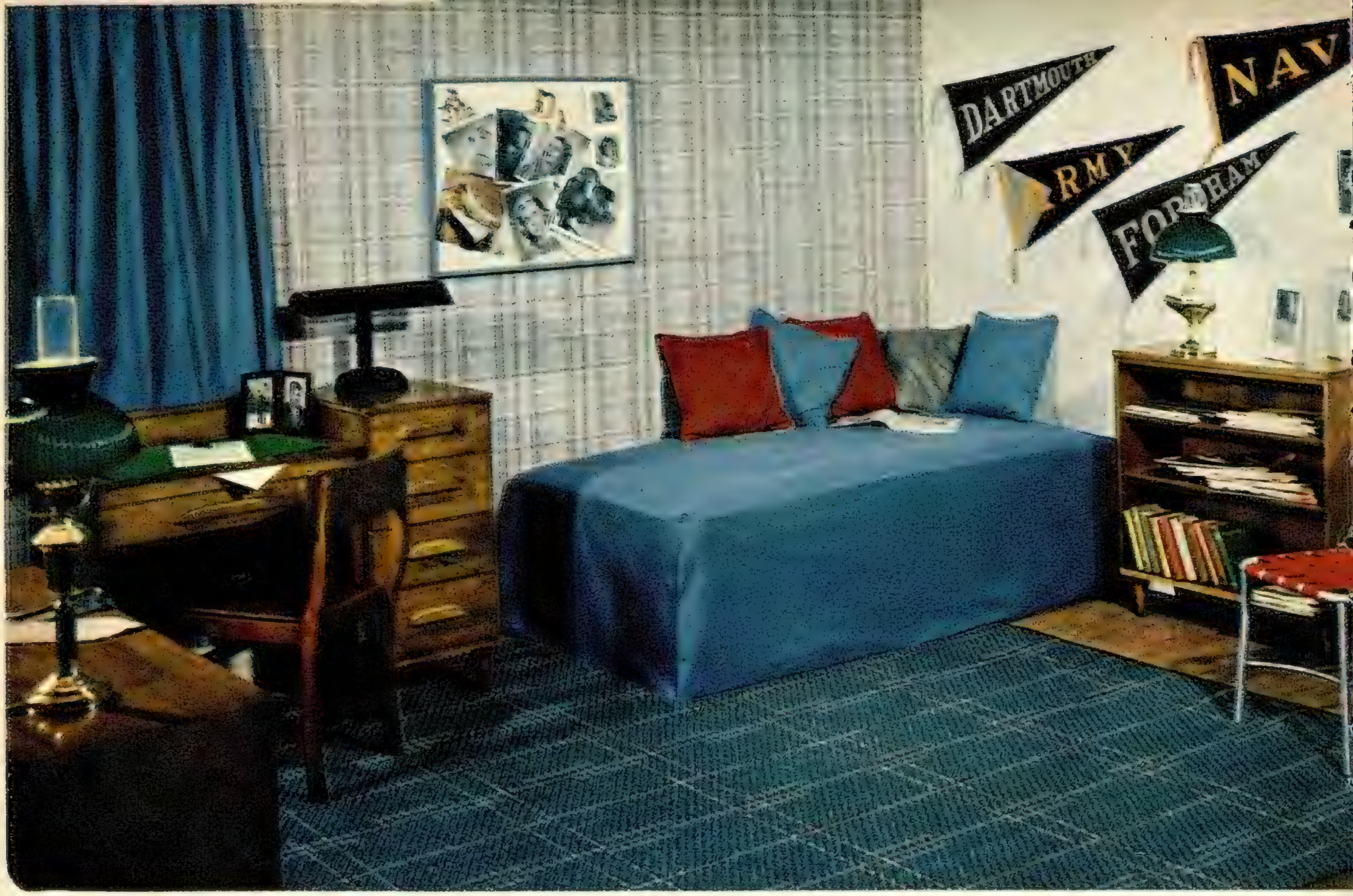
So each man had to build his world again! ■■

Liberty
home



oys' room

46 HOME PLANNING
52 FOOD
54 APPLIANCES
56 DECORATING



ROOMS FURNISHED AND ARRANGED AT GIMBELS, NEW YORK.

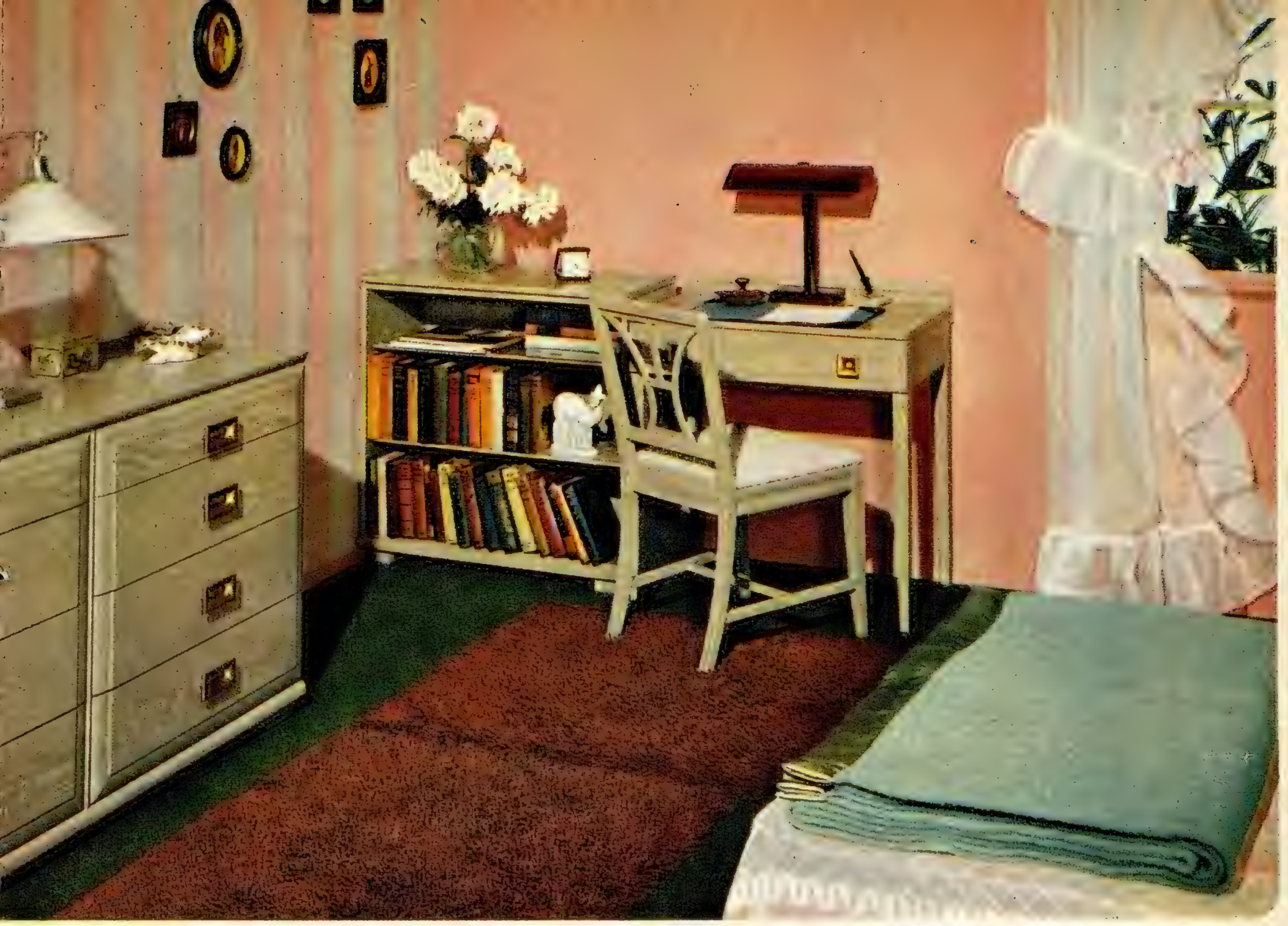
A boy's room has the things he likes, with tawny birch furniture and masculine accessories.

ATTRACTIVE, LOW-PRICED ROOMS YOUR CHILDREN CAN GROW UP IN

■ *A boy needs a den of his own, no matter how small. So when Liberty's home editors went shopping at Gimbels, we looked for sturdy furnishings which could do double duty and be cleaned easily, yet remain within a reasonable budget. The grass-fiber rug and washable blue twill bedcover and curtains met our specifications exactly. So, too, did the couch-bed and the tawny birch chest, desk, and bookcase. It will be easy to clean under and around these pieces, and they would serve equally well in other rooms. The lightweight aluminum chair with bright red webbing for back and seat will stand punishment. A bulletin board for reminders and souvenirs completes a room of color and durability.*

Green or gold in "Fairfax," by North Star, in 100% wool, 72 by 90. Comes in several colors besides these. About $13.

Yellow is "Junior," 54 by 80 inches; about $11. Plaid is "Roundup," 66 by 84; about $13. Both 100% wool, by Kenwood.



SPECIFICATIONS AND PRICES ON PAGES 48-49.

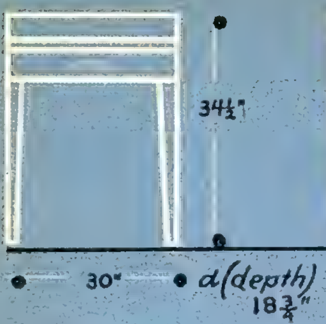
Good to look at, good to live in—Liberty's charming but thrifty room for a high-school girl.

■ *The 1948 high-school girl is as conscious of her home as she is of her clothes. So this month Liberty has designed a feminine, modestly priced bed-sitting room for the teenager. A girl can invite her friends here proudly, and her parents will applaud the choice of furniture and accessories as sensible and easy on the budget. To save space (and money) Liberty selected dual-purpose pieces—a desk-dressing table, bookshelf units for knickknacks, day bed to double as a sofa. The ivory bisque modern oak dresser, desk and chest would go well in any room. Brown cotton rugs can be sewn together or rearranged to fit any space. The two painted walls repeat the pink of striped wallpaper and of bedspread. A deep-cushioned chair might be added later. All the furnishings will work full time now, and later will provide a basic beginning for a girl's own home.*

Bold colors and gay plaid bindings for St. Marys "Radcliff." Comes in emerald green, red, or blue, 72 by 90; about $20.

Chatham's "Woolshire" in rose, 100% wool; about $11. "Airloom" in blue, 75% wool; about $9. Both 72 by 90.

SOME PRICES VARY SLIGHTLY IN THE WEST.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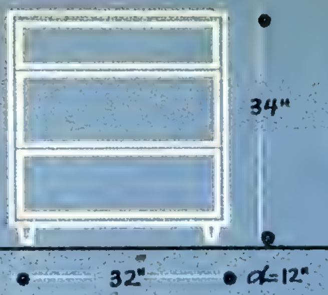
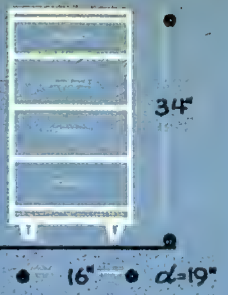
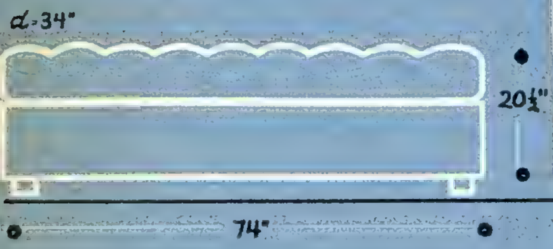
Desk, Templeton; $39.



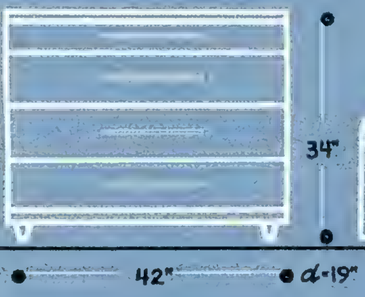
Bookcase, Templeton; $35.



Small chest, Templeton; $45.



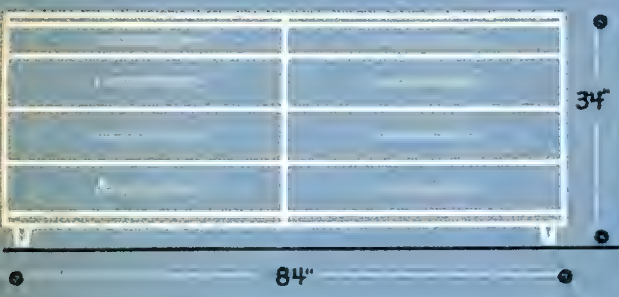
Mattress and springs, Stearns & Foster; $54.



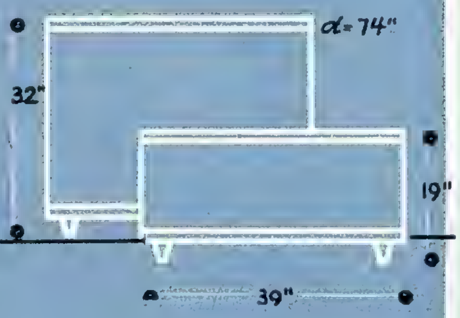
Dresser and mirror, Templeton; $124.

Side chair, Templeton; $19.75.

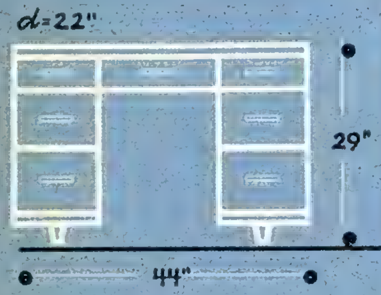
Here are the various pieces of furniture that Liberty picked for its boy's room this month. Prices vary slightly throughout the country.



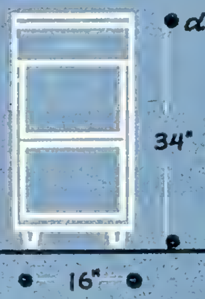
Double dresser, about $139.95.



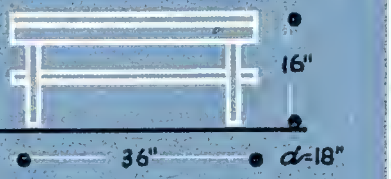
Bed, about $59.75.



Desk, about $119.



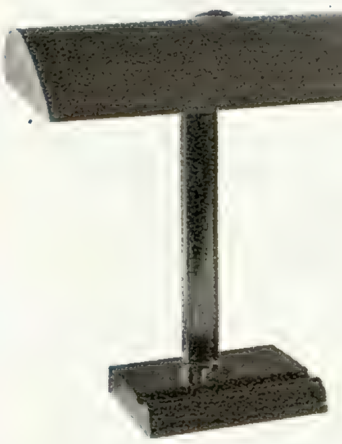
Night stand-bookcase, about $49.95.



Coffee table, about $37.75.

Templeton makes these—and other—chairs, beds, chests, bookcases, and tables in its tawny birch line of furniture. So buy what you need now, and later on add other pieces.

C
Stuart Hall



Mutual Sunset, $18.*

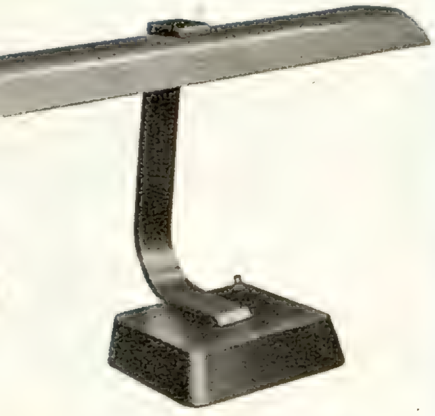
Eastern Art, $21.50.

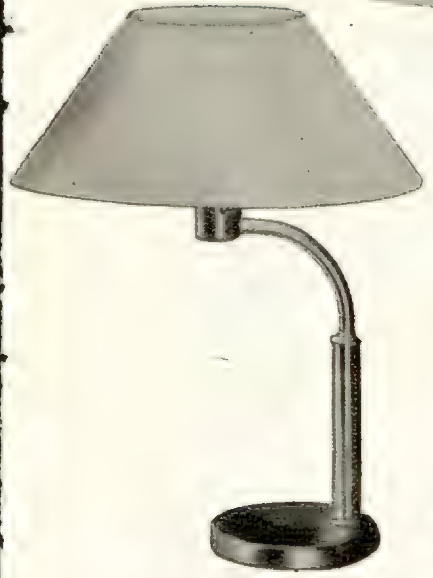
Emeralite, $21.50.

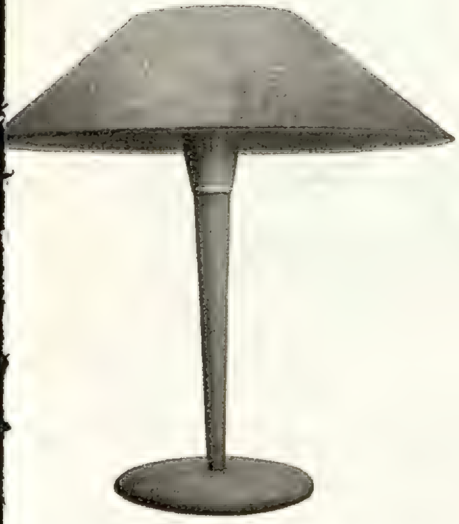
Stadler-Neuwirth, $14.50.

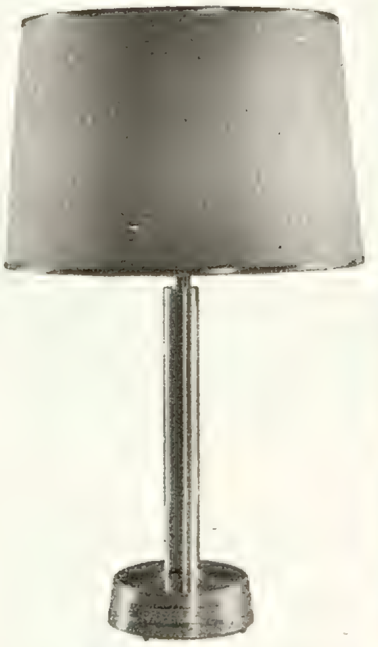
■ *Well-designed lamps for your children's reading and study protect their eyesight. So when you buy, see that the lamps are large enough, that bases are steady, and sockets and wiring safe. Make*

Sutnar+Hall


Lightolier, $29.50.

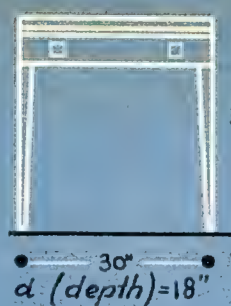

Nessen, $29.50.

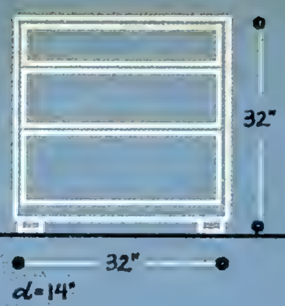

Kurt Versen, $25.


Mutual Sunset, $29 ("Certified Lamp").

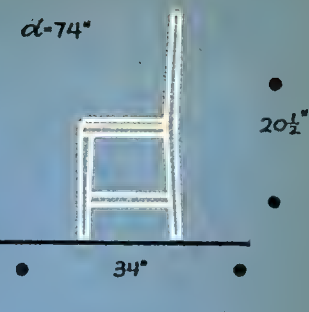
*Approximate prices, f.o.b. New York.

sure the bulb is big enough. A "Certified Lamp" tag indicates that a lamp meets standard industry specifications, but many others without the tag are investments in good lighting.

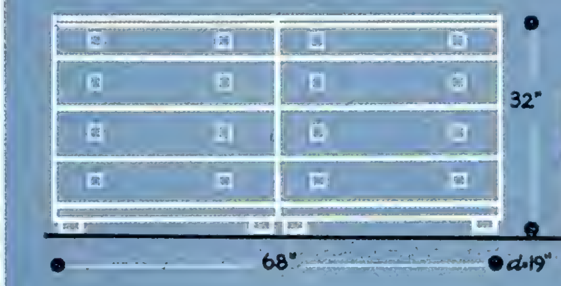

32"
30"
d (depth)=18"
Dressing table, Mengel; $31.



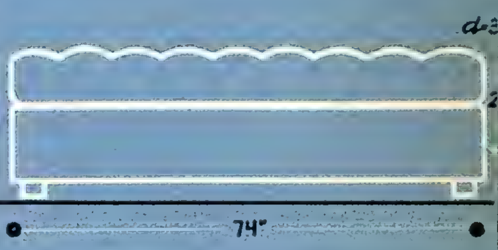
Open bookcase, Mengel; $36.



Side chair, Mengel; $20.

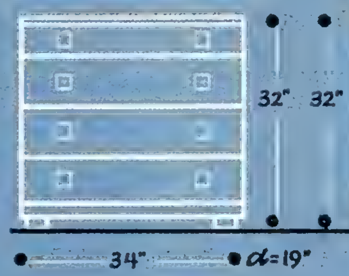


Double dresser, Mengel; $100.

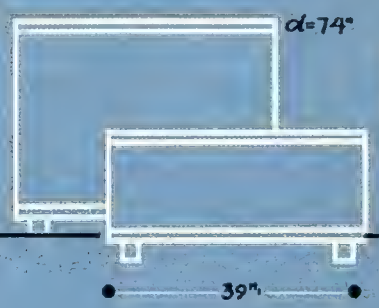


Mattress and springs, Stearns & Foster; $54.

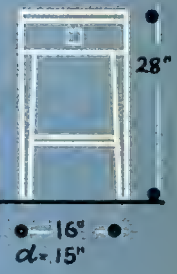
Above are approximate retail prices in New York City for furnishings used in the Liberty girl's room. They may vary in other areas.



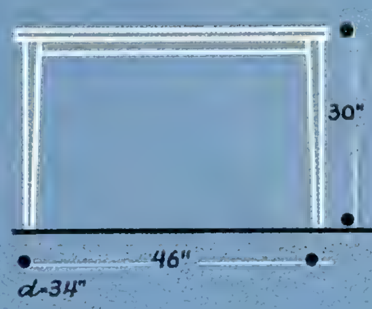
Four-drawer chest, about $68.



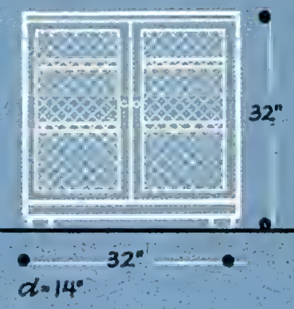
Twin-size bed, about $44.



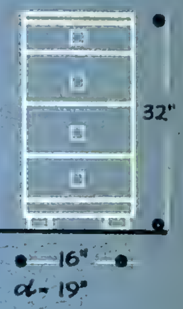
Night stand, about $24.



Extension dinette table, about $40.

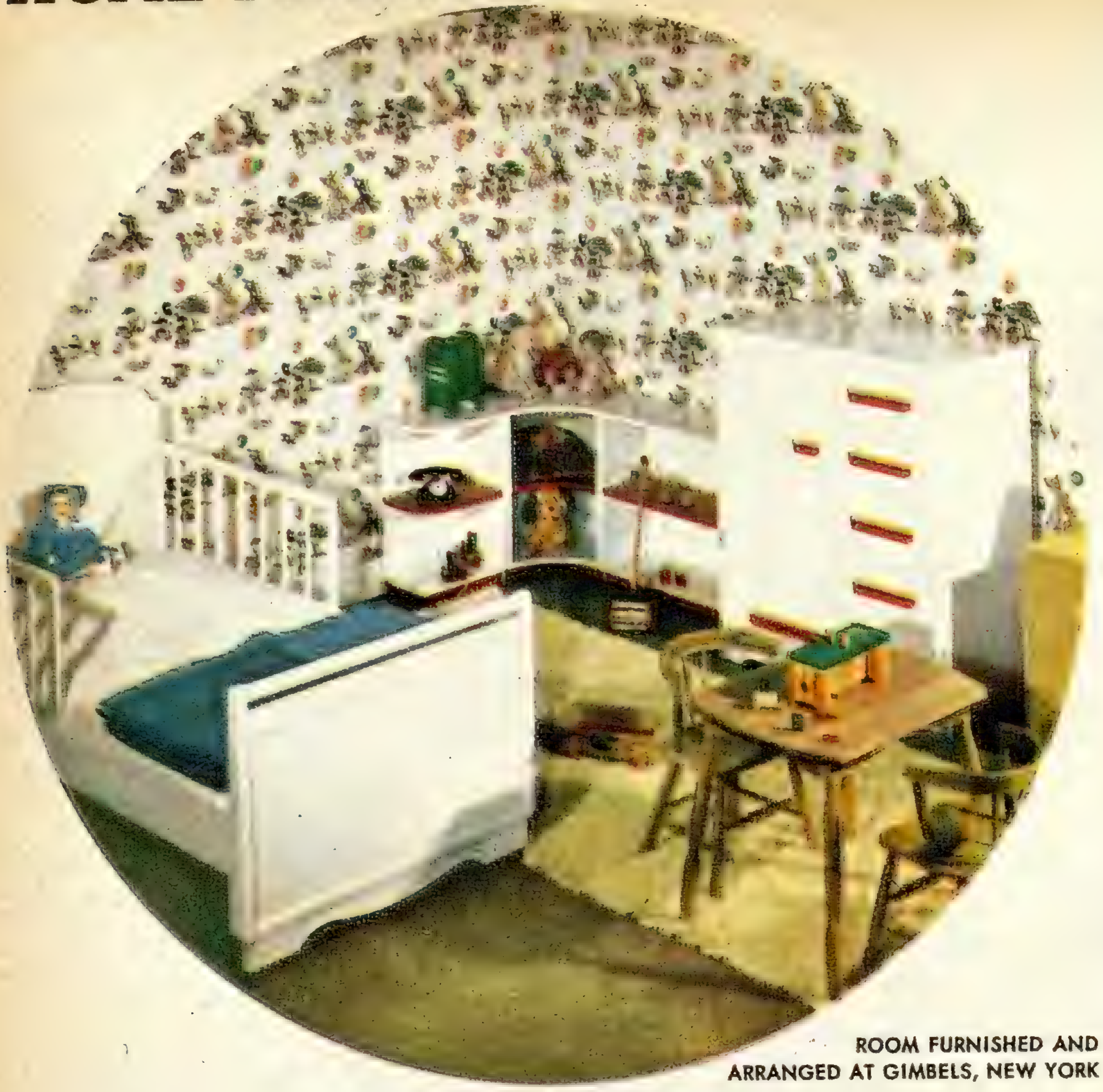


Bookcase, grille doors, about $54.



End chest, about $48.

One of these pieces, or others not shown, in Mengel's ivory bisque oak modern may fit your needs. There's a large selection from which to pick for living, dining, or bedroom.



ROOM FURNISHED AND
ARRANGED AT GIMBELS, NEW YORK

Edison youth bed, about	$50.
Simmons Baby Beauty mattress,	$22.98.
Connor table and chairs,	$15.95.
Aldon rug,	$21.98.
Unpainted toy chest,	$21.25.
Unpainted bookcase,	$21.25.
Unpainted chifforobe,	$27.49.
Trimz Walt Disney wallpaper,	$3.99 a box (3 3/8 single rolls).
Kenwood Junior blanket, about	$11.

■ *Liberty planned this colorful room as an activity center for the starting-to-kindergarten child, as a room to grow with him. The sides of the youth bed may be removed later on; its mattress is waterproof. The two play chairs and matching table are sized correctly for small children and are just right for nursery parties. The low shelves keep toys, games, and dolls within handy reach and furnish an inducement to stow them away after playtime. The flexible shelf units, as well as the chifforobe and toy chest, are unpainted. Finish them yourself in colors that harmonize with the wallpaper. Everything in the room, from cotton rugs to gay figured wallpaper, is washable.*

Gaily decorated drop-side crib, Storkline; $31.95.

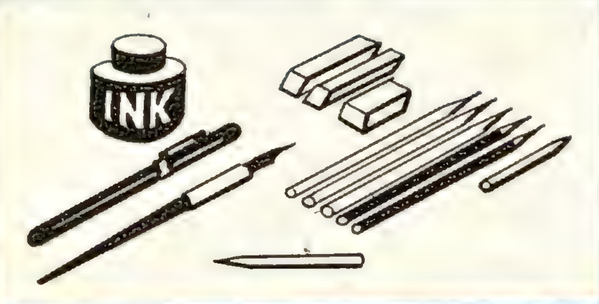
High chair, or table and low chair, Storkline; $29.95.

Eames molded plywood stool and chair; under $10.

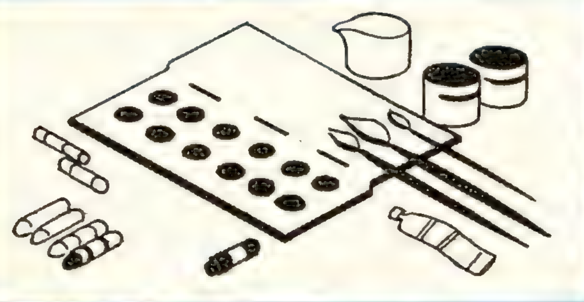
Lullabye chest and mirror, all hardwood; about $66.

Lullabye five-drawer chest, all hardwood; about $60.

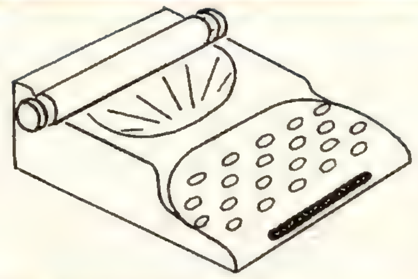
BACK-TO-SCHOOL CHECK LIST FOR PARENTS



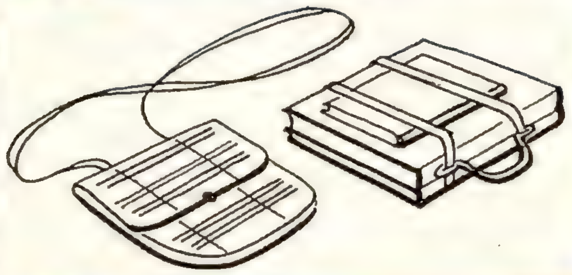
☐ WRITING EQUIPMENT.



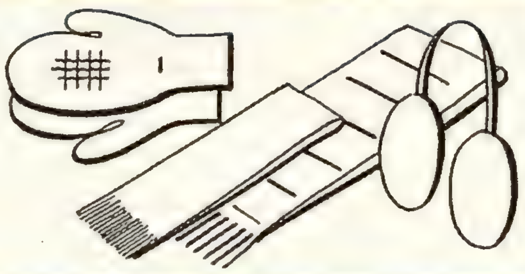
☐ ART SUPPLIES.



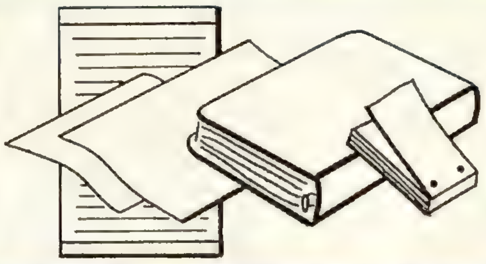
☐ PORTABLE TYPEWRITER



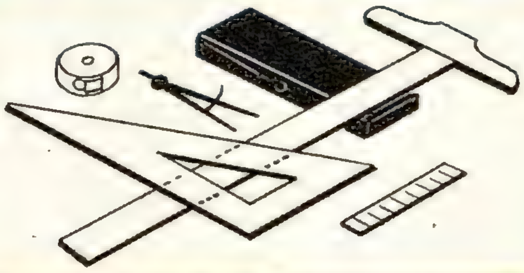
☐ TO CARRY THINGS.



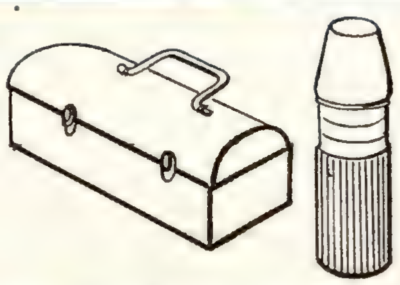
☐ TO KEEP THEM WARM.



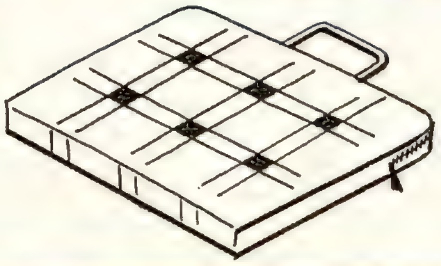
☐ NOTEBOOKS AND PADS.



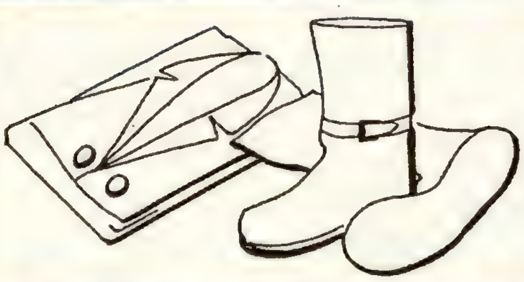
☐ DRAFTING TOOLS.



☐ LUNCHBOX, THERMOS.



☐ SCHOOL BRIEFCASE.



☐ FOR RAINY DAYS.

■ ***Back to school this month for America's children means thrifty shopping for school accessories by parents, so Liberty did some preliminary footwork and prepared this check list:***

You'll find pencils, erasers, crayons, tempera, water colors, poster pastels, and modeling materials that cost from five cents to about $1. Different types of mechanical pencils and fountain pens are priced from $1 to about $15. All these are made by several companies, including Dixon, American Crayon, Eberhard Faber, Eagle, Crayola, Esterbrook, Sheaffer, Parker, Eversharp, Waterman, Koh-I-Noor, Rollit, Reynolds, and Autopoint. Among good values in portable typewriters — an investment for many school years — are Remington Rand, Royal, Underwood, Smith-Corona and Woodstock. They're priced from about $72.50 to about $89.50. Sturdy raincoats and rubber boots cost around $8 and $3.50 respectively. And if your youngsters need them, don't forget school bags, thermos bottles, and lunchboxes. ■■

Borden's
DEPOSIT
Borden's
DEPOSIT
Borden's
DEPOSIT
Borden's
DEPOSIT
PL
PEA

SCHOOL DAYS MEAN FOOD FOR THOUGHT

by Beulah Karney

■ *Have you ever stopped to consider that the way you feed your child now will affect him all his life? With school days around the corner, the problem becomes doubly important.*

Children just naturally know quality in food—cooking quality. Hubby may overlook burned potatoes—oh, well, once in a while. Not so son. They're just plain burned, and he won't have them. Children like simple food, and as near the natural flavor and color as possible.

Children like about half *the salt that adults do.*

It's true we can err in catering to a child's whims too much—making dessert seem too important, for one thing. Nor is it good to bribe children to eat the plainer foods with the promise of the fancy.

Now, as for planning those day-in-out meals that are hearty and good and yet don't cost too much, a breast of veal is one of the cheapest cuts of meat and can be fit for a king when stuffed with dried fruit (also a good buy) and bread (to make it go still further). The same idea of using fruit and bread in combination with the lowest-cost cuts can make the most of a crown roast of spareribs with bread-and-apple stuffing. Or a shoulder of lamb stuffed with rice,

(Continued on page 72)

GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS
TO GOOD TASTE

When Ice went on Wheels Better Food went on Tables

In 1878, a new kind of train sped out of St. Louis. Its cars were loaded with barrels of Budweiser kept cold and fresh by ice-filled compartments. Thus, the brewing industry had its first refrigerator cars—and Budweiser had begun its journey toward 'round-the-world fame. Later, in the 80's, the refrigerator car made it possible for all parts of America to have fresh meat, fruits, vegetables and other good things of life.

Today, the delicious foods from far and near that make your table inviting need one thing to highlight their flavors. Golden, bubbling Budweiser brings out the fine flavor of food without losing its own distinctive taste. Every sip tells you why it is something more than beer—a tradition in hospitality.

It lives with good taste
everywhere

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
SAINT LOUIS

APPLIANCES

■ *Yours may be one of the families planning to buy a space heater this year. You find many models from which to choose, and are wondering, perhaps, which to buy. If it's worth your money, it's certainly worth a bit of your time to select the one best meeting your requirements, instead of buying blindly. Your final decision will depend chiefly on the family budget and the heating problems of your home. To help you, however, we are illustrating nine oil space heaters. All are safe, easy and inexpensive to maintain, and will give years of service.*

Basically, a space heater is a heating stove. It will heat a room, a cabin, or a small house, depending on size and construction of the house and the climate. Ask a reputable dealer about the proper size you need. A space heater gives warmth by direct radiation or by circulation of warm air. Since the heating unit is encased, children may play with complete safety near by.

Once installed—easily—you've little work: just cleaning the burner once or twice a season and refilling the fuel reservoir.

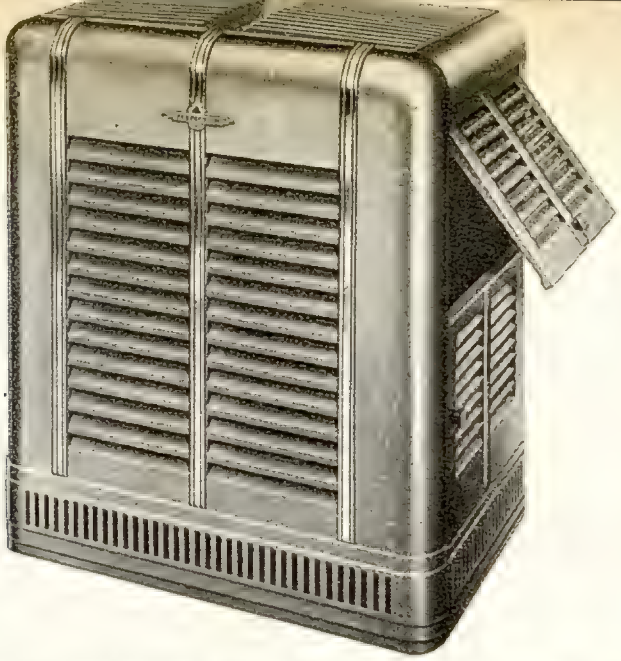
Each model has different features; some of them exclusive. When you shop, check for radiant heat panels for instant warmth; easy-to-read fuel gauge and easy-to-refill fuel reservoir; draft regulator to adjust intake of air to size of flame; shutters or blowers to direct warm air to the living area of a room, near the floor; wall thermostat for automatic regulation of heat or hand adjuster; most important, an efficient burner, consuming little fuel, for a heater is only as good as its burner. Make sure that the heater you buy has been passed as safe by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Do what you can to conserve fuel—it may help avoid a shortage later this year and will cut your fuel bills. Keep your rooms at 70 degrees; turn heat low at night or when you're out; install storm windows and weather stripping; and check your insulation. A word of advice: when you buy your heater, arrange for your supply of oil.

Quaker has a new control which automatically synchronizes flow of oil and air to burner for increased efficiency and economy. $199.75.

A new Coleman console model, with low or high heat. Special panels separate radiant- and circulating-heat sections. Price $129.95.

The Florence cabinet heater, with two wickless burners and individual metering valves, is made for rooms without chimneys. About $50.



Ideal for fireplaces, this Perfection console comes with side shutters which reflect the heat down. About $125; higher in the West.

Dual-chamber burner and special blower to spread heat evenly help this Duo-Therm save fuel. Price $119.95; higher in some states.

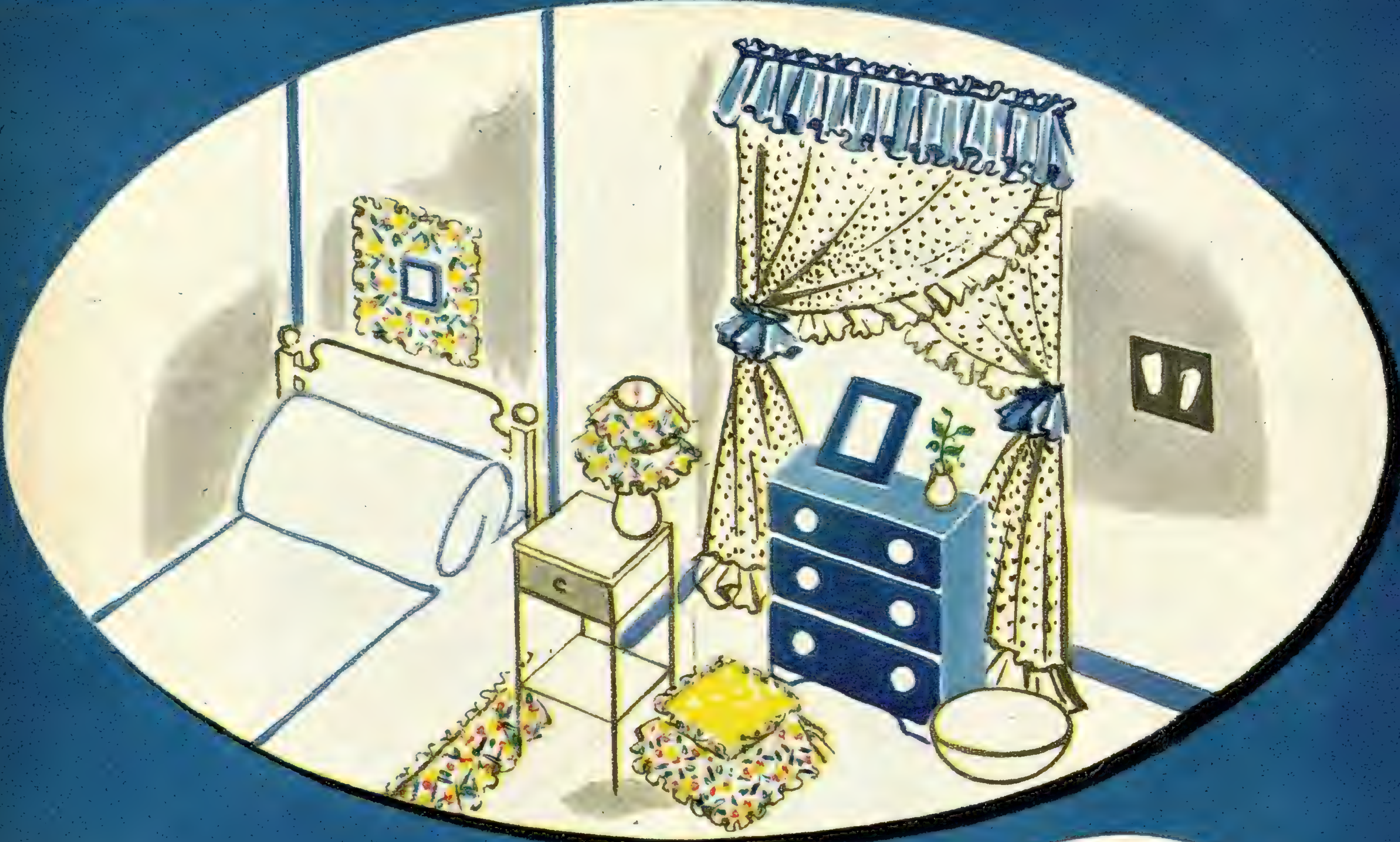
Leg levelers adjust this Evans model to uneven floors; the horizontal heat chamber assures maximum heat. $119.95; higher in the West.

Lonergan's heater operates efficiently from a thermostat on the wall. The propeller fan gives flow of warm air at floor level. $109.95.

The Norge, with its removable top cover, provides heat very quickly. The oil tank is easy to refill and the gauge easy to read. Price $109.45.

American Stove designed this compact heater to save floor space, and provided a secondary air supply to insure a faster flame. $135.

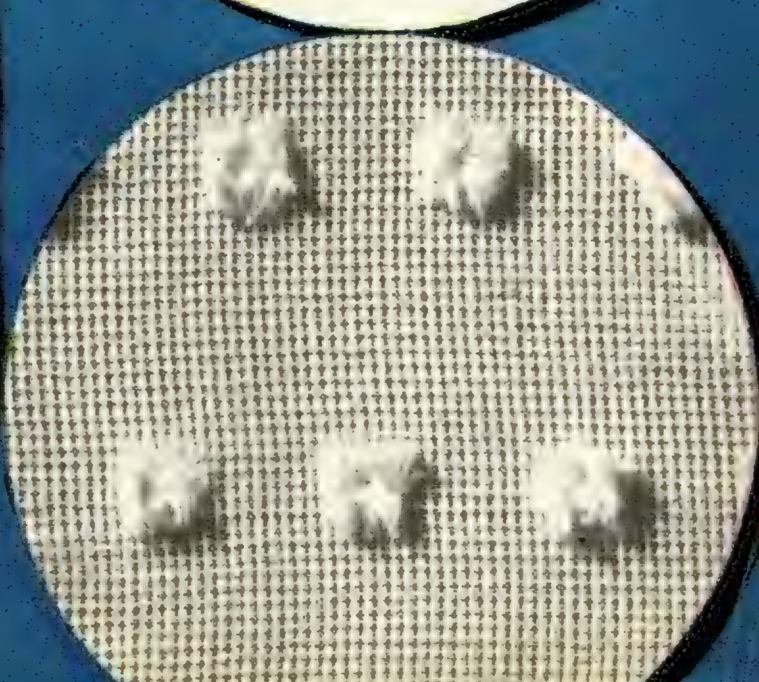
DECORATING for under ten dollars . . .

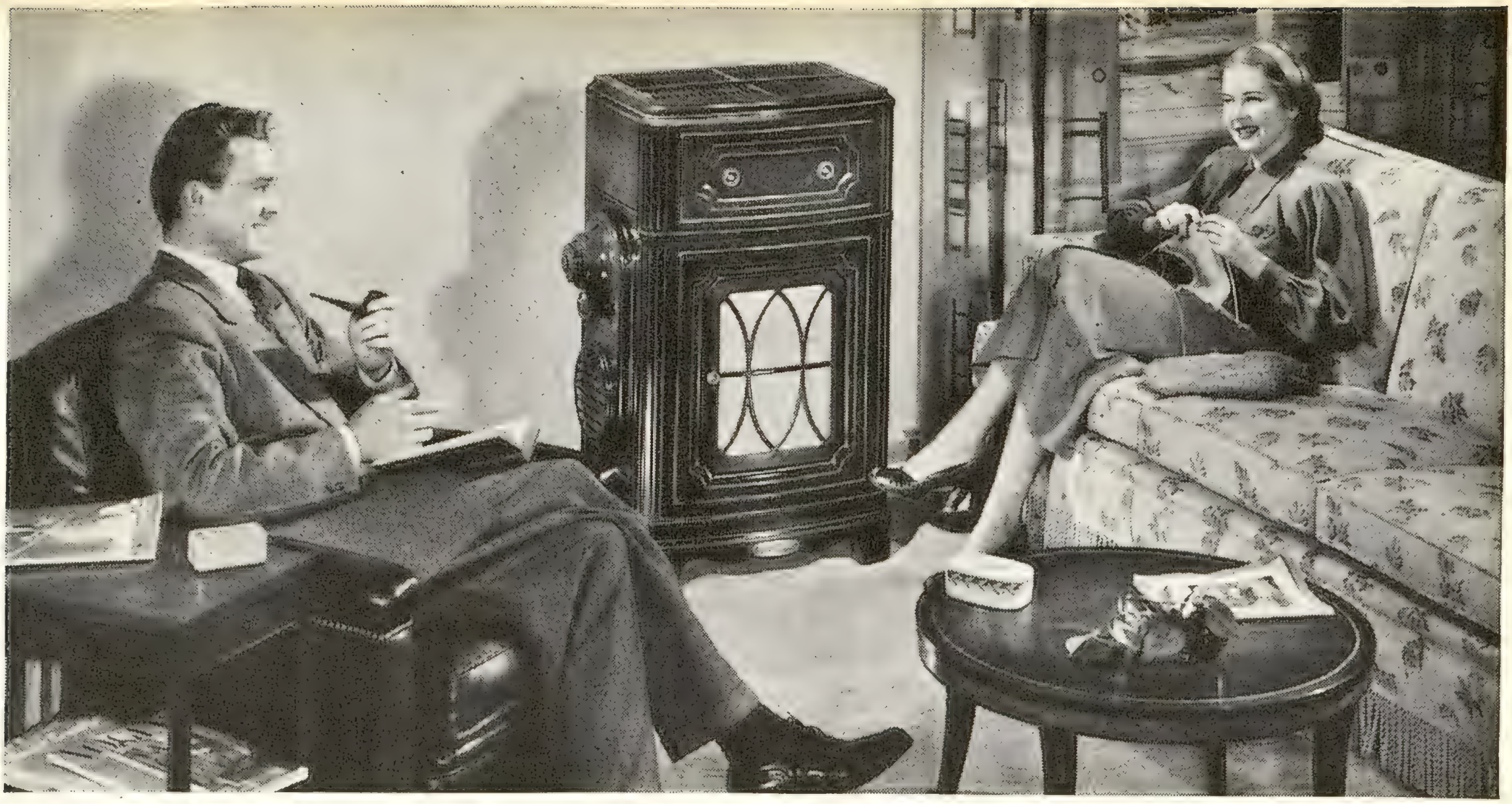


. . . you can transform a girl's bedroom

Just a yard or two of enchanting chintz, a cluster of frivolous ruffles, a few strokes of gay new paint, a card of tacks, and your teen-age daughter can enjoy a dreamy nook.

WINDOW	
Curtain Redi-Cross—white (Home Curtain Corp.)	$1.98
1 yard blue 10-inch Shir-Trims at 89 cents a yard	.89
¾ yard blue 5-inch Shir-Trims at 69 cents a yard	.52
HASSOCK	
1 Comfi-Coil hassock (Comfi-Coil Co.)	1.39
½ yard quilted Everglaze chintz at 98 cents a yard	.49
1¼ yards 10-inch figured Shir-Trims at 89 cents a yard	1.12
Tacks	.05
LAMPSHADE	
⅔ yard 5-inch figured Shir-Trims at 69 cents a yard	.46
BED	
2 yards 10-inch figured Shir-Trims at 89 cents a yard	1.78
PICTURE FRAME	
⅔ yard 5-inch figured Shir-Trims at 69 cents a yard	.46
PAINT	
1 can Blue Super Tex quick-dry enamel	.25
BASKET	
1 hand-woven basket	.50
PLANT	
1 small ivy	.10
	$9.99





NEW...the beautiful Duo-Therm Sheraton heater

CUTS FUEL OIL COSTS UP TO 25% WITH POWER-AIR!

This is it—an amazingly efficient *upright* heater with all the beauty of fine period furniture!

It's the gorgeous, brand new Duo-Therm Sheraton, designed by master furniture stylists.

You've got to see it with your own eyes to appreciate it. See its fluted columns and recessed panels that duplicate the costly look of fine cabinet work. See its mellow duo-tone mahogany finish (a Duo-Therm exclusive!). See how it adds charm and distinction to *any* room!

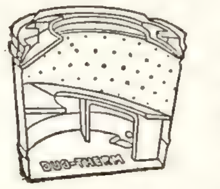
And its working heart is *all* Duo-Therm! Here's just a rough idea of what that means to you:

Power-Air saves up to 1 gallon of oil out of every 4

This is a *fact,* proved by severe tests in a cold Northern climate. The Duo-Therm heater with Power-Air Blower actually cuts fuel bills *as much as 25%.*

Because it *is* a blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets more heat into every corner... keeps floors much warmer... gives you more heat at the living level. Only Duo-Therm heaters have Power-Air, the Blower that can save enough to pay for the cost of a Duo-Therm!

You save on oil with Duo-Therm's exclusive Burner, too!



In addition to Power-Air fuel savings, the exclusive Duo-Therm Burner *gets more heat out of every drop of oil.* That's because it mixes air and oil in 6 stages (only the Duo-Therm Burner does this!) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame.

Its full-bodied, mushroom type flame floats in the tough, lightweight steel heat chamber... hugs the chamber walls... transfers more heat to your home *quicker.* There are no moving parts, so there's nothing to get out of order. And it's completely silent!

You tend the fire by turning a simple dial!

On the first cold day you strike a match and light your Duo-Therm heater. Then tend the fire all winter by turning a dial. No work, no dirt, no ashes, no worry!

And when you decide on a Duo-Therm heater you have a complete selection to choose from. There's a model for every purse and purpose.

Free 12-page, full-color catalog

Shows the *complete* Duo-Therm line in real room settings (two full pages of pictures and facts on the new Sheraton alone!). Tells you all you'll want to know before you invest in a Duo-Therm. Mail the handy coupon below and get your *free* copy now. And this week, visit your local Duo-Therm dealer.

MORE THAN A MILLION SATISFIED USERS!

DUO-THERM

ALWAYS THE LEADER...

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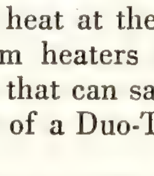

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Liberty

LIBERTY PICKS THE PICTURES

by Elizabeth Wilson

Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur, and John Lund in fine fettle.

A FOREIGN AFFAIR

■ Paramount's new Brackett and Wilder comedy, A Foreign Affair, starring Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich, and John Lund, is tops in entertainment. Jean Arthur plays Phoebe Foster, snooping Congresswoman who comes to Berlin with five Congressmen to investigate the morals of the U. S. occupation forces. She falls for Captain Pringle (Lund) and insists he help her in her snooping. She meets Erika (Dietrich), night-club singer and former friend of Hitler. Phoebe doesn't know that Erika is the captain's girl friend. Complications ensue. High spot is the performance of Millard Mitchell as a colonel.

Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson play in Key Largo.

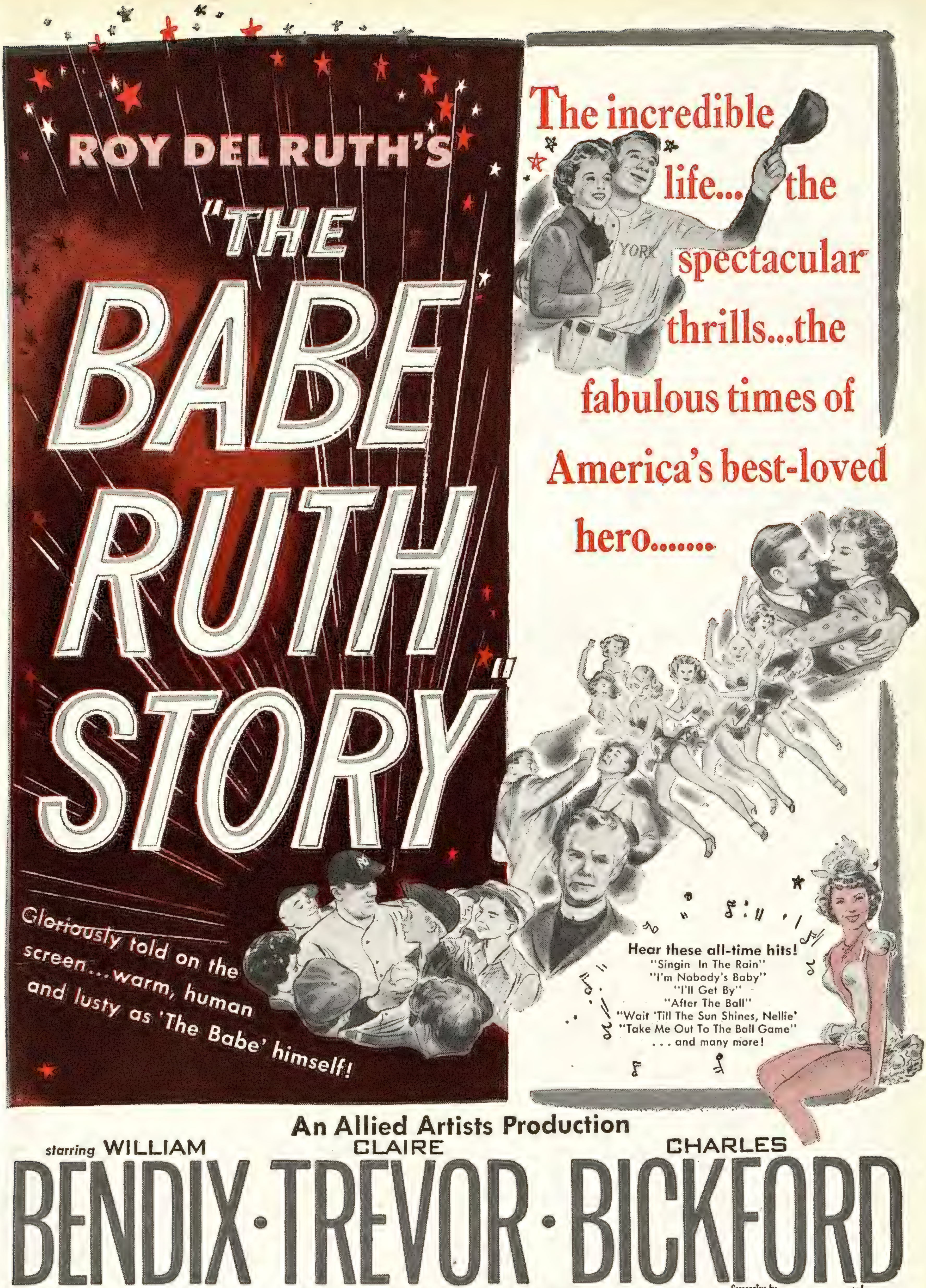
KEY LARGO

■ Director John Huston seems sure to hit the cinema jackpot with Key Largo, his latest film for Warner Brothers. Using Maxwell Anderson's play as his basic idea, Huston has delivered another adult drama, in which Humphrey Bogart plays a disillusioned war veteran. He hunts for the father of his dead war buddy. He finally finds the old man (Lionel Barrymore) and his daughter-in-law (Lauren Bacall) in an isolated Florida hotel where they are captives of a gang chief (Edward G. Robinson). Bogart finally shoots it out with the gang. Biggest acting plum goes to Claire Trevor as a gangster's girl.

Judy (Jane Powell) and Oogie (Scotty Beckett), her steady.

A DATE WITH JUDY

■ Based on the popular radio program, A Date with Judy is by far the best of the teen-age comedies Hollywood has so far produced. Kudos go to Joe Pasternak for this light, gay M-G-M film. Jane Powell plays Judy who wears Oogie Pringle's (Scotty Beckett) fraternity pin. That is until she gets a crush on Stephen Andrews (Robert Stack), an "older man" (all of 24). Elizabeth Taylor plays the spoiled Carol Pringle. Judy's dad (Wallace Beery), eager to surprise his wife, secretly takes rumba lessons from Carmen Miranda. Judy and Carol are sure he's having an affair, until he dances the rumba at a party.



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THERE WAS THIS GIRL

Continued from Page 17

That one lie to Janie bothered me far more than all the lies I'd given to this girl. I really felt like a heel. Janie told me she was very comfortable in bed, and felt fine, and said for me to stay as long as I liked.

There are some things you can never explain. I stayed in the phone booth several minutes after Janie hung up. I knew I ought to go home to Janie right away. Not that the baby was due any minute or anything like that. It wasn't due for three weeks but, after all, anything can happen. Anyway, I knew I ought to go home.

But there was this girl, waiting for me at our table. I could see her through the glass in the door of the phone booth. Suddenly she got up, walked around the table, leaned over my place, and started tearing paper matches out of a couple of matchbooks. I saw her arranging the matches on the tablecloth. She was spelling out something with the matches and I knew right away what she was spelling out. I knew then that I wasn't going home to Janie right away. I was going to spend the rest of the evening with this girl, telling her more lies, and I hypnotized myself into thinking there was no harm in it.

I was right about the matches. She had spelled out "I love you." I stared at it for a moment and then I smiled at her and she caught her breath in a little contented sigh. She said, "You know I mean that, don't you?" I nodded and I told her it went double. She crinkled her nose at me like a rabbit. She whispered, "Isn't it wonderful?"

■ I took her to the Roxy. I don't remember what the picture was. We never looked at it. We sat there in the dark, her hand in mine, and for a couple of hours longer I was this Cary, the man she'd always hoped for, the boy of her dreams come true. I'd only met her a few hours ago, and I had no intention of ever trying to see her again. But I sat there and kissed her fingers and I gave her the damndest line.

She lived way up on Two Hundred and Thirty-ninth Street. She said, "With most boys I'd suggest the subway, but you're rich, so let's take a cab." I'd told her I had a big income.

She was leaning against me. Her head was thrown back and she was looking out of the skylight of the taxi. It was still snowing. Without looking at me she said, "Aren't you *ever* going to kiss me?"

We kissed, and her lips were as soft and sweet as I knew they would be. She pulled off her silly little hat that was all wrong, and put her head on my shoulder, and snuggled up against me. She was sweet. I felt like a heel. I went on lying to her. I knew I'd never want to see her again, but I asked her for another date. For tomorrow night. I knew that was what she would want. She wrinkled her nose at me again. She said, "Any day. Any time. Always." Just like that. With a little catch in her breath between each phrase.

She shared an apartment with two other girls. She had no folks. She said it was too late to invite me up. We stood in the snow and said good night. I kissed her again and I knew how Judas must have felt.

She opened her purse, scribbled something on a card, and gave it to me. She said, "You'll need my telephone number." She didn't ask for mine, or for my address. She never doubted me for one second.

She said, "Good night, darling," and then went into the apartment house. I paid off the cab and went home by subway.

■ Janie was still awake, reading in bed, when I got home. She has a funny little crooked smile that means she's specially glad to see me. I sat on the bed, and she put her arms around me and pulled me over onto the pillows. She said, "Did you have fun, darling?"

I think I could have told her the whole story then and she would have understood. She'd have tried to anyway. Janie's very understanding. Instead, I lied to her. I told her I'd had dinner with some men I hadn't seen in a long time. I told her we sat around for hours afterward chewing the rag.

Janie said she was hungry and I told her I'd fix her a cup of cocoa and maybe a sandwich. She wanted to get up and help me, but I wouldn't let her get out of bed. She shouldn't be leaping up and down in her condition. Janie settled back comfortably against the propped-up pillows and clasped her hands across her stomach. She said, "He's very active tonight. He's kicking up like crazy." Janie's always been convinced it'll be a boy.

I went into the kitchen and put some milk on the stove. I rooted around in the icebox for stuff to make sandwiches. I still felt sick at my stomach, the way you feel when you've done something shabby or dirty or unpardonable. I kept on thinking about this girl. Even while I was fixing sandwiches for Janie I was thinking about this girl. I knew, too, that she was thinking of me. I'd fixed that all right by giving her this line.

There are some things that you just can't explain. It was over, and I was glad it was over, and I was sorry that it ever happened, but I just wanted to hear this girl's voice once more. Or maybe I wanted her to hear my voice. I don't know. I thought of her lying there in bed in her apartment, in the dark, lying there awake, thinking about me, wishing that maybe I'd telephone. I suddenly felt sure that was why she'd given me her number.

I went back into the bedroom to see what Janie was doing. She was reading a magazine very contentedly. She lowered it for a moment and smiled at me. She said, "Hello. Do you like being married as much as me? I bet you couldn't possibly." Then she went back to her reading.

I went back to the kitchen and very quietly closed the door. We have an extension telephone in the kitchen. I just had to talk to this girl. I didn't know what I was going to say, but I had to hear her voice.

She answered the telephone herself. I was right. She told me she'd been staring at it for an hour in the dark, praying that I'd call her up. She said, "I *knew* you'd call. I just *knew* it." Her voice was the ecstatic whisper of a child. I don't know exactly what I said. I swear I don't remember. All I know is that I was in a sweat, shaking all over, getting a certain thrill out of the happiness and excitement of this girl who didn't mean a thing in my life.

We spoke for maybe three or four minutes. Just before she hung up,

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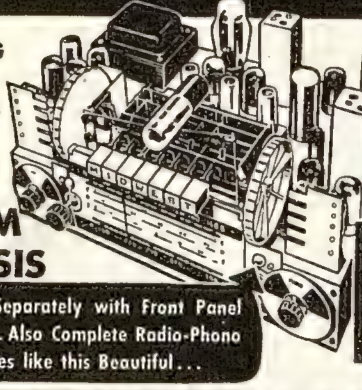

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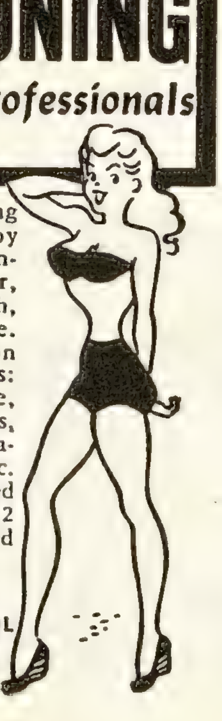

she said, "I love you for calling. I love you for loving me. I love you for just being you." Then she whispered good night and the phone clicked.

I tore up the card with her telephone number and threw the fragments into the wastebasket. Now it was over. I was never going to see her or speak to her again. I made the cocoa, fixed up a tray for Janie, and went back to the bedroom.

Janie was staring at me, wide-eyed and very pale. She had the telephone extension still in her hand. She could have pretended that she hadn't listened in, but that isn't like Janie. I hadn't forgotten we had an extension by the bed, but it never occurred to me that she'd listen in.

Janie said, "Tom—who was that girl? What does it mean?" She told me she'd heard the telephone tinkle when I dialed, and that she'd picked it up and heard the whole conversation. I didn't know what to say. I didn't know what to do. I never felt quite so awful in my life. I stood there holding the tray, and the cup of cocoa rattled and spilled over, and I thought I was going to faint.

Janie said, "Who was that girl? You'd better tell me."

It was too late then, but I told her the whole story, just as I've written it down now. I told her the whole crazy, meaningless story. Janie never took her eyes off mine once. She never interrupted. She never asked one question while I was telling her.

When I'd finished she asked a question. Quietly, calmly, and very directly. Janie said, "Are you in love with this girl?"

I told her, truthfully, that she didn't mean a thing in the world to me. Nothing. Not a thing.

Janie said, "All right. Let's not ever talk about it any more."

■ While I got undressed Janie drank her cocoa and ate a sandwich. I was afraid to look at her. I never looked at the bed once. I don't know what she was thinking.

When I was ready for bed, she handed me the little tray, and while I was setting it down, she turned off her bed light and settled down for the night.

I was ashamed to kiss her good night and started turning down my bed, but she held her arms out to me, just the way she always did and kissed me good night. I started to say something, but she wouldn't let me. Janie said, "Go to sleep. It's all right."

I couldn't sleep. I heard Janie tossing around, too. She couldn't sleep either. I held my breath several times to listen, because I was afraid she might be crying, but she wasn't.

After about an hour Janie suddenly said, "Tom—was she very pretty?" Before I could answer she stopped me. She said, "No—never mind. I said we'd never talk about it any more. Let's don't." She squirmed around some more, and the bedsprings creaked, and then I heard her give a long, tired sigh. She said, "Never mind, darling. After the baby comes I'll be young and pretty again. You wait and see."

Nothing more was said, but I could hear her stirring uneasily for hours. I never slept at all. I was busy thinking.

There was Janie, lying by my side, doubting me for the first time in her life. And uptown, never doubting me, there was this girl. ■ ■

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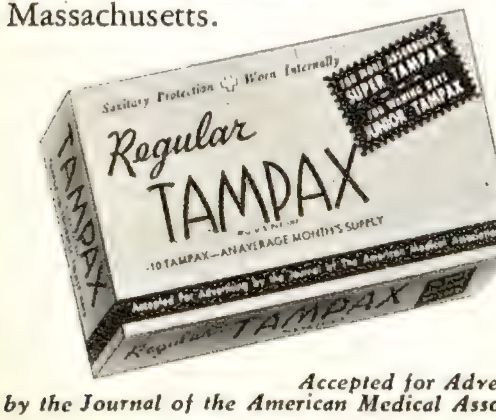
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THE ATOM IN YOUR LIFE

Continued from Page 15

also making its first atomic study of tree feeding—on the pecan. One question the Department would like to answer is why in any year the farmer gets back in his crops only about 15 per cent of the phosphates he puts on. The answer may make it possible to get most of the remaining 85 per cent absorbed. Many other tests are being made in state experiment stations throughout the country on various minerals found in natural form or used in fertilizers.

Our national fertilizer bill is about $600 millions a year. If we can cut that even a quarter, the saving to the farmer will be tidy, and should be reflected in table-side prices.

In these tests the government has been using atomic tracers purely as research tools, to watch and record the movements of minerals through plant stalks and leaves. Now the Agriculture Department is setting out to test claims which, if proved, will be as important to biology as the discovery of the atomic bomb was to military science.

■ The new experiments are to show whether atomic fertilizers have any value. For many years private assertions have been made that low-level radioactivity itself stimulates plant growth. Boris Pregel of New York, head of several companies marketing radium products, sponsored tests which purported to show that increased yields ranging up to 95 per cent resulted from adding minute quantities of radioactive materials to the soil. He reported greatest success with peas, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, and tomatoes. The score of 92 was registered with tomatoes.

Under demands for an official test, the Atomic Energy Commission and Agriculture Department began experiments this summer, in co-operation with many experiment stations, to see whether there is any stimulation. From what they know of biology, the government scientists are extremely skeptical. However, the results of this summer's experiments should prove definitely whether there is any effect and, if there is, further tests should prove within five years its nature and what brings it about. If the results are positive, a lot of people will be surprised and there will be a revolution in the fertilizer business.

Some experts hope that, whether or not radioactivity stimulates plant growth, it can be used to produce hardy new varieties that will resist rusts and insect pests. It is known that plants and animals are changed in their inherited features by such radiations, but most of the changes so far produced have been for the worse. The hope is that, with sufficient practice, favorable changes will be brought about. That is what scientists have in mind when they suggest we may have different meats, vegetables, and flowers a decade hence.

At any rate, radio-isotopes used merely as tracers are adding daily to scientific knowledge of plants and animals. Through them, very tiny quantities of minerals are detected and can be followed not only through the plants but through the cows and chickens that eat them. We are learning what nourishes living things, and what causes some of their diseases.

Science has come close indeed, through the use of isotopic carbon, to understanding photosynthesis – the process by which green plants transform and store the energy of sunlight. Within two years, scientists expect, we may have that understanding. It may in time enable us to produce our food without the intermediate services of the plant – to manufacture it on an industrial basis from water and limestone.

As a tool, then, atomic energy is bound to promote efficiency in food production. Its direct effect on growth and new varieties is still being studied. In industry it's still chiefly a research tool, but is being applied to measuring and registering devices on machinery.

You may never use atomic energy directly in your home. That is, you won't toast bread with it, except in the sense that some day it may operate your electric plant. But it will appear in your kitchen in other ways; some of your household articles will literally be shaped by it.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, for instance, has developed a gauge for measuring the thickness of the transparent films used to wrap food packages and garden produce. The heart of the gauge is a carbon radio-isotope which is harmless and will last for thousands of years. Mechanical gauges heretofore used read with only dubious accuracy to a ten-thousandth of an inch. The new radioactive gauge is accurate to a hundred-thousandth, and physicists expect to perfect it to a millionth.

In other industries radio-isotopes are being used for a variety of delicate jobs. In papermaking, for example, they report when pulp mixtures are correct; when impurities have been eliminated from molten iron. They can trace the sources of water pollution and show the presence of poisonous gases in ventilating systems. They are better than X-ray for heavy structural analysis, as in detecting flaws in a thick steel beam.

■ Some recent uses have been on a large scale. Republic Steel Corporation, for instance, asked an engineering firm, Arthur D. Little, Inc., whether one type of coal would contaminate its steel with more sulphur than a second type. The engineers tagged twelve tons of coal in the Cleveland plant with sulphur radio-isotopes. They discovered that both types left sulphur and there was no advantage of one kind over the other.

An oil company, before closing off a well, can force cement, which has been marked with radio-isotopes, into oil-bearing strata. Some years later, if the well is reopened, an instrument lowered into the bore will signal just where the spot is. Radio-isotopes also help in studies of petroleum cracking and methods of producing synthetic fuels from gas and coal.

These scattered examples show a few of the applications industry has been making of radio-isotopes in less than two years. One AEC scientist, Lyle B. Borst of the Brookhaven, Long Island, laboratory, said not long ago that radical improvements in present industries and completely new industries will inevitably follow this research, even though it is impossible now to specify what these developments and industries will be.

For medical men atomic energy has made this the period of greatest change since the discovery of bacteria. Radio-isotopes are being used not only in research, but in treatment of disease. Radioactive iodine has been used to control thyroid cancer, as well as for thyroid overactivity; phosphorus for skin cancer, as well as for certain blood diseases; sodium to determine the extent of damage in trench foot and gangrene; and gold for leukemia and Hodgkin's disease. Experiments at Tulane University resulted in improved treatments to reduce the swelling in congestive heart failure. During the war the Navy worked out its blood-storing program with the aid of radioactive iron.

■ Science will have won its greatest victory in the war against cancer if experiments at California Institute of Technology and Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, New York, are borne out. It was found that radioactive iodine, by the use of antibodies, could be directed to a mouse's kidney as well as to its thyroid. With the new discoveries, Sloan-Kettering Institute hopes "that almost any desired amount of radiation can be led to any tissue or organ of the body of animals and eventually of man. This has not been done as yet," a statement added; "only preliminary but impressive studies on mouse kidney are at hand. If the extension to other organs is attempted, it will require an immense scientific effort. The possibility of failure for reasons unforeseen at present always exists. We view the possibility of progress through such a study as thoroughly worth the effort entailed."

Through greater knowledge of cancer, in which the AEC is sponsoring the widest research, and in many other fields of medicine, atomic energy cannot but improve the general health.

Cheaper heat and sources of power, presumably in the form of electricity, are ahead of us, but the official AEC view is that they may be anywhere from 5 to 15 years off. The commission expects to get some power from an experimental plant at Brookhaven about the end of next year, but power production there is incidental. We shall know a good deal more when the projected pile, or atomic furnace, is completed at the Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory near Schenectady. What the atomic engineers would like to do is develop a "breeder pile," that is, a furnace which as it operates will create more fuel than it burns.

Meantime the most important by-product of bomb manufacture remains the radio-isotope. The value of these tracers was known before Hiroshima, but they were scarce and costly. Each of the 96 elements has one or more radio-isotopes. The AEC has made more than 2,500 shipments of the 105 types it produces.

Radio-isotopes are tracers. They are atoms which have the same chemical reactions as their brothers but emit radiations that permit them to be traced. They are like fireflies, which at night are easy to pick out from among other insects.

One Oak Ridge scientist explains isotopes to an audience with a deck of cards, the aces of which he has tagged with the tracers. He shuffles the pack thoroughly, and divides it into small piles. Then he passes near each pile an instrument called a Geiger counter, which clicks audibly at any pile containing active cards. The lecturer can pick up the pile and, holding the cards with faces away from him, select the aces.

Two college scientists have attached radioactive labels to the legs of mother birds. By putting a Geiger counter on the nest, they get a scientific record of the time a mother bird spends there, and they're relieved of the tedious job of watching her. Britons and Americans have similarly tagged insects to record their movements back and forth and to see how far they journey underground.

In the same way the movement of tagged atoms through the human blood stream or through the stem and leaves of a plant can be recorded with a Geiger counter, or photographed on sensitive film.

The radio-isotope "bakery" at Oak Ridge is an unpretentious plant, far less impressive than the tremendous gaseous diffusion plant a few miles away, where U-235 is separated for the atomic bomb.

Great precautions are taken to avoid injury to workers. Among other precautions, employees wear badges of film that are developed daily to show when a worker is getting too many dangerous rays. In shipment, the same elaborate care is used. Containers covered with lead and weighing anywhere from a pound to a ton, keep the rays inside. One of the heaviest shipments, sent to the Bureau of Standards at Washington, showed 1,600 pounds on the scales, but contained radioactive cobalt the weight of a 50-cent piece.

In a second Oak Ridge plant the AEC makes a safer variety, the stable isotopes that don't radiate energy. Stable isotopes are turned out in limited amounts for scientific purposes to which the radioactive kind aren't suited because of their danger or short life. As they don't emit rays they can't be followed with Geiger counters, but must be weighed by delicate instruments. And since they don't wear out, they're returned to the AEC after use.

■ The Atomic Energy Commission's primary job, fixed by law and national necessity, remains bomb production, and any values to general science and business are incidental. Some business men complain that the law's restrictions on production of fissionable materials and the lack of patent protection have reduced private work on such things as atomic power close to zero. Just as great protection could be given, they say, if they were permitted to work out their own experiments at their own expense under government security control, rather than wait for the AEC to authorize specific tests and contract for them.

Unaffected by security, however, nearly 2,000 scientists are at work with radio-isotopes on perhaps a thousand studies, from the nutrition of tapeworms to problems of basic science. They have long passed the goal of the ancient alchemists, but are not interested in turning base elements to gold. They are intent on studying the nature of matter and its properties. Inevitably, within the next few years they will make great additions to the fund of human knowledge. ■■

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THREE BUMPS TO MECCA

Continued from Page 25

in the air as if I had been bombed. I must have looked pretty funny. Anyway, the air was rent with a high treble female laugh.

Beyond the outer wall of the yard, from this height, I could see what at first looked like a small fortune teller's tent at a street fair. As that derisive laugh poured out of it, it shook as if an earthquake were playing with it. It was then that I realized that the little tent wasn't on the ground. It was on the back of a camel standing outside the wall.

Two-Timer spoke softly. "Masoo," he said, "if such nice gentleman will consider even now to sell me the shoes?"

"I will not," I said. "Good-by."

"Au 'voir, masoo," he said.

Mohammed yanked hard on the single rein, and our towering top-heavy trio went out into the town street.

It was then that I saw the other caravan drawn up outside the wall. There were pack camels covered with bundles and boxes. One was stacked with what looked like piles of carved wooden panels. The panels looked as if they could be joined together to form a very big screen. There were four beautiful black Arabian horses. Near them stood three Arab riders in fezzes, boleros, and baggy red pants.

We traveled all day through the kind of heat that crinkles up everything you look at, but as the sun leaned toward the horizon, Achmed called out and Mohammed pointed with a sweep of his big sleeve. I looked, and there it was, the oasis.

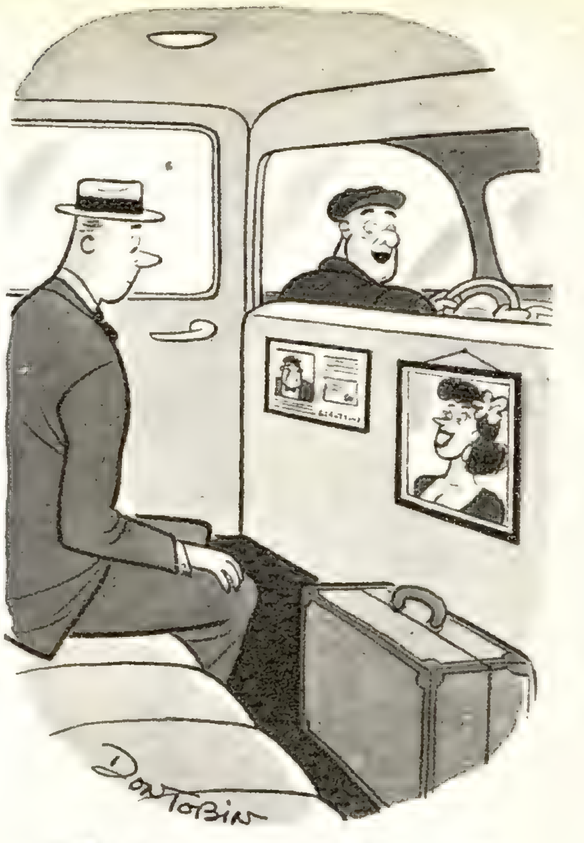
When we got to it, I slid off my camel and lay on my back on a straw mat under the shelter, swearing that nothing would ever make me sit up again. Before you could say Thanatopsis I was dead to the world.

Somebody was talking to me. It was a woman speaking and I opened my eyes, slow. Mohammed was snoring quietly down somewhere near my feet. At first I couldn't decide where the voice came from. It was on my right and seemed to come from the dark wall of the shelter close to me. Then I remembered. When I went to sleep the shelter didn't have any wall. Well, it had one now!

■ The other caravan had arrived and stopped for the night, and those narrow screen panels had been set up next to the shelter to make the walls of a tent. I looked up, and there was the striped-cloth tent top hanging over the screens and there was a woman inside it, though I couldn't see her. But she had waked me up talking to me. And now, for the first time, an idea hit me between the eyes. Hell, I thought, ten to one it's that Arab gal. I sat up and I saw something I hadn't seen before. Between me and Mohammed was another Arab, sleeping. Who was he? Somebody from the other caravan, I guessed.

I eased over and tried to peek through between the carvings of the screen. Then, just close to my right ear, I heard a little tapping. I looked, and there, not a foot away, were her slim little fingers poking through the lattice.

I reached up and, just as I touched them, they drew back as smooth and quiet as little snakes and were gone. I waited a minute and there was the tapping again, farther to my right. I had to edge along the mat to keep on with this childish game of grabbing for fingertips.



"That's my sister. She's looking for a husband."

LIBERTY

When we got to the corner of her square little tent, her fingers started leading me around it and along the latticed wall out into the bright moonlight. But just as I turned the corner, I glanced back and my eye caught whoever it was back there near Mohammed. I saw his silhouette make a spring and I sprang too.

When I landed on him he had my shoes in his hands. We grappled in a silent struggle on the ground.

As soon as I got my shoes away from him, he quit wrestling. I kicked him out of the shelter onto the moonlit sand. In the two seconds it took him to scuttle around behind the fingertip pagoda, I got a good look at him. It was Two-Timer.

I felt like knocking on the carved screen barricade and saying, "Here, Lady-with-the-Snap-back-Eyes, take these damned shoes and let me alone." I would have done it, too, except that this was the only pair of shoes I had with me and I didn't intend to arrive in Mjedel in my sock feet. I didn't intend to, but that just goes to show you how little you can plan on what's going to happen to you in Africa.

I dug my foot in Achmed's ribs and sent him for the camels. When our stuff was ready, we started off on our all-day hike that was to end in a night in the desert.

We stopped for lunch on the top of a high long ridge that stretched ahead in the direction of Mjedel. Just as we were setting out again, I looked over my right shoulder and saw something that I couldn't believe. Against the sky, moving in our general direction, was the smallest gray donkey you could imagine. Sitting sideways, facing us, was one of the strangest, raggedest, littlest old men I had ever seen. Everything about him was gray, his turban, his ragged clothes, his face, his scraggly beard. I watched, fascinated, as he closed in on us.

When the little man got near

enough, he hailed us, waving his hand and shouting in a voice much too big for him, "Akbar Mohammed, Mohammed Akbar."

I waved to him and yelled, "Akbar Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam ditto."

He paid no attention to my two Arabs but rode beside my camel. He was like a midget riding beside a giant. He'd yell something up at me in Arab and I'd listen to him seriously. Then I'd yell down at him different things, things like: "You're the ugliest little old son of a so-and-so that I ever dreamed about."

When I said something like that in English, he'd throw his little old wrinkled face up to the sky and laugh fit to bust. Then we'd start over again.

All of a sudden my caravan stopped. Mohammed turned his camel directly across my path and pointed off at right angles from the path we had been taking.

"Masoo," he said, "that way we go."

"Now listen, Mohammed," I argued. "You told me Mjedel was that way."

But Mohammed ignored me. He kicked his camel and started off to the right down the steep side of the ridge. Achmed kicked his heels into his camel and followed Mohammed.

What was I to do? I looked down at my little old friend. He looked up at me, grinned. He raised his hand to me, as I thought, to say good-by. I had to slide over to the side of my high perch and lean down to try to shake hands. When my right foot came down on a level with his head, he reached up, grabbed my foot, pulled my shoe off, kicked his donkey in the belly and went galloping away.

I kicked my camel hard, urging her to follow. Instead, she turned to where Mohammed and Achmed sat on their camels, waiting.

Mohammed waved his arm in a broad gesture, pointing exactly in the direction we had been taking along the top of the ridge. "Mjedel that way!" he said.

■ And so we went along until the sun kissed the horizon. Mohammed spread a big mat down for me, opened the water bottle and made coffee. I took off my only shoe and sat cross-legged on the mat. The moon came up behind us to lighten the sudden desert night. Mohammed sat down on the mat beside me, silent as an image.

Soon they came up over the hill, a close-knit group rising out of the valley. They came walking toward us with the moon in their faces.

Mohammed and I sat on our mat watching them.

The quartet stopped about ten yards away from us. There was the flash of moonlight on perfect teeth as Two-Timer smiled. "Masoo," he said.

"What do you want, Two-Timer?"

"Masoo," he put his head on one side—"Masoo, we two friends, yes?"

"That's up to you and your little playmates."

"Masoo, my friends and me, we very poor. We want you give present. We don't want take present."

I didn't answer him.

Now Two-Timer came a few steps nearer. He stopped and took from his sash a beautiful long curved knife with a blue blade. Without meaning to, I stood up. I was scared to death.

"Masoo," he said, "we are friends, is it not?"

I couldn't go through all that again.

"Listen, Two-Timer," I said. "What about last night? Do you think I didn't know it was you? All I've got to say to this friendship talk is, nuts to you, Mr. Two-Timer. Now go ahead and stick me with your little jackknife." I turned around and sat down on the mat with my back to them, scared and mad at the same time.

I lit a cigarette, expecting every minute to feel that cool moonlit blade between my floating ribs.

I turned my head. The cold white moonlight drenched the empty desert. The four men were gone.

When morning came Mohammed gathered our few utensils into a woolen shawl. It was then that I missed my remaining shoe.

"Masoo," Mohammed said, "those men from down there take shoe."

"For Allah's sake!" I said. "What next?"

"Next," said Mohammed, "we start Mjedel." And we did.

It was nearly sunset when we came into the town. As we came toward the mosque, the crowd got so thick that we had to stop. Then I saw the car coming toward us. It was that old brassbound Rolls town car belonging to the lady with the bumps.

Out of the car came the lady, done up from head to toe in white, her face veiled. She was followed by what at first I took to be a small boy. He was dressed in a turban of snowy white and rich-looking robes of soft striped silk. He turned his head and I saw his face. But what an exchange! His gray tattered rags for royal raiment, his flea-bitten donkey for this elegant car. He climbed up the steps of the mosque and I saw his feet.

There they were, my celebrated shoes, tied to his spindly ankles.

On the top step they both stopped. She looked back, and right there on the holy steps, for the third time, I saw her make those eyes do their stuff as I had seen them do it twice before. Eyes left, eyes right, and then —kerplump!—a bump if ever I saw one. She kicked off her little jeweled slippers and disappeared into the mosque.

The little old boy stood on the top step of his church while one of the servants knelt and took my big shoes off his little feet. He grinned at me; then he went in to prayer.

Mohammed got a house for me. Just as I was ready to turn in, there was a great knock on the door. Mohammed opened it, and there, smiling, stood my old friend Two-Timer.

"Bonjoo, masoo," he said and stepped in. "Masoo," he spoke in a lofty way, "I come to see you tonight because tomorrow at rise of sun I am gone with my master and his family. We go from Mjedel on a pilgrimage."

I knew if I didn't find out then and there, I'd never find out. I insisted that he explain the Arab reason for this trans-desert game of cops and robbers, and I got an explanation in which even my inexperienced ear could detect the ring of truth and, from their standpoint, of reason.

■ The little sheik had had the misfortune to be born in the unattractive town of Mjedel. He had made a very large fortune in some way displeasing to the Prophet, and so his soul could not go to that passionate paradise to which the faithful look forward. Then I had descended upon Africa with my unheard-of shoes and his course was clear.

I bullied Two-Timer until I got out of him what my shoes had to do with the little old boy's sins.

It seems that in the writings of one of Mohammed's most respected disciples there is, in a sort of psalm, the following, which I hope will explain everything to you as it did to me.

It goes like this: "I will start from the place of my birth, even from the town of my nativity. I will start in the dawn of the day. Though others may ride, I will not ride. I will walk on my two feet. I will walk from the place of my beginning. I will walk upon cushioned feet. To the glory of the Prophet will I walk even to the holy city of Mecca. Even to holy Mecca will I walk in shoes such as not before have ever been seen of man. And in these shoes will I come to Mecca with rags on my back and a prayer in my mouth. And for this will my sins be forgiven me. Forgiven me by the Prophet. Akbar Mohammed, Mohammed Akbar!" ■ ■

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THE WAY I KILLED HIM

Continued from Page 29

it, and so did McComb—and this morning I went shopping, trying to match its size with a real bullet."

The tightness of my nerves began to relax.

"Ginny," I said, "the kind of relief I feel right now calls for a drink."

When I came back with a couple of highballs, she took a swallow or two, then said:

"The last man I drank with, George, was Lieutenant McComb. Yesterday evening."

"So? You work fast."

"No, he does. He came up to question me after he left Howard and Lynn. I was making myself some spaghetti and meat balls, and it smelled good. So he stayed for dinner."

"By this time," I said, "he ought to have some ideas. Who does *he* think put that bullet in the gun?"

"You, George."

The thing hit me like a punch. *"Me?"*

"He knows you're in love with Lynn. And he believes Howard would contest any divorce proceedings she might start. So he has an idea you might have wanted to kill Howard in order to free Lynn for yourself."

"But I thought I'd made him *see* that I wouldn't have had to shoot Charlie!"

"Not unless you had another motive which would have applied to Charlie. You might have hated Charlie Dixon for the same reason you hated Howard. Charlie, too, had a case on Lynn. Or didn't you know?"

Losing interest in my drink, I put the glass aside. My voice sounded harsh. "No, I didn't know. Mark Seller hinted at it today, but I didn't know."

Virginia took another sip. "McComb told me about the report Howard got from his private detective. You wouldn't have liked it, George. There—there was one day when Lynn didn't visit *you*. She went to—Charlie's place."

I had a sick feeling. I didn't want to hear any more.

Virginia asked quietly, "Who do *you* think did it, George?"

"I don't know."

"No ideas?"

"Plenty of ideas," I said. "But they all concern people I happen to like, and I feel like a heel when I even think—"

Somebody rang the doorbell.

As I crossed the room, Virginia murmured something about it probably being Lieutenant McComb. "He wants a heart-to-heart session with you, George."

But it wasn't Lieutenant McComb. It was Howard Reed.

■ He stood outside the open door, unmoving, with his hat in his hand. For a time we just looked at each other. He was haggard and tired and worn.

"Well," I said at last, "if you're going to start swinging again, get it over with."

"No," Howard said. "I just want to talk."

I stepped back from the door, and he came in, walking slowly, deliberately. He nodded to Virginia. She was gathering up her purse and gloves, saying something about leaving; but Howard waved to her in a weary way, as though it didn't matter whether she went or stayed.

"Small world, eh?"

LIBERTY

"Don't bother going on account of me," he said. "I don't seem to have any secrets from anyone any more."

"Sit down," I said to him and shut the door.

As he tossed his hat away and sat, he fixed his eyes on Virginia's highball. They were thirsty eyes. He said, "You couldn't spare another one of those, could you, George?"

"Sure," I said.

"Straight, please."

I went into the kitchenette and poured half a tumblerful. That ought to hold him, I thought. And all the time I wondered what he wanted here. When I gave him the glass, he swallowed a big gulp of the drink, licked his lips. He peered at me in a searching way.

"George, I've got to talk straight," he said. "I've got to *have* it straight. Never mind anybody's feelings."

"Go ahead."

"Are you going to marry Lynn?"

He might as well have driven a fist into my stomach. It stopped my breath. I looked hard into his face, and it was a pathetic face; hurt, miserable, scared.

"Because if you are," he said, "all right. I'll let it go. If that's the way Lynn really wants it, let her have it. But if you two are just kidding each other, just having a good time the way she's had good times with the others—" He stopped, waiting, with agony in his eyes.

"Then what?" I asked.

Howard stared down at his glass. After a moment he swallowed what was left in it, and his shoulders went limp. "I don't know. I guess I'd try to make her come back."

I looked at Virginia. All of a sudden I felt sorry for Howard Reed. I pitied him with all my heart, though the pity was partly contempt. It seemed to me I was beginning to understand Howard. I could even see why he drank so hard.

"Well, if you want it straight," I said, "the answer is no."

He half rose. His eyes widened and there was a light in them. I could see what he needed, so I went into the kitchenette, got the bottle, and put it on the table beside him. He poured with a shaky hand.

"Would—would you *tell* her that, George?"

"If it'll help."

I could feel Virginia staring at me in a strange way.

"Give me a few minutes to shave and shower," I said to Howard, "and we'll go over to the Pierre together."

Then I went into the bedroom.

While I stripped down to my shorts I did some bitter thinking. Had Howard asked me a week ago if I intended to marry Lynn, my answer would no doubt have been a noble yes; I'd probably have hammed the scene with a Galahad pose. A week ago I'd been quite idealistic about the whole affair. But now the blood of Charlie Dixon stained things between Lynn and me, and what I'd learned about her today soured a lot of my feelings. I was faintly disgusted with myself.

I laughed a bit grimly as I lathered my face. I kept looking at my reflection – until a strange notion struck me. It hit so hard that I stood still, staring, forgetting to shave.

■ After that I took a long time with the shower and dressing—the better part of a half hour. When I came into the living room, the bottle of whisky was almost empty.

"I tried to make him go easy, George," Virginia said with a shrug, "but he wouldn't listen."

Howard sat hunched forward, staring dully at the wall.

"You're a sight," I said to him. "If you think I'm going to drag a staggering drunk through the lobby of the Pierre, you're crazy. Suppose I ask her to come here?"

Howard nodded.

My call found Lynn mildly exasperated. "For heaven's sake, George," she said, "where are you?"

"Home," I told her. "Howard's here. Can you get over? We may as well get this thing settled."

She hesitated. "Is he very drunk?"

"Yes."

"I rather imagined so. . . . Well, all right. Give me about twenty minutes." And then she added, more sharply, "By the way, Mark Seller and Larry Vaughn are on the way to your place. Get rid of them, will you?"

That surprised me. "What do *they* want?"

"I called Mark to tell him I couldn't go on with the show. The way things stood, either Howard or I would have to drop out. So he and Larry rushed over here to plead with me, to talk me into staying. They didn't get very far. I think they're going to ask *you* to persuade me. Get them out before I come, will you, George?"

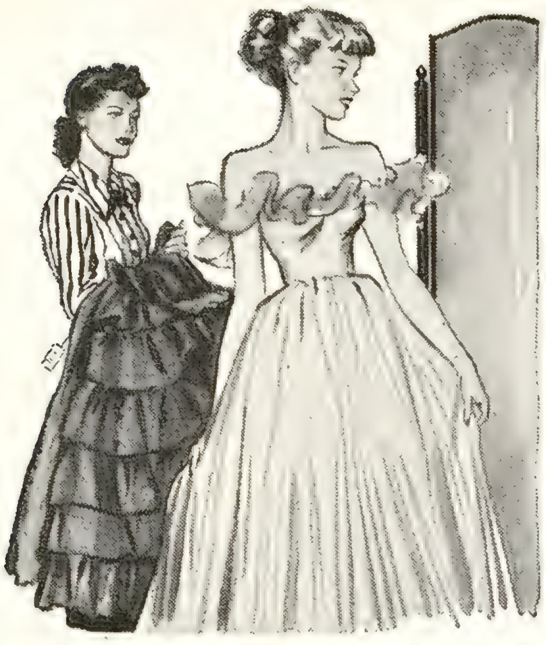
"I'll try."

The odd thing was that I'd hardly put the telephone down when Mark and Larry Vaughn rang at the door. Virginia let them in.

"Look, Georgie—" Mark Seller caught the lapel of my jacket. He talked in a pleading way. "You got to help me drive some sense into Lynn. She's got a run-of-the-play contract, hasn't she? Now, just because she has a falling-out with Howie here, why should we all have to throw away a fortune? Why should Larry lose maybe another year of royalties? Why should a good play be closed—"

(Continued on page 68)

Are you in the know?



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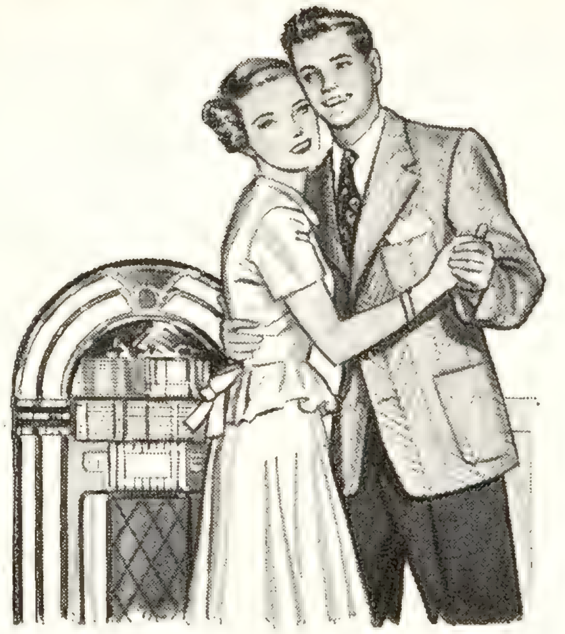

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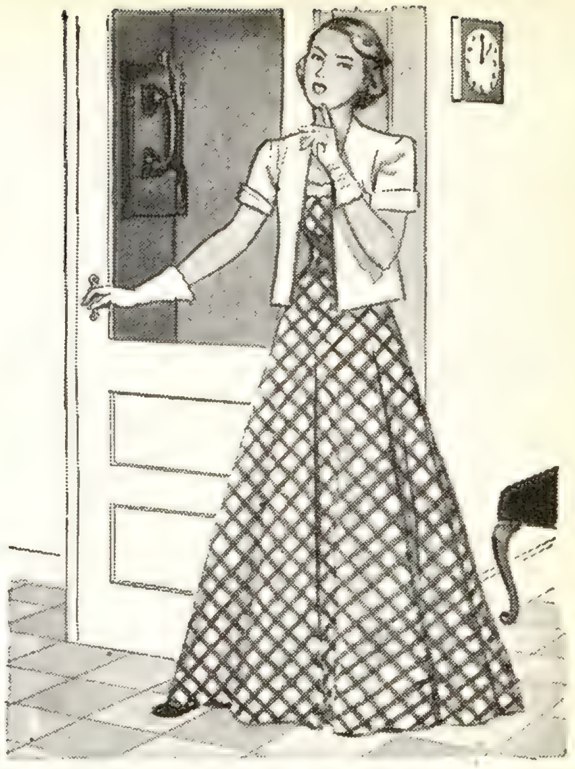
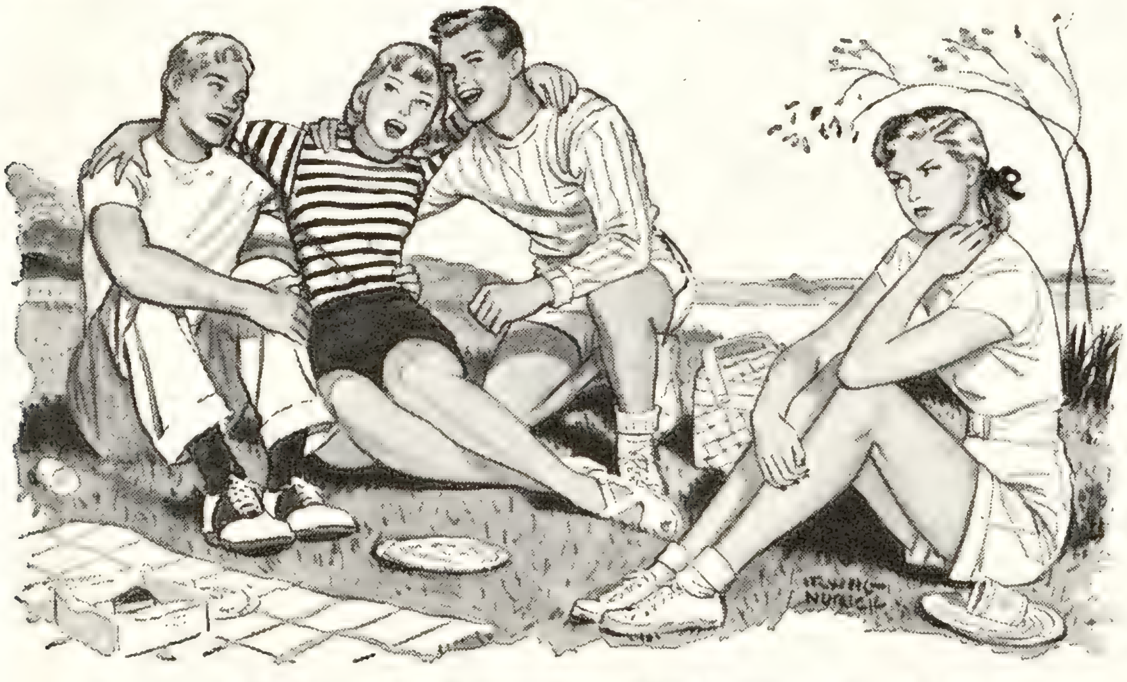


If delayed beyond your deadline—

☐ *Bunk at Katie's house*
☐ *Call the family*
☐ *Head home without 'phoning*

H'm . . . later than you thought! Do you cringe before a 'phone booth? Dread waking Dad? Better call the family. (They're probably waiting up for you, anyway.) Telling where you are and when you'll be home will spare them worry; soften their wrath. And think of the worry you can save *yourself,* at certain times, with Kotex. For who could guess . . . with those flat pressed ends to guard you from tell-tale outlines?



When it's a foursome, what's your policy?

☐ *Fair play* ☐ *All's fair in love* ☐ *Leave the field to Sue*

Ever see green on a double date? Even if he's snareable . . . even if the pressure's terrific . . . don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others. Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel-softness of *new* Kotex. The kind of softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! Did you know? Or have you already discovered this new, softer napkin? (*Poise,* also, comes in the package labelled Kotex!)

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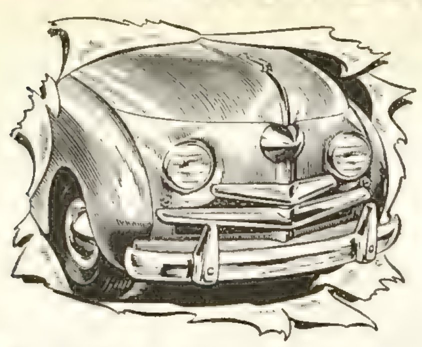

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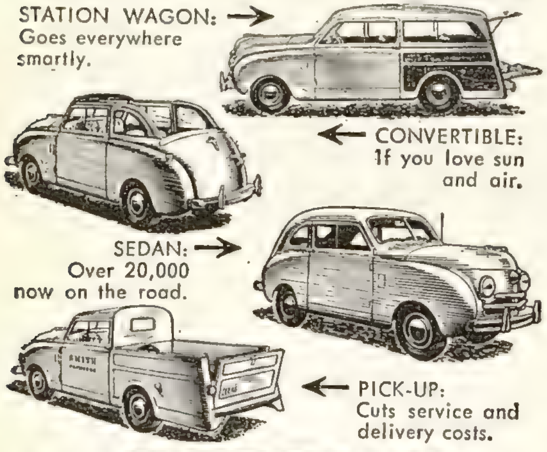
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(Continued from page 66)

"Save it, Mark," I said. "Lynn's on the way. We'll talk when she comes." I turned to Howard, got a grip under his arm, and lifted his sagging bulk out of the chair. "You're going to lie down till she gets here," I said. "See if you can sober up a little."

He almost fell. If Virginia hadn't caught his other arm, he might have gone down. As it was, he hung limp between us. Before we could get him as far as the bedroom, the doorbell rang once more.

Virginia and I waited while Larry Vaughn opened the door.

■ Four men were out there. The one who came in first was McComb.

He gave us nods, sent a cynical glance over Howard Reed, then turned to the men who followed him.

Two of them I remembered seeing Saturday night at the theater; they were detectives. The other was a bald, scrawny little fellow, so nervous he twisted his hat in his hands.

"Mr. Slake," McComb said by way of explanation.

Mr. Slake peered hard at Howard, at me, at Larry, at Mark. By the manner in which he thrust his head forward I judged he must be myopic. He seemed to be studying each of us with penetrating intensity, seeking something.

Virginia said, "This pantomime is fascinating, but Howard's weight is getting me down."

"Just a minute," I said to McComb.

Virginia and I got Howard into the bedroom, where he collapsed across the bed. I followed Virginia back into the living room and shut the door.

"It's about those bullets," McComb was saying to Mark Seller. "We just didn't think the murderer would be fool enough to walk into any New York store and ask for a box of .22s, just like that. Too much danger of the salesclerk remembering his face afterward. Why should he take an unnecessary risk like that when he could get the bullets by mail order? Anyhow, it was an angle worth investigating.

"When you get down to mail-order houses that sell bullets," McComb went on, "you've at least got a limited field to work in, even if you include the manufacturers of ammunition. We figured the murderer would hardly have written to some house in the West or even in the Middle West. That way he'd make them wonder why he sent so far for his bullets. So, concentrating on houses in the East, we got our teletypes working late Saturday night. By noon today we had some reports. You'd be surprised to know how few boxes of .22s have been mailed to private individuals in the metropolitan area within the past week."

Larry asked, "How many?"

"Four. We checked on them all. Three of them went to legitimate addresses. *But the fourth went to a post-office box.*"

McComb paused.

"That box," he said, "was rented last Tuesday at the main branch of the post office by a Paul A. Wassler. He gave an address on East Thirty-ninth Street. Now it turns out that Wassler is a phony. No such person known at that address."

Again he stopped. He got nothing but stares.

"So it's quite likely," McComb went on, "that the man we want, using the name of Wassler, got his bullets through a post-office box. In all probability he took the one cartridge he needed and threw the rest, with their carton, down some sewer. He probably threw the key of the post-office box away, too."

I said, "The clerk at the post office who rented the box to Wassler—would he remember the face?"

McComb motioned to Slake.

"Here he is," he said, with a trace of weariness. "Slake says he doesn't remember a damn thing."

"I see a thousand people a day at my window," the clerk protested. "How do I know they're murderers? Most times I don't even get a chance to look at their faces. All I'm interested in is what they want."

"Just the same," McComb said, "I made him examine the picture of every member of the Witchcraft cast. Nothing clicked. So we're taking him around for a personal look at everybody who was on the stage Saturday night—stage hands, electricians, Willard Gorbey, Pete Snyder—everybody. Maybe in *seeing* a face Mr. Slake will remember."

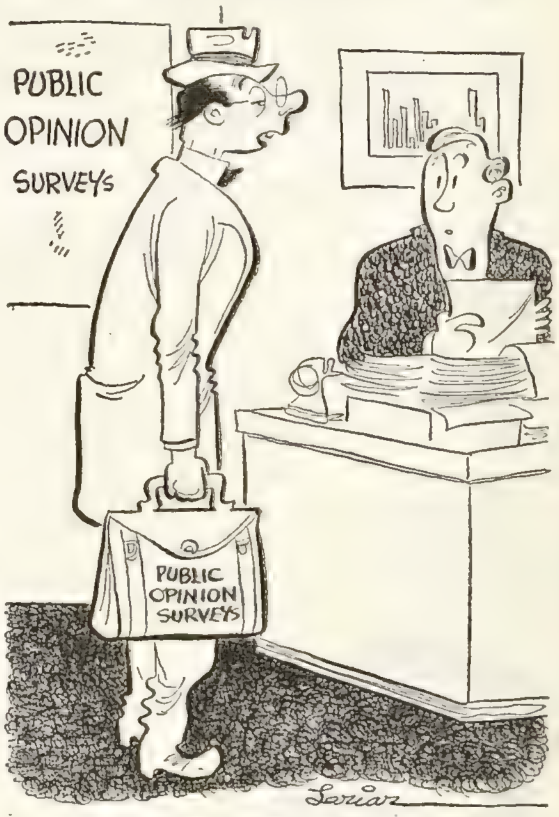
But Slake, shaking his bald head in a hopeless way, said miserably, "I'm terrible on faces."

I thought again of the strange possibility that had struck me when I started shaving; an idea that had kept my nerves coiled tight ever since. Now it became exciting. It was this Mr. Slake who made it exciting. If we could combine my hunch with this matter of the post-office box . . .

"Look, lieutenant," I said. "I've got an idea about this murder.

■ "Maybe we've been going at this whole thing from the wrong angle," I told McComb. "From the start we've taken it for granted that the bullet was meant for Howard Reed. So we've been looking for somebody who had a reason to murder Howard Reed. Why don't we just accept Charlie Dixon's death at its face value and hunt for somebody who had a reason to murder *Charlie?*"

McComb frowned.



"**. . . and the remaining 89 per cent had no opinion—except that I was a jackass!**"
LIBERTY

"There's no use holding things back now," I said. "Let's be frank. You already know I was supposed to be in love with Lynn Reed. That's why Howard took a swing at me the other night. And you know—as I found out today—that Charlie Dixon, too, was in love with her; that she'd even visited him at his place. That being the case, didn't Howard have just as much reason to hate Charlie as he had to hate me? As far as he could see, we were *both* trying to steal his wife."

Mark Seller bent forward in his chair. "Georgie, are you trying to say *Howie* put that bullet in the gun?"

"That's right."

"Georgie, you're crazy."

■ Virginia, however, seemed to catch the full significance of the idea. She held her breath and her eyes flashed. It was as if she were seeing a revelation of her own.

"Crazy nothing!" she whispered. "I—think George has it! Get a man like Howard drunk enough, jealous enough—why *wouldn't* he go berserk and want to kill? And if George were held for the murder, Howard would be disposing of both men he hated at the same time!

"Howard certainly had plenty of *opportunity* to put that bullet into the gun. Suppose he crossed the stage some time after the matinee performance, stopped at the desk on his way out of the theater. Who'd have bothered to notice him? He crosses that stage for one reason or another every day, I'll bet.

"And after that, all he'd have had to do was arrange to have Charlie Dixon go on in his place Saturday evening!"

"There's the hitch, Miss Rocklin," McComb said. "Up to this point I'd say you've got something. But as I understand it, what kept Howard Reed off the stage at the very last minute was the cut he got when the picture fell on him. How could he have *arranged* to have that picture slash his face?"

That seemed to stymie Virginia. In a helpless way she looked at me.

"I think Howard was counting on something else to keep him off the stage," I explained. "The kind of accident he could arrange. In fact, we saw it happen, Virginia and I. He came into my dressing room just before curtain time, took a wild swing at me, missed by a mile, and fell against the wall. That was action he *could* plan in advance. And if he could pretend to hurt himself—say by a bump on the head—that would be reason enough to keep him off the stage. He could practically knock himself out, or make it seem that way. And he *did* bump his head. It wasn't much of a bump. I remember how surprised I was to see the fuss he made over it. *That,* I think, was the pretext he intended to use to let Charlie go on in his place. The cut in his cheek was an unexpected thing—an accident. But he was smart enough to take advantage of it."

McComb looked at me in a thoughtful way.

"Of course," he said, "we have no proof."

"No," I admitted, "but we have Mr. Slake."

"Mr. Slake? He didn't recognize Howard Reed."

"But Howard doesn't know that.

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I WAS TOO EXCITED
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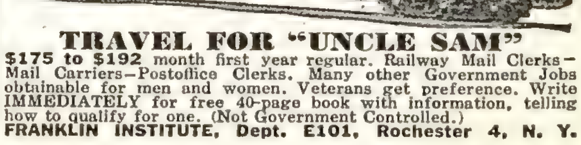

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I'm wondering what his reaction would be if he were to be waked up in there with Mr. Slake pointing at him and saying, 'That's the man who rented the box! That's Wassler!' "

McComb said slowly, "I see what you mean."

■ Maybe we shouldn't have done it—I don't know. Maybe it was cruel and inhuman. But, as McComb pointed out, so is murder.

We followed Lieutenant McComb into the bedroom. Howard lay on his back now, snoring a little.

McComb sat down on the edge of the bed like a doctor. He had to do quite a bit of shaking before Howard awoke.

"Come on, Reed," McComb said. "This man from the post office has recognized you as Paul Wassler."

At the beginning it didn't seem to register. But after a second or two, when it did hit home, it was as if Reed had awakened to find a gun pressed against his forehead.

"*What's* that?" he said.

"Mr. Slake here has identified you as Paul Wassler, who rented a box from him last Tuesday. Mr. Slake works at the post office."

Howard tried to sit up; he got as far as propping himself on an elbow.

McComb said, "Look at him, Reed. Don't *you* recognize Mr. Slake?"

That, I thought, was a masterpiece. It was perfect. For it was clear Howard did remember Mr. Slake. You could see the terror rise in him.

"What of it?" His voice shook badly. "What's that got to do with—I mean, what *is* all this?"

"Why, look," McComb said. "We know that a carton of .22s was shipped to Paul Wassler's box by Cullin, Ware & Company. So we know you had the bullets, Reed. We've got to take you along."

Howard had to swallow before he could say, "You're—*arresting* me?"

"Certainly. We've got everything we need, Reed. Motive—jealousy and hatred. Method—trying to knock yourself out just before the show when you bumped your head. Add that to the fact that you bought bullets under the name of Paul Wassler—"

The doorbell rang.

I said on impulse, "That's Lynn."

Nobody started for the door. Nobody stirred.

And then a queer thing happened. Howard Reed rose. Very slowly, swaying, he started across the room. Nobody interfered while he opened the door for his wife.

We couldn't see his face. Whatever its expression was, it made Lynn fall back a step. And then Howard whispered to her.

"*You* got me into this," he said. "Maybe it was *you* I should have killed. You, instead of Charlie. And maybe I ought to choke the life out of you *now*." His voice broke. He leaned on the door. When he talked again, after a moment, it was in a tone of bitter defeat. "But damn you, I—I'll probably be wanting you with all my heart when they strap me in the chair. Yes, even then. You—and a drink."

I felt a tense hand slip into mine, squeeze hard. Glancing around, I found Virginia beside me, strained. She was looking at the door. I squeezed her hand, too. Then we looked together as Lieutenant McComb went forward. ■■

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MINDING THE WORLD'S BUSINESS

Continued from Page 32

importer in New Orleans when the two were touring the water front on a yacht for visiting guests. "That single contact," he said, "brought me the best export business my firm has had in thirty years."

Why couldn't other native and foreign business men be brought together under similar circumstances? Jewell wondered. Back in New Orleans, he related the incident to a group of prominent business men, including R. S. Hecht, chairman of the board of the Hibernia National Bank. Hecht was immediately fired with Jewell's enthusiasm.

The idea of International House evolved. Hecht and his associates raised $500,000 and bought an office building to house the embryonic organization. Later, Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Nelson A. Rockefeller, co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, became interested. Rockefeller has called the organization "Exhibit A in America's Good Neighbor Policy."

■ The new organization proved invaluable to harassed business men. When an early visitor from Central America wanted to find a manufacturer of lime kilns, the I. H. staff produced seven for him to choose from. A Colombia city government needed $269,500 worth of new motor coaches. International House introduced the Southern Coach Manufacturing Co. of Evergreen, Ala., and a deal resulted. Typical of the organization's work was The Case of the Peruvian Burros. For years Peruvian peons transporting kerosene to the interior had complained that instead of unmanageable ten-gallon cans, five-gallon cans were needed to balance loads. Nothing had been done, but a word from I. H. to manufacturers, and five-gallon cans began to stream to Peru, making both burros and peons happy. Trivial, yes, but on the solution of dozens of just such incidents International House has made new friends abroad for the United States.

Meanwhile I. H. proved that, because of the many railroads and the 15,000 miles of barge lines that lace the Mississippi Valley, it cost $8 a ton less to ship from Indianapolis through New Orleans to Europe; $10 a ton less from Chicago; $19 less from Kansas City. To his amazement an auto dealer in the Dominican Republic learned that he could save $94 a car by shipping through New Orleans instead of New York. Similar figures were dinned into other importers and exporters, which is one reason shipments through New Orleans last year jumped 58 per cent above 1946.

"We're not trying to take legitimate trade away from other ports," International House says. "But it's just common sense to help lower the prices of both imported and exported goods, and thus slow a world inflationary spiral."

New activities at International House have multiplied. Spanish and Portuguese classes were started—and 1,200 New Orleans citizens, including Mayor de Lesseps (Chep) Morrison, have learned these Latin-American languages through I. H. An export-import school to instruct veterans in the intricacies of international trade began—with dozens of jobs for ex-G.I.s as a result. Even more important was the establishment of Trade Winds, I. H. newspaper, which goes to members throughout the world. Its Trading Post column in each issue offers scores of exports and imports to business men.

International House's greatest benefit will probably be the cementing of actual new trade relationships between the United States and foreign countries. Many such cases are epics of true helpfulness both to individuals and other nations as well. For instance, a former Georgia business man named Edwin Thomas, now living in Costa Rica, wrote that he had contracted for about $500,000 worth

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of Central American hard cedar and mahogany, but had no prospective buyers. Within a few days I. H. had arranged contracts for the whole shipment with Grand Rapids and Southern furniture companies — and Costa Rica's economy, not to mention Thomas's, is that much healthier.

The Stonewall Cotton Mills of Mississippi for years has been one of the largest textile manufacturers in the South. Its officials knew little of export trade—until I. H. interested them.

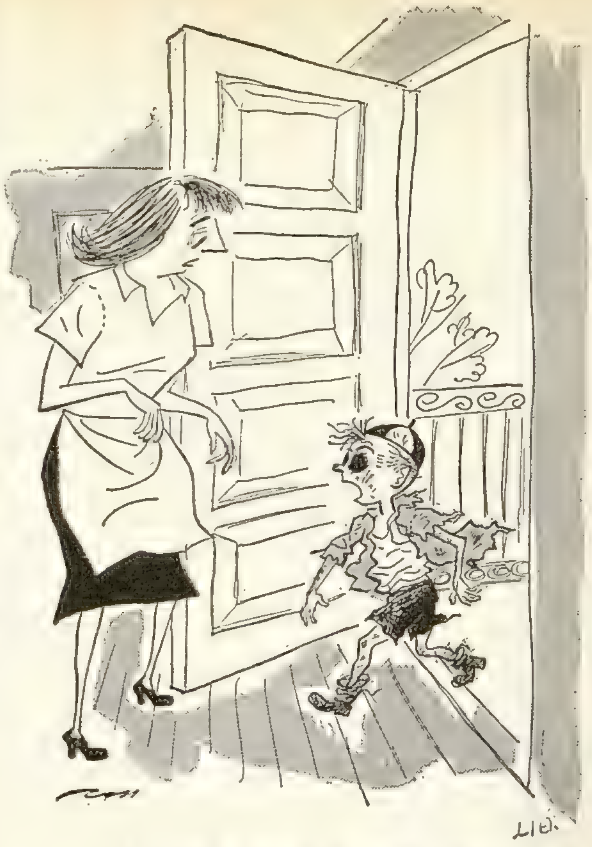
First, air-mail letters went out to U. S. commercial attachés throughout the world, asking for lists of local importers who might be interested in handling cotton goods. Chambers of commerce in large foreign cities were similarly contacted, even rural cooperatives which were known to handle cloth. Within a few weeks I. H. was able to turn over nearly 100 leads and orders to Stonewall, with the company itself following through thereafter. The result? Stonewall is now exporting $150,000 worth of cotton goods yearly.

■ Last spring a director of Societe de Sucrecris, Brazil's largest sugar company, was escorted by I. H. officials to Louisiana sugar plantations to watch mechanical harvesters in action. Previously all Brazilian sugar cane had been cut laboriously by machete. Impressed, the Brazilian bought a demonstrator, expects to order 40 mechanical harvesters from the Thornton Harvester Co. of Jeanerette, La.—and, due to I. H. efforts, a new mechanized Brazilian farm industry may develop. Similarly International House recently arranged the sale of food dehydrators to Venezuela to build a new dehydrated-food industry. A like sale of dehydrators to one of the largest fish canneries in Norway, which will dehydrate fish scraps on board ship into cattle feed—always a scarce item in Scandinavia—will create a new business in that remote land.

The contrast between I. H. methods of doing business and those of Washington's cumbersome bureaucracy is important and revealing. First the State Department obtains lists of foreign importers and exporters, plus their goods for sale, from embassy commercial attachés and consular officials. The State Department then "processes" the lists and turns them over to the Department of Commerce. The Department of Commerce again "processes" the lists and makes them available to its publishing division, which reprocesses them for publication by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Finally the frantic importer or exporter, looking for a quick deal, has to write the Office of Trade Information of the Department of Commerce for the lists—only too often to find they are hopelessly out of date.

"We short-circuit all that lengthy procedure by air mail, cable, or long-distance phone," International House officials told me. "If a man has ten thousand steel drums to sell by tomorrow, he simply can't wait."

The International House idea is spreading to other cities. Already Miami, Houston, and San Francisco are planning such establishments, to cost from 5 to 15 million dollars. And Winthrop Aldrich, financier, heads a commission to plan a similar organization in New York. In the next decade, I. H. officials believe, almost all large American ports will have International Houses in one form or another.



"I gotta fight again tomorrow! It was a draw!"

LIBERTY

Foreign business men say the best feature of New Orleans' International House is the fact that its officials, although supported by private capital in the form of dues, have both the objective attitude of a quasi-public agency and the alertness and trigger-quick action of business men plus courtesy, always associated with the South. "When I come up from Chile to use one of their offices," a South American manufacturer recently said, "it's a social and business event rolled into one."

No organization could ask a finer compliment. ■■

FOOD

Continued from Page 52

or flank steak filled with seasoned mashed potatoes will give you a few more ideas for a roast that children like.

But my favorite is a roast of veal breast, or shoulder or leg, if you will, removing the bones to stuff. I cook it like a pot roast. This is delicious: like turkey, my family tells me. And how hungry it makes you to whiff that delicious blend of roasting meat, spice, and lemon peel! It's also wonderful cold, sliced for sandwiches. You'll want to hold back a few slices for the children's lunch next day.

How I used to love to take my lunch! And how proud I was of the way my mother made sandwiches! She would take the trouble to blend peanut butter with milk or cream (about ¼ cup milk and ¾ cup of peanut butter) until it was smooth as mayonnaise. She'd blend this with grated apple (about ¼ cup sprinkled with 1 tablespoon lemon juice so it wouldn't discolor). And that was good! Other days peanut butter was mixed with bananas, or chopped pitted dates and salad dressing. My most favorite sandwich, though, was made of ham ground with nuts, raisins, and pickles and spread with homemade boiled salad dressing. Even bologna was something special when ground with chopped celery and dressing, or hard-cooked egg and chopped sweet pickle. As I remember it, homemade cottage cheese mixed with chopped peanuts and a little onion juice—just a scraping—and salad dressing was something to make arithmetic problems seem easier.

I know this all takes planning and time, but you can cut corners, such as laying the bread slices out in pairs, then spreading the softened margarine or butter with one swoosh of a spatula, and spreading the filling on alternate rows with one operation; stacking two or three sandwiches at once and cutting with a sharp knife; tearing off enough waxed paper of suitable size for wrapping each one individually.

Don't forget to include vegetables—carrot sticks and tomato quarters; milk in thermos. In this way you send a meal to school, not just a lunch.

The effects of good nutrition enjoyed in childhood have a way of carrying over into adulthood. So does that secure feeling a child has knowing his mother puts forth extra effort to make him happy, which is why you remember the cookies your mother used to bake for you. I got out my mother's favorite recipe the other day for Toasted Oatmeal Cookies, just to be sure they were as good as I remembered them. They are.

My Favorite Veal Roast

Select a 3- to 5-pound veal roast (breast, shoulder, or leg). Have bones removed and a pocket cut for stuffing. Season well with salt and pepper, dredge with flour. Brown well in 4 tablespoons hot drippings, to which has been added a clove of garlic. Remove garlic when roast is brown. Lift out meat and make stuffing as follows:

Sauté in the drippings:
- 4 tablespoons minced onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley

Add
- 1 cup chopped dried apricots (or other dried fruit), softened by cooking for 5 minutes
- 4 cups soft bread cubes
- ¼ cup milk or stock

Season with
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- Grated rind of ½ lemon

Toss stuffing and fill pocket lightly. Skewer pocket closed. Place meat on rack in covered roasting pan with ½ cup water in bottom. Cook at 325 degrees, or in Dutch oven on top of stove, allowing about 40 minutes per pound of meat.

My Mother's Wonderful Oatmeal Cookies

Sprinkle
- 1½ cups oatmeal (regular) in a large shallow pan and brown lightly under broiler.

Place in bowl when toasted.

Add
- ⅓ cup sour milk and let stand 5 minutes

Meanwhile cream
- ¾ cup shortening with
- 2 cups brown sugar

Add
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat thoroughly, and add
- 2½ cups sifted cake flour mixed with
- 1 teaspoon each of
  - Baking powder
  - Cloves
  - Cinnamon
  - Nutmeg
  - Soda
  - Salt

Blend thoroughly and then add
- Oatmeal mixture
- 1 cup seedless finely cut dates (or raisins)
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet.

Bake in 375-degree oven for 15 minutes. Makes six dozen cookies.

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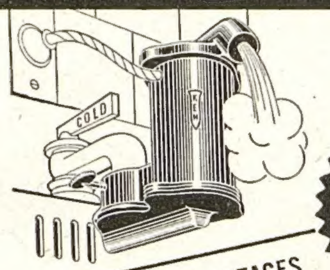

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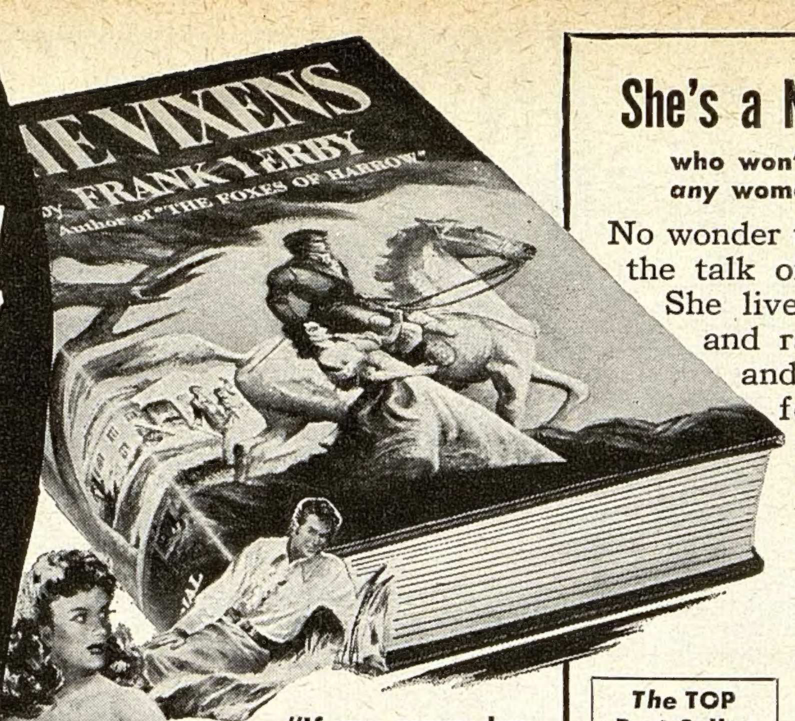
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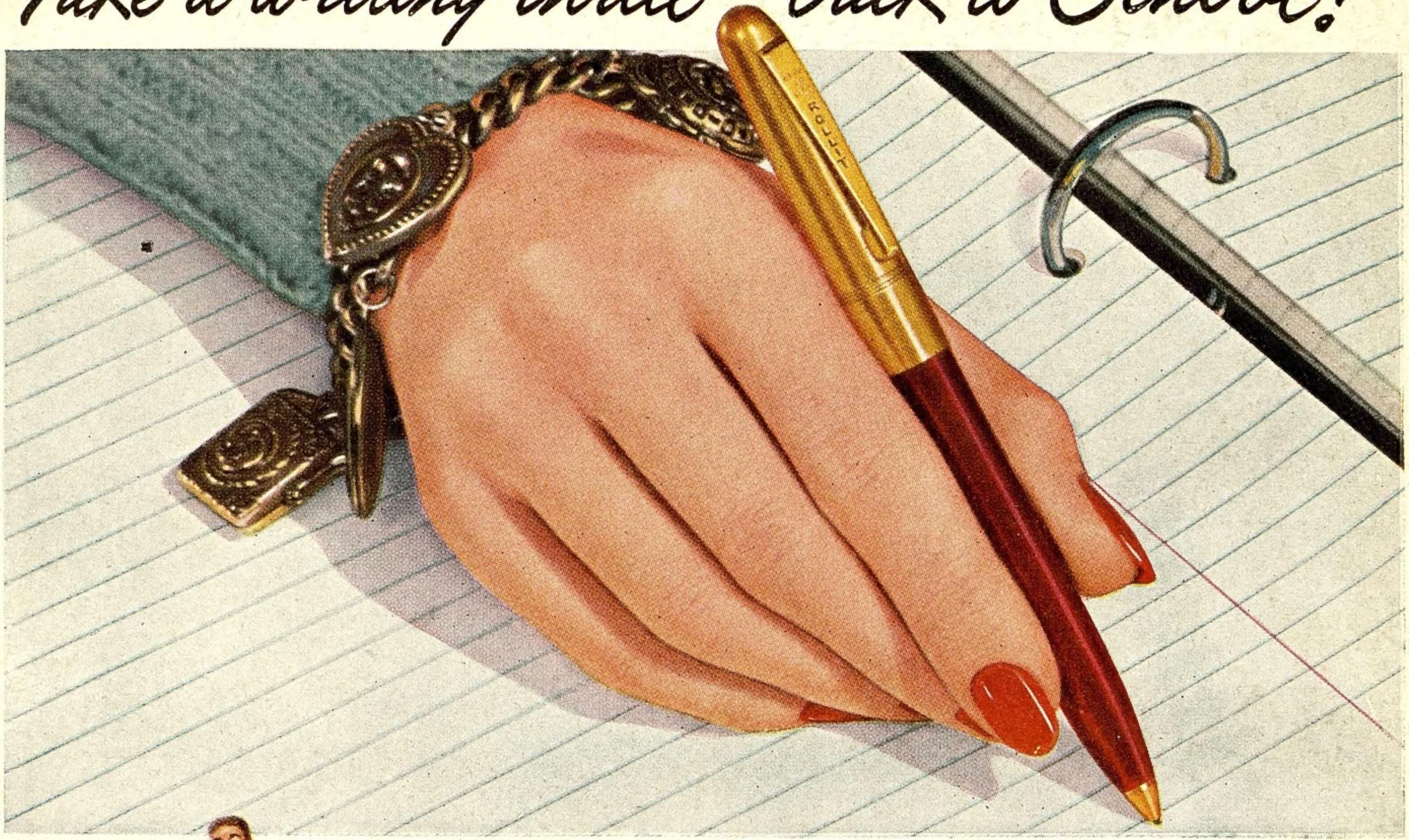

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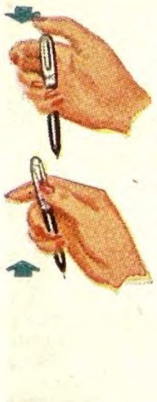

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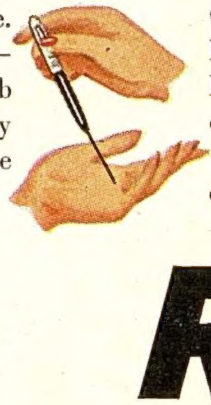

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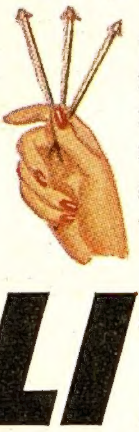

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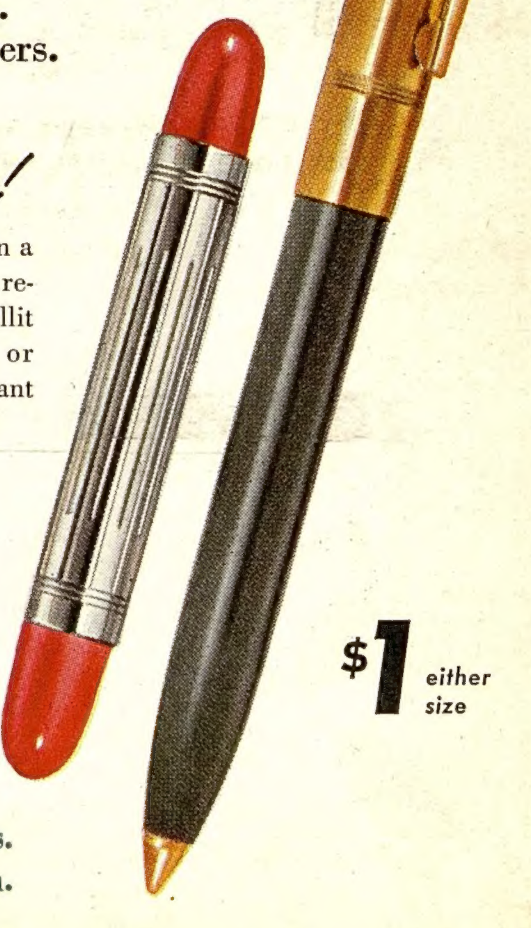

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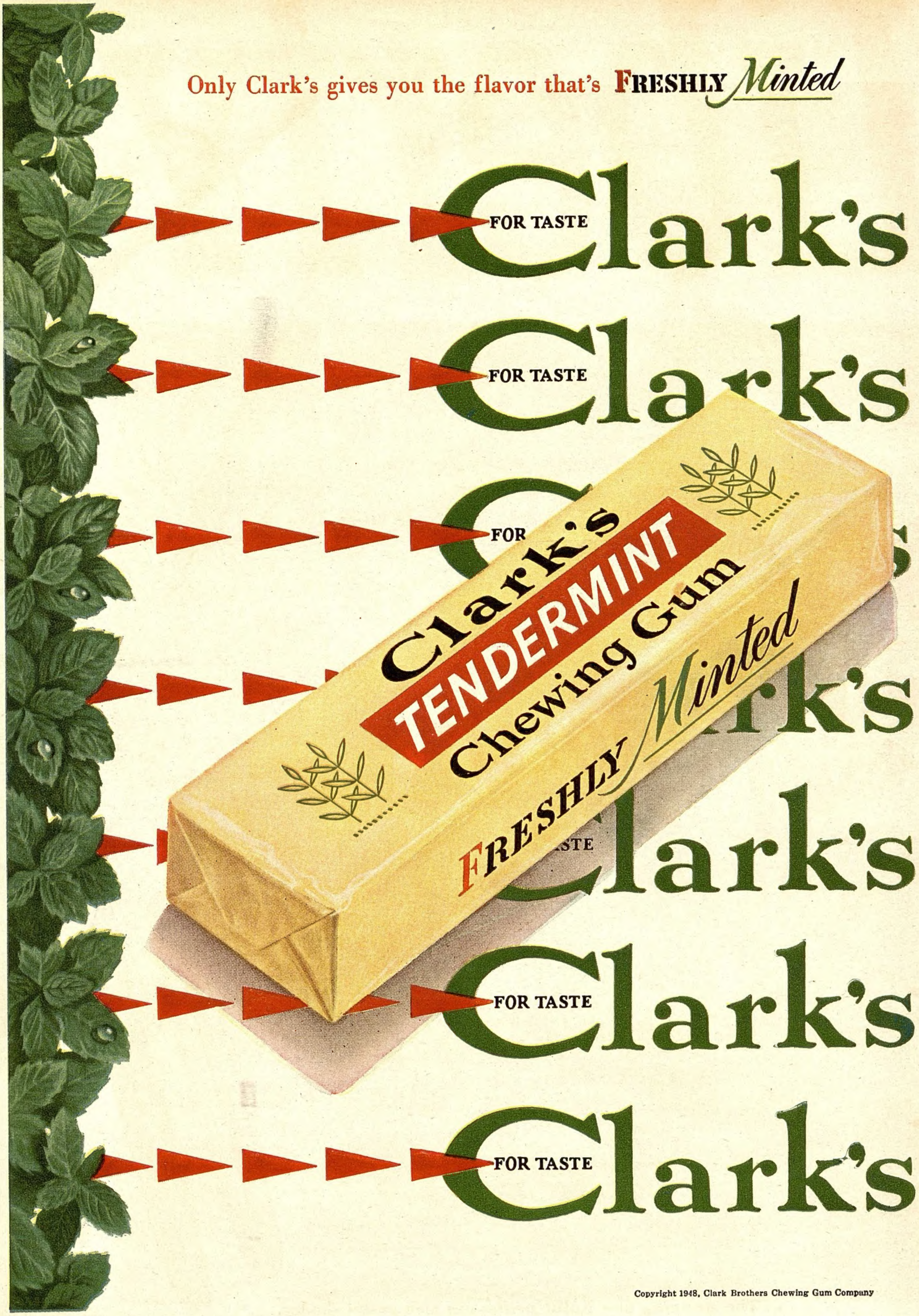
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